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CAMILLA:

[redacted]

OR,

A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

EVELINA AND *CECILIA.*

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SAR
TANJORE
641

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

VOL. II.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

An internal Detection.

WHEN the chaiſe drove from Cleves Park, all attempt at any diſguiſe was over with Camilla, who alive only to the horror of appearing ungrateful to Edgar, wept without controul; and, leaning back in the carriage, entreated Eugenia to diſpenſe with all converſation.

Eugenia, filled with pity, wondered, but complied, and they travelled near four miles in ſilence; when, perceiving, over the paling round a paddock, Mrs. Arlbery and a party of company, Camilla dried her eyes, and prepared for her viſit, of which the impetuoſity of her feelings had retarded all previous conſideration.

Eugenia, with true concern, ſaw the unfitneſs of her ſiſter to appear, and propoſed walking the reſt of the way, in the hope that a little air and exerciſe might compoſe her ſpirits.

She agreed; they alighted, and bidding the footman keep with the carriage, which they ordered ſhould drive ſlowly behind, proceeded gently, arm in arm, along a clean raiſed bank by the ſide of the road, with a pace ſuiting at once the infirmity of Eugenia, and the wiſh of delay in Camilla.

The ſound of voices reached them from within the paddock, though a thick ſhrubbery prevented their ſeeing the interlocutors.

"Can you make out the arms?" ſaid one.

"No;" anſwered another, "but I can ſee the poſtillion's livery, and I am certain it is Sir Hugh Tyrold's."

"Then it is not coming hither," ſaid a third voice, which they recollected for Mrs. Arlbery's; "we don't viſit: though I ſhould not diſlike to ſee the old baronet. They tell me is a humoriſt; and I have a taſte for all oddities: but then he has a houſe full of females; and females I never admit in a morning, except when I have ſecured

cured ſome men to take the entertaining them off my hands."

" Whither is Bellamy running ?" cried another voice, " he's off without a word."

" Gone in hopes of a rencounter, I doubt not," anſwered Mrs. Arlbery ; " he made palpable aim at one of the divinities of Cleves at the ball."

Eugenia now grew uneaſy. " Let us be quick," ſhe whiſpered, " and enter the houſe !"

" Divinities ! Lord ! are they divinities ?" ſaid a girliſh female voice ; " pray how old are they ?"

" I fancy about ſeventeen."

" Seventeen ! gracious ! I thought they'd been quite young ; I wonder they a'n't married !"

" I preſume, then, you intend to be more expeditious ?" ſaid another, whoſe voice ſpoke him to be General Kinſale.

" Gracious ! I hope ſo, for I hate an old bride. I'll never marry at all, if I ſtay till I am eighteen."

" I was mightily taken with one of the girls," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery ; " there was ſomething ſo pleaſant in her looks and manner, that I even felt inclined to forgive her being younger and prettier than myſelf ; but ſhe turned out alſo to be more

whimſical—and that there was no enduring."

Camilla, extremely aſhamed, was upon the point of begging Eugenia to return, when a new ſpeech ſeized all her attention.

"Do you know, General, when that beautiful automaton, Miſs Lynmere, is to marry young Mandlebert?"

"Immediately, I underſtand; I am told he has fitted up his houſe very elegantly for her reception."

A deep ſigh eſcaped Camilla at ſuch publicity in the report and belief of the engagement of Edgar with her couſin, and brought with it a conſciouſneſs too ſtrong for any further ſelf-diſguiſe, that her diſtreſs flowed not all from an unjuſt accuſation: the ſound alone of the union ſtruck as a dagger at her heart, and told her, incontrovertibly, who was its maſter.

Her ſenſations were now moſt painful: ſhe grew pale, ſhe became ſick, and was obliged, in her turn, to lean upon Eugenia, who, affrighted to ſee her thus ſtrangely diſordered, beſought her to go back to the chaiſe.

She conſented, and begged to paſs a few minutes there alone. Eugenia therefore ſtayed without, walking ſlowly upon the bank.

Camilla,

Camilla, getting into the carriage, pulled up the blinds, and, no longer self-deceived, lamented in a new burst of sorrow, her unhappy fate, and unpropitious attachment.

This consciousness, however, became soon a call upon her integrity, and her regret was succeeded by a summons upon propriety. She gave herself up as lost to all personal felicity, but hoped she had discovered the tendency of her affliction in time to avoid the dangers to which it might lead. She determined to struggle without cessation for the conquest of a partiality she deemed it treachery to indulge; and to appease any pain she now blushed to have caused to Indiana, by strictly following the hard prescription of Miss Margland, and the obvious opinion of Eugenia, in shunning the society, and no longer coveting the approbation of Edgar. "Such, my dear father," she cried, "would be your lesson, if I dared consult you! such, my most honoured mother, would be your conduct, if thus cruelly situated!"

This thought thrilled through every vein with pleasure, in a sense of filial desert, and her sole desire was to return immediately to those incomparable parents, under whose roof she had experienced nothing but hap-

pineſs, and in whoſe boſoms ſhe hoped to bury every tumultuous diſturbance.

Theſe ideas and reſolutions, dejecting, yet ſolacing, occupied her to the forgetfulneſs of her intended viſit, and even of Eugenia, till the words: "Pray let me come to you, my dear Camilla!" made her let down the blinds.

She then perceived Mr. Bellamy earneſtly addreſſing her ſiſter.

He had advanced ſuddenly towards her, by a ſhort cut from the paddock, of which ſhe was not aware, when ſhe was about twenty yards from the chaiſe.

She attempted to quicken her pace; but ſtopping her, he exclaimed: "Do not kill me by this diſdain! I aſk not now for favour or encouragement—I know my hard doom—I aſk only to converſe with you—though, alas! it was by converſing with you I loſt my heart."

Eugenia felt ſoftened; and her countenance, which had forfeited nothing of expreſſion, though every thing of beauty, ſoon ſhewed Bellamy his advantage. He purſued it eagerly; depicted his paſſion, deprecated her ſeverity, extolled her virtues and accompliſhments, and bewailed his unhappy, hopeleſs flame.

Eugenia, knowing, that all ſhe ſaid, and believing that all ſhe heard iſſued from the

the fountain of truth, became extremely diſtreſſed; and the vivacity of bright hope flaſhed into the ſparkling eyes of Bellamy. Entreaties for lenity, declarations of paſſion, profeſſions of ſubmiſſion, and practice of reſiſtance, aſſailed her with a rapidity that confounded her: ſhe heard him with ſcarcely any oppoſition, from a fear of irritating his feelings, joined to a juvenile embarraſſment how to treat with more ſeverity ſo ſincere and ſo humble a ſuppliant.

From this ſituation, to the extreme provocation of Bellamy, ſhe was relieved by the appearance of Major Cerwood, who having obſerved, from the paddock, the ſlow motion of the carriage, had come forth to find out the cauſe.

Eugenia ſeized the moment of interruption to preſs forward, and make the call to her ſiſter already mentioned; Bellamy accompanying and pleading, but no longer venturing to ſtop her. He helped her into the chaiſe, and Major Cerwood, having paid his compliments to the two ladies, and heard they were going to Mrs. Arlbery, ran on with him to be ready to hand them from the carriage.

They were ſhewn into a parlour, while a ſervant went into the garden to call his miſtreſs.

This interval was not neglected by either of the gentlemen, for Bellamy was not more eager to engage the attention of Eugenia, than the Major to force that of Camilla. By Lionel he had been informed ſhe was heireſs of Cleves; he deemed, therefore, the opportunity by no means to be thrown away, of making, what he believed required opportunity alone, a conqueſt of her young heart. Accuſtomed to think compliments always welcome to the fair, he conſtrued her ſadneſs into ſoftneſs, and imputed her ſilence to the confuſing impreſſion made upon an inexperienced rural beauty, by the firſt aſſiduities of a man of figure and gallantry.

In about a quarter of an hour the ſervant of Mrs. Arlbery ſlowly returned, and, with ſome heſitation, ſaid his lady was not at home. The gentlemen looked provoked; and Camilla and Eugenia, much diſconcerted at ſo evident a denial, left their names, and returned to their carriage.

The Journey back to Cleves was mute and dejected: Camilla was ſhocked at the conſcious ſtate of her own mind, and Eugenia was equally penſive. She began to think with anxiety of a contract with a perſon wholly unknown, and to conſider the paſſion and conſtancy of Bellamy as the

emanations of a truly elevated mind, and meriting her moſt ſerious gratitude.

At the hall door they were eagerly met by Sir Hugh, who, with infinite ſurpriſe, enquired where they had left Dr. Orkborne.

"Dr. Orkborne?" they repeated, "we have not even ſeen him."

"Not ſeen him? did not he come to fetch you.

"No, Sir."

"Why, he went to Mrs. Arlbery's on purpoſe! And what he ſtays for at that lady's, now you are both come away, is a thing I can't pretend to judge of; unleſs he has ſtopt to read one of thoſe books he took with him; which is what I dare ſay is the caſe."

"He cannot be at Mrs. Arlbery's, Sir," ſaid Eugenia, "for we have but this moment left her houſe."

"He muſt be there, my dear girls, for he's no where elſe. I ſaw him ſet out myſelf, which, however, I ſhan't mention the particulars of, having ſent for my brother, whom I expect every minute.

They then concluded he had gone by another road, as there were two ways to the Grove.

Edgar did not return to Cleves till the family were aſſembling to dinner. His

visit to Mrs. Needham had occasioned him a new disturbance. She had rallied him upon the general rumour of his approaching marriage; and his confusion, from believing his partiality for Camilla detected, was construed into a confirmation of the report concerning Indiana. His disavowal was rather serious than strong, and involuntarily mixt with such warm eulogiums of the object he imagined to be meant, that Mrs. Needham, who had only named *a certain fair one at Cleves*, laughed at his denial, and thought the engagement undoubted.

With respect to his enquiries relative to Mrs. Arlbery, Mrs. Needham said, that she was a woman far more agreeable to the men, than to her own sex; that she was full of caprice, coquetry, and singularity; yet, though she abused the gift, possessed an excellent and uncommon understanding. She was guilty of no vices, but utterly careless of appearances, and though her character was wholly unimpeached, she had offended or frightened almost all the country around, by a wilful strangeness of behaviour, resulting from an undaunted determination to follow in every thing the bent of her own humour.

Edgar justly deemed this a dangerous acquaintance for Camilla, whose natural

thoughtleſſneſs and vivacity made him dread the leaſt imprudence in the connexions ſhe might form; yet, as the reputation of Mrs. Arlbery was unſullied, he felt how difficult would be the taſk of demonſtrating the perils he feared.

Sir Hugh, during the dinner, was exceedingly diſturbed. "What Dr. Orkborne can be doing with himſelf," ſaid he, "is more than any man can tell, for he certainly would not ſtay at that lady's, when he found you were both come away; ſo that I begin to think it's ten to one but he's gone nobody knows where! for why elſe ſhould he take all thoſe books? which is a thing I have been thinking of ever ſince; eſpecially as he owned himſelf he ſhould never read one half of them. If he has taken ſomething amiſs, I am very ready to aſk his pardon; though what it can be I don't pretend to gueſs."

Miſs Margland ſaid, he was ſo often doing ſomething or other that was ill-bred, that ſhe was not at all ſurpriſed he ſhould ſtay out at dinner time. He had never yet fetched her a chair, nor opened the door for her, ſince he came to the houſe; ſo that ſhe did not know what was too bad to expect.

As they were riſing from the table, a note arrived from Mr. Tyrold, with an ex-

cuſe, that important buſineſs would prevent his coming to Cleves till the next day. Camilla then begged permiſſion to go in the chaiſe that was to fetch him, flattering herſelf ſomething might occur to detain her when at Etherington. Sir Hugh readily aſſented, and compoſing himſelf for his afternoon nap, deſired to be awaked if Dr. Orkborne came back.

All now left the room except Camilla, who taking up a book, ſtood ſtill at a window, till ſhe was arouſed by the voice of Edgar, who from the Park, aſked her what ſhe was reading.

She turned over the leaves, aſhamed at the queſtion, to look for the title; ſhe had held the book mechanically, and knew not what it was.

He then produced the promiſed noſegay, which had been brought by his gardener during her excurſion. She ſoftly lifted up the ſaſh, pointed to her ſleeping uncle; he gave it her with a ſilent little bow, and walked away; much diſappointed to miſs an opportunity from which he had hoped for ſome explanation.

She held it in her hand ſome time ſcarcely ſenſible ſhe had taken it, till, preſently, ſhe ſaw its buds bedewed with her falling tears.

She ſhook them off, and preſſed the noſegay

nosegay to her bosom. "This, at least," she cried, "I may accept, for it was offered me before that barbarous attack. Ah! they know not the innocence of my regard, or they would not so wrong it! The universe could not tempt me to injure my cousin, though it is true, I have valued the kindness of Edgar—and I must always value it!—These flowers are more precious to me, coming from his hands, and reared in his grounds, than all the gems of the East could be from any other possessor. But where is the guilt of such a preference? And who that knows him could help feeling it?"

Sir Hugh now awakening from a short slumber, exclaimed—"I have just found out the reason why this poor gentleman has made off; I mean, provided he is really gone away, which however, I hope not: but I think, by his bringing down all those books, he meant to give me a broad hint, that he had got no proper book-case to keep them in; which the maids as good as think too."

Then, calling upon Camilla, he asked if she was not of that opinion.

"Y-e--s, Sir," she hesitatingly answered.

"Well, then, my dear, if we all think the same, I'll give orders immediately for getting the better of that fault."

Miss

Miſs Margland, curious to know how Camilla was detained, now re-entered the room. Struck with the fond and melancholy air with which ſhe was bending over her noſegay, ſhe abruptly demanded—"Pray, where might you get thoſe flowers?"

Covered with ſhame ſhe could make no anſwer.

"O, Miſs Camilla! Miſs Camilla!—ought not thoſe flowers to belong to Miſs Lynmere?"

"Mr. Mandlebert had promiſed me them yeſterday morning," anſwered ſhe, in a voice hardly audible.

"And is this fair, Ma'am?—can you reckon it honourable?—I'll be judged by Sir Hugh himſelf. Do you think it right, Sir, that Miſs Camilla ſhould accept noſegays every day from Mr. Mandlebert, when her couſin has had never a one at all?"

"Why, it's not her fault, you know, Miſs Margland, if young Mr. Mandlebert chuſes to give them to her. However, if that vexes Indiana, I'm ſure my niece will make them over to her with the greateſt pleaſure; for I never knew the thing ſhe would not part with, much more a mere little ſmell at the noſe, which, whether one has it or not, can't much matter after it's over."

Miſs

Miſs Margland now exultingly held out her hand: the deciſion was obliged to be prompt; Camilla delivered up the flowers, and ran into her own room.

The ſacrifice, cried ſhe, is now complete! Edgar will conclude I hate him, and believe Indiana loves him!—no matter!—it is fitting he ſhould think both. I will be ſteady this laſt evening, and to-morrow I will quit this fatal roof!

CHAP. II.

An Author's Opinion of Visiting.

WHEN summoned to tea, Camilla, upon entering the parlour, found Sir Hugh in mournful discourse with Edgar upon the non-appearance of Dr. Orkborne. Edgar felt a momentary disappointment that she did not honour his flowers with wearing them; but consoled himself with supposing she had preserved them in water. In a few minutes, however, Indiana appeared with them in her bosom.

Almost petrified, he turned towards Camilla, who, affecting an air of unconcern, amused herself with patting a favourite old terrier of her uncle's.

As soon as he could disengage himself from the Baronet, he leant over the dog, and, in a low voice, said—"You have discarded, then, my poor flowers?"

"Have I not done right?" answered she, in the same tone; "are they not where you must be far happier to see them?"

"Is it possible," exclaimed he, "Miss Camilla Tyrold can suppose——" He stopt, for

for ſurpriſed off his guard, he was ſpeaking loud, and he ſaw Miſs Margland approaching.

"Don't you think, Mr. Mandlebert," ſaid ſhe, "that Miſs Lynmere becomes a bouquet very much? ſhe took a fancy to thoſe flowers, and I think they are quite the thing for her."

"She does them;" he coldly anſwered, "too much honour."

Ah, Heaven! he loves her not! thought Camilla, and, while trembling between hope and terror at the diſcovery, determined to redouble her circumſpection, not to confirm the ſuſpicion that his indifference was produced by her efforts to attach him to herſelf.

She had ſoon what ſhe conceived to be an occaſion for its exertion. When he handed her ſome cakes, he ſaid,—"You would think it, I conclude, impertinent to hear any thing more concerning Mrs. Arlbery, now you have poſitively opened an acquaintance with her?"

She felt the juſtice of this implied reproach of her broken promiſe; but ſhe ſaw herſelf conſtantly watched by Miſs Margland, and repreſſing the apology ſhe was ſighing to offer, only anſwered—"You have nothing, you own, to ſay againſt her reputation—and as to any thing elſe——"

"True,"

"True," interrupted he, "my information on that point is all ſtill in her favour: but can it be Miſs Camilla Tyrold, who holds that to be the ſole queſtion upon which intimacy ought to depend? Does ſhe account as nothing manners, diſpoſition, way of life?"

"No, not abſolutely as nothing," ſaid ſhe, riſing; "but taſte ſettles all thoſe things; and mine is entirely in her favour."

Edgar gravely begged her pardon, for ſo officiouſly reſuming an irkſome ſubject; and returning to Sir Hugh, endeavoured to liſten to his lamentations and conjectures about Dr. Orkborne.

He felt, however, deeply hurt. In naming Mrs. Arlbery, he had flattered himſelf he had opened an opportunity for which ſhe muſt herſelf be waiting, to explain the motives of her late viſit; but her late anſwer put an end to that hope, and her quitting her ſeat ſhewed her impatient of further counſel.

Not a word that fell from Sir Hugh reached his ear: but he bowed from time to Time, and the good Baronet had no doubt of his attention. His eyes were perpetually following Camilla, though they met not a glance from her in return. She

played,

played with the terrier, talked with Eugenia, looked out of the window, turned over ſome books, and did every thing with an air of negligence, that while it covered abſence and anxiety, diſplayed a ſtudied avoidance of his notice.

The leſs he could account for this, the more it offended him. And dwells caprice, thought he, while his eye followed her, even there! in that fair compoſition!—where may I look for ſingleneſs of mind, for nobleneſs of ſimplicity, if caprice, mere girliſh, unmeaning caprice, dwell there!

The moment ſhe had finiſhed her tea, ſhe left the room, to ſhorten her cruel taſk. Struck with the broken ſentence of "is it poſſible Miſs Camilla Tyrold can ſuppoſe ——" the ſoft belief that his heart was untouched by Indiana, ſeized her delighted imagination; but the recollection of Miſs Margland's aſſertions, that it was the real right of her couſin, ſoon robbed the belief of all happineſs, and ſhe could only repeat —To-morrow I will go!—I ought not to think of him!—I had rather be away—to morrow I will go!

She had hardly quitted the parlour, when the diſtant ſound of a carriage rouſed Sir Hugh from his fears; and, followed by Edgar and the ladies, he made what haſte

hafte he could into the court-yard, where, to his infinite fatisfaction, he faw his coach driving in.

He ordered it fhould ftop immediately, and called out—"Pray, Dr. Orkborne, are you there?

Dr. Orkborne looked out of the window, and bowed refpectfully.

"Good lack, I could never have thought I fhould be fo glad to fee you! which you muft excufe, in point of being no relation. You are heartily welcome, I affure you; I was afraid I fhould never fee you again; for, to tell you the honeft truth, which I would not fay a word of before, I had got a notion you were going out of your mind."

The Doctor took not the fmalleft heed of this fpeech, and the carriage drove up to the door. Sir Hugh then feating himfelf under the portico, faid—"Pray, Dr. Orkborne, before you go to your ftudies, may I juft afk you how you came to ftay out all day? and why you never fetched Eugenia? for I take it for granted it's no fecret, on the account Jacob was with you; befides the coachman and horfes."

Dr. Orkborne, though not at all difcompofed by thefe queftions, nor by his reception, anfwered, that he muft firft collect his books.

"The

"The poor girls," continued the Baronet, "came home quite blank; not that they knew a word of my aſking you to go for them, till I told them; which was lucky enough, for the ſake of not frightening them. However, where you can have been, particularly with regard to your dinner, which, I ſuppoſe, you have gone without, is what I can't gueſs; unleſs you'd be kind enough to tell me."

The Doctor, too buſy to hear him, was packing up his books.

"Come, never mind your books," ſaid Sir Hugh; "Jacob can carry them for you, or Bob, or any body. Here, Bob, (calling to the poſtillion, who, with all the reſt of the ſervants, had been drawn by curioſity into the court-yard) whiſk me up thoſe books, and take them into the Doctor's room; I mean, provided you can find a place for them, which I am ſorry to ſay there is none; owing to my not knowing better in point of taking the proper care; which I ſhall be ſure to do for the future."

The boy obeyed, and mounting one ſtep of the coach, took what were within his reach; which, when the Doctor obſerved, he ſnatched away with great diſpleaſure, ſaying, very ſolemnly, he had rather at any time be knocked down, than ſee any body touch one of his books or papers.

Jacob,

Jacob, coming forward, whiſpered his maſter not to interfere; aſſuring him, he was but juſt got out of one of his tantarums.

Sir Hugh, a little ſtartled, roſe to return to the parlour, begging Dr. Orkborne to take his own time, and not hurry himſelf.

He then beckoned Jacob to follow him.

"There is certainly ſomething in all this," ſaid he to Edgar, "beyond what my poor wit can comprehend: but I'll hear what Jacob has to ſay before I form a complete judgment; though, to be ſure, his lugging out all thoſe books to go but four or five miles, has but an odd look; which is what I don't like to ſay."

Jacob now was called upon to give a narrative of the day's adventures. "Why, your Honour," ſaid he, as ſoon as we come to the Grove, "I goes up to the coach door, to aſk the Doctor if he would get out, or only ſend in to let the young ladies know he was come for them; but he was got ſo deep into ſome of his larning, that, I dare ſay, I bawled it three good times in his ears, before he ſo much as lifted up his head; and then it was only to ſay, I put him out! and to it he went again, juſt as if I'd ſaid never a word; till, at laſt, I was ſo plaguy mad, I gives the coach

coach ſuch a jog, to bring him to himſelf like, that it jerked the pencil and paper out of his hand. So then he went ſtraight into one of his takings, pretended I had made him forget all his thoughts, and ſuch like out of the way talk, after his old way. So when I found he was going off in that manner, I thought it only time loſt to ſay no more to him, and ſo I turned me about not to mind him; when I ſees a whole heap of company at a parlour window, laughing ſo hearty, that I was ſure they had heard us. And a fine comely lady, as clever as ever you ſee, that I found after was the lady of the houſe, bid me come to the window, and aſked what I wanted. So I told her we was come for two of the Miſs Tyrolds. Why, ſays ſhe, they've been gone a quarter of an hour, by the oppoſite road. So then I was coming away, but ſhe made me a ſign to come into the parlour, for all it was brimful of fine company, dreſſed all like I don't know what. It was as pretty a ſight as you'd wiſh to ſee. And then, your honour, they all begun upon me at once! There was ſuch a clatter, I thought I'd been turned into a booth at a fair; and merry enough they all was ſure!—'ſpecially the lady, who never opened her lips, but what they all laughed: but as to all what they aſked me, I could as ſoon conjure a ghoſt as call a quarter of it to mind."

"Try

"Try, however," ſaid Edgar, curious for further information of whatever related to Mrs. Arlbery.

"Why as to that, 'ſquire," anſwered Jacob, with an arch look, "I am not ſo ſure and certain you'd like to hear it all."

"No? and why not?"

"O! pray tell, Jacob," cried Miſs Margland; "did they ſay any thing of Mr. Mandlebert?"

"Yes, and of more than Mr. Mandlebert," ſaid Jacob, grinning.

"Do tell, do tell," cried Indiana, eagerly.

"I'm afeard, Miſs!"

Every body aſſured him no offence ſhould be taken.

"Well, then, if you muſt needs know, there was not one of you, but what they had a pluck at.—Pray, ſays one of them, what does the old gentleman do with all thoſe books and papers in the coach?—That's what nobody knows, ſays I, unleſs his head's cracked, which is Mary's opinion.—Then they all laughed more and more, and the lady of the houſe ſaid:—Pray can he really read?—Whoo! ſays I, why he does nothing elſe; he's at it from morning till night, and Mary ſays ſhe's ſure before long he'll give up his meat and drink for it.—I've always heard he was a quiz, ſays another, or a quoz, or ſome ſuch word;

word; but I did not know he was ſuch a book-worm.—The old quoz is generous, however, I hear, ſays another, pray do you find him ſo?—As to that, I can't ſay, ſays I, for I never ſee the colour of his money.—No! then, what are you ſuch a fool as to ſerve him for?—So, then, your honour, I found, owing to the coach and the arms, and the like, they thought all the time it was your honour was in the coach. I hope your honour don't take it amiſs of me?"

"Not at all Jacob; only I don't know why they call me an old quiz and quoz for; never having offended them; which I take rather unkind; eſpecially not knowing what it means."

"Why, your honour, they're ſuch comical ſort of folks; they don't mind what they ſay of nobody. Not but what the lady of the houſe is a rare gentlewoman. Your honour could not help liking her. I warrant ſhe's made many a man's heart ache, and then jumped for joy when ſhe'd done. And as to her eyes, I think in my born days I never ſee nothing like 'em: they ſhines like two candles on a dark night afar off on the common——."

"Why Jacob," ſaid Sir Hugh, "I ſee you have loſt your heart. However go on."

"Why as ſoon as I found out what they

meant—That my maſter? ſays I, no, God be thanked! What ſhould I have to live upon if a was? Not ſo much as a cobweb! for there wou'd not be wherewithal for a ſpider to make it."

Here Sir Hugh, with much diſpleaſure, interrupted him; "as to the poor gentleman's being poor," ſaid he, "it's no fault of his own, for he'd be rich if he could, I make no doubt; never having heard he was a gambler. Beſides which, I always reſpect a man the more for being poor, knowing how little a rich man may have in him; which I can judge by my own caſe."

Jacob proceeded.

"Well, if it is not Sir Hugh, ſays one of them, who is it?—Why, it's only our Latin maſter, ſays I; upon which they all ſet up as jolly a laugh again as ever I heard in my days. Jobbins, they're pure merry!—And who larns Latin? ſays one, I hope they don't let him work at poor old Sir Hugh? No, ſays I, they tried their hands with him at firſt, but he thanked 'em for nothing. He ſoon grew tired on't.—So then they ſaid, who larns now, ſays they, do you?—Me! ſays I, no God be praiſed, I don't know *A* from *B*, which is the way my head's ſo clear, never having muddled it with what I don't underſtand.—And ſo then they

they all ſaid I was a brave fellow; and they ordered me a glaſs of wine."

What a ſet! thought Edgar, is this, idle, diſſipated, curious—for Camilla to aſſociate with!—the lively, the unthinking, the inexperienced Camilla!

"So then they aſked me, ſays they, does Miſs Lynmere larn, ſays they?—Not, as I know of, ſays I, ſhe's no great turn for her book, as ever I heard of; which I hope Miſs you won't take it ill, for they all ſaid, no, to be ſure, ſhe's too handſome for that."

Indiana looked uncertain whether to be flattered or offended.

"But you have not told us what they ſaid of Mr. Mandlebert yet?" cried Miſs Margland.

"No, I muſt come to you firſt, Miſs," anſwered he, "for that's what they come upon Next. But mayhap I muſt not tell?"

"O yes, you may;" ſaid ſhe, growing a little apprehenſive of ſome affront, but determined not to ſeem hurt by it; "I am very indifferent to any thing they can ſay of me, aſſure yourſelf!"

"Why, I ſuppoſe, ſays they, this Latin maſter ſtudies chiefly with the governeſs?—They'd ſtudy fiſty-cuffs I believe, if they did,

did, ſays I, for ſhe hates him like poiſon; and there's no great love loſt between them."

"And what right had you to ſay that, Mr. Jacob? I did not aſk what you ſaid. Not that I care, I promiſe you!"

"Why, ſome how, they got it all out; they were ſo merry and ſo full of their fun, I could not be behind hand. But I hope no offence?"

"O dear no! I'm ſure it's not worth while."

"They ſaid worſe than I did," reſumed Jacob, "by a deal; they ſaid, ſays they, ſhe looks duced crabbed—ſhe looks juſt as if ſhe was always eating a ſour apple, ſays the lady; ſhe looks—"

"Well, well, I don't want to hear any more of their opinions. I may look as I pleaſe I hope. I hate ſuch goſſiping."

"So then they ſaid, pray does Miſs Cammilla learn? ſays they;—Lord love her, no! ſays I."

"And what ſaid they to that?" cried Edgar.

"Why, they ſaid, they hoped not, and they were glad to hear it, for they liked her the beſt of all. And what does the ugly one do? ſays they.—"

"Come, we have heard enough now," interrupted Edgar, greatly ſhocked for poor

poor Eugenia, who fortunately, however, had retired with Camilla.

Sir Hugh too, angrily broke in upon him, ſaying: "I won't have my niece called ugly, Jacob! you know it's againſt my commands ſuch a thing's being mentioned."

"Why, I told 'em ſo, ſir," ſaid Jacob; "ugly one, ſays I, ſhe you call the ugly one, is one of the beſt ladies in the land. She's ready to lend a hand to every mortal ſoul; ſhe's juſt like my maſter for that. And as to larning, I make no quæry ſhe can talk you over the Latin grammar as faſt as e'er a gentleman here. So then they laughed harder than ever, and ſaid they ſhould be afeard to ſpeak to her, and a deal more I can't call to mind.—So then they come to Mr. Mandlebert. Pray, ſays they, what's he doing among you all this time?—Why, nothing particular, ſays I, he's only ſquiring about our young ladies.—But when is this wedding to be? ſays another. So then I ſaid—"

"What did you ſay?" cried Edgar haſtily.

"Why—nothing," anſwered Jacob, drawing back.

"Tell us, however, what they ſaid," cried Miſs Margland.

"Why, they ſaid, ſays they, every thing

has been ready ſome time at Beech Park; —and they'll make as handſome a couple as ever was ſeen."

"What ſtuff is this!" cried Edgar, "do "prithee have done."—

"No, no," ſaid Miſs Margland; "go "on, Jacob!"

Indiana, conſcious and glowing at the words handſome couple, could not reſtrain a ſimper; but Edgar, thinking only of Camilla, did not underſtand it.

"He'll have trouble enough ſays one of the gentlemen," continues Jacob, "to take care of ſo pretty a wife.—She'll be worth a little trouble, ſays another, for I think ſhe is the moſt beautifulleſt girl I ever ſee—Take my word of it, ſays the lady of the houſe, young Mandlebert is a man who won't be made a fool of; he'll have his own way, for all her beauty."

"What a character to give of me to young ladies!" cried Edgar, doubtful, in his turn, whether to be hurt or gratified.

"O ſhe did not ſtop at that, ſir," reſumed Jacob, "for ſhe ſaid, I make no queſtion, ſays ſhe, but in half a year he'll lock her up."

Indiana, ſurprized, gave an involuntary little ſhriek: but Edgar, not imputing it to any appropriate alarm, was filled with reſentment againſt Mrs. Arlbery. What incomprehenſible

comprehensible injustice! he said to himself: O Camilla! is it possible any event, any circumstance upon earth, could induce me to practise such an outrage? to degenerate into such a savage?

"Is this all?" asked Miss Margland.

"No, ma'am; but I don't know if Miss will like to hear the rest."

"O yes," said Indiana, "if it's about me, I don't mind."

"Why, they all said, Miss, you'd make the most finest bride that ever was seen, and they did not wonder at Mr. Mandlebert's chusing you; but for all that—."

He stopt, and Edgar, who, following the bent of his own thoughts, had till now concluded Camilla to be meant, was utterly confounded by discovering his mistake. The presence of Indiana redoubled the aukwardness of the situation, and her blushes, and the increased lustre of her eyes, did not make the report seem either unwelcome or perfectly new to her.

Miss Margland raised her head triumphantly. This was precisely such a circumstance as she flattered herself would prove decisive.

The Baronet, equally pleased, returned her nod of congratulation, and nodding himself towards Edgar, said; "you're blown, you see! but what matters secrets

about nothing? which, Lord help me, I never knew how to keep."

Edgar was now ſtill more diſconcerted, and, from mere diſtreſs what to ſay or do, bid Jacob go on.

"Why then, they ſaid a deal more, how pretty ſhe was, he continued, but they did not know how it would turn out, for the young lady was ſo much admired, that her huſband had need look ſharp after her; and if—"

"What complete impertinence!" cried Edgar, walking about the room; "I really can liſten no longer."

"If he had done wiſely, ſays the lady of the houſe, he would have left the profeſſed beauty, and taken that pretty Camilla."

Edgar ſurprized, ſtopt ſhort; this ſeemed to him leſs impertinent.

"Camilla is a charming creature, ſays ſhe; though ſhe may want a little watching too; but ſo does every thing that is worth having."

That woman does not want diſcernment, thought Edgar, nor does ſhe want taſte.— I can never totally diſlike her, if ſhe does ſuch juſtice to Camilla.

He now again invited Jacob to proceed; but Indiana, with a pouting lip, walked out of the room, and Miſs Margland ſaid,

there

there was no need to be hearing him all night.

Jacob, therefore, when no more either interrupted or encouraged, ſoon finiſhed his narrative. Mrs. Arlbery, amuſed by watching Dr. Orkborne, had inſiſted, for an experiment, that Jacob ſhould not return to the coach till he was miſſed and called for; and ſo intenſe was the application of the Doctor to what he was compoſing, that this did not happen till the whole family had dined; Jacob and the coachman, at the invitation of Mrs. Arlbery, having partaken of the ſervants fare, equally pleaſed with the regale and the joke. Dr. Orkborne then, ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, demanded why the young ladies were ſo late, and was much diſcompoſed and aſtoniſhed when he heard they were gone. Mrs. Arlbery invited him into the houſe, and offered him refreſhments, while ſhe ordered water and a feed of corn for the horſes; but he only fretted a little, and then went on again with his ſtudies.

Sir Hugh now ſent ſome cold dinner into the Doctor's room, and declared he ſhould always approve his niece's acquaintance with Mrs Arlbery, as ſhe was ſo kind to his ſervants and his animals.

CHAP. III.

An Author's Idea of Order.

NOT a boſom of the Cleves party enjoyed much tranquillity this evening. Miſs Margland, though to the Baronet ſhe would not recede from her firſt aſſertions, ſtrove vainly to palliate to herſelf the ill grace and evident diſſatisfaction with which Edgar had met the report. To ſave her own credit, however, was always her primary conſideration; ſhe reſolved therefore, to caſt upon unfair play in Camilla, or upon the inſtability of Edgar, all the blame really due to her own undiſcerning ſelf-ſufficiency.

Indiana thought ſo little for herſelf, that ſhe adopted, of courſe, every opinion of Miſs Margland; yet the immoveable coldneſs of Edgar, contraſted frequently in her remembrance by the fervour of Melmond and of Macderſey, became more and more diſtaſteful to her; and Mrs. Albery's idea, that ſhe ſhould be locked up in half a year, made her look upon him, alternately, as ſomething to ſhun or to over-reach. She even

even wiſhed to refuſe him:—but Beech Park, the equipage, the ſervants, the bridal habiliment.—No! ſhe could enjoy thoſe, if not him. And neither her own feelings, nor the leſſons of Miſs Margland, had taught her to look upon marriage in any nobler point of view.

But the perſon moſt deeply diſſatisfied this evening was Edgar. He now ſaw that, deceived by his own conſciouſneſs, he had miſunderſtood Mrs. Needham, who, as well as Mrs. Arlbery, he was convinced concluded him engaged to Indiana. He had obſerved with concern the approving credulity of Sir Hugh, and though glad to find his real plan, and all his wiſhes unſuſpected, the falſe report excited his fears leſt Indiana ſhould give it any credit, and ſecretly hurt his delicacy for the honor of his taſte.

All the influence of pecuniary motives to which he deemed Camilla ſuperior, occurred to him in the very words of Dr. Marchmont for Indiana; whoſe capacity he ſaw was as ſhallow as her perſon was beautiful. Yet the admiration with which ſhe had already made her firſt appearance in the world, might naturally induce her belief of his reported devotion. If, therefore, his ſituation appeared to her to be eligible, ſhe had probably ſettled to accept him.

 The

The moſt timid female delicacy was not more ſcrupulous than the manly honour of Edgar to avoid this ſpecies of miſapprehenſion; and though perfectly confident his behaviour had been as irreproachable as it was undeſigning, the leaſt idea of any ſelf-deluſion on the part of Indiana, ſeemed a call upon his integrity for the moſt unequivocal manifeſtation of his intentions. Yet any declaration by words, with whatever care ſelected, might be conſtrued into an implication that he concluded the deciſion in his own hands. And though he could ſcarcely doubt the fact, he juſtly held nothing ſo offenſive as the palpable preſumption. One only line of conduct appeared to him, therefore unexceptionable; which was wholly to avoid her, till the rumour ſunk into its own nothingneſs.

This demanded from him a ſacrifice the moſt painful, that of retiring from Cleves in utter ignorance of the ſentiments of Camilla; yet it ſeemed the more neceſſary, ſince he now, with much uneaſineſs, recollected many circumſtances which his abſorbed mind had hitherto ſuffered to paſs unnoticed, that led him to fear Sir Hugh himſelf, and the whole party, entertained the ſame notion.

He was ſhocked to conſider Camilla involved in ſuch a deception, though delighted

lighted by the idea that he might perhaps owe to an explanation, ſome marks of that preference for which Dr. Marchmont had taught him to wait, and which he now hoped might lie dormant from the perſuaſion of his engagement. To clear this miſtake was, therefore, every way eſſential, as otherwiſe the very purity of her character muſt be in his diſfavour.

Still, however, the viſit to the Grove hung upon his mind, and he reſolved to inveſtigate its cauſe the following morning, before he made his retreat.

Early the next day, Camilla ſent to haſten the chaiſe which was to fetch Mr. Tyrold, and begged leave of her uncle to breakfaſt at Etherington. His aſſent was always ready; and believing every evil would yield to abſence, ſhe eagerly and even with happineſs ſet off.

When the reſt of the party aſſembled without her, Edgar, ſurpriſed, enquired if ſhe were well? Miſs Margland anſwered yes; but for the ſake of what ſhe loved beſt in the world, a frolic, ſhe was gone in the chaiſe to Etherington. Edgar could not prevail with himſelf to depart till he had ſpoken with her, and privately deferred his purpoſed leave-taking till noon.

During this repaſt, Sir Hugh was anxiouſly engaged in ſome buſineſs he ſeemed

to

to wiſh to conceal. He ſpoke little, but nodded frequently to himſelf, with an air of approving his own ideas; he ſummoned Jacob to him repeatedly, with whom he held various whiſpering conferences; and deſired Miſs Margland, who made the tea, not to pour it out too faſt, as he was in no hurry to have breakfaſt over.

When nothing he could urge ſucceeded, in making any of the company eat or drink any thing more, he pulled Edgar by the ſleeve; and, in an eager but low voice, ſaid, "My dear Mr. Edgar, I have a great favour to beg of you, which is only that you will do ſomething to divert Dr. Orkborne."

"I ſhould be very happy, Sir," cried Edgar, ſmiling, "but I much doubt my capability."

"Why, my dear Mr. Edgar, it's only to keep him from finding out my new ſurpriſe till it's got ready. And if you will but juſt ſpout out to him a bit or two of Virgil and Horace, or ſome of thoſe Greek and Latin language-maſters, he'll be in no hurry to budge, I promiſe you."

A requeſt from Sir Hugh, who with the moſt prompt alacrity met the wiſhes of every one, was by Edgar held to be indiſputable. He advanced, therefore, to Dr. Orkborne, who was feeling for his tablets, which

which he commonly examined in his way up the ſtairs, and ſtarted a doubt, of which he begged an expoſition, upon a paſſage of Virgil.

Dr. Orkborne willingly ſtopt, and diſplayed, with no ſmall ſatisfaction, an erudition, that did him nearly as much honour in the ears of the ignorant and admiring Sir Hugh, as in thoſe of the cultivated and well-judging Edgar. "Ah!" ſaid the Baronet, ſighing, though addreſſing himſelf to no one, "if I had but addicted myſelf to theſe ſtudies in due ſeaſon, I might have underſtood all this too! though now I can't for my life make out much ſenſe of what they're talking of; nor a little, neither, indeed as to that; thanks to my own idleneſs; to which, however, I am not much obliged."

Unfortunately, the diſcuſſion ſoon led to ſome points of compariſon, that demanded a review of various authors, and the doctor propoſed adjourning to his own apartment. The Baronet winked at Edgar, who would have changed the diſcourſe, or himſelf have ſought the books, or have been ſatisfied without them; but Dr. Orkborne was as eager here, as in other matters he was ſlow and phlegmatic; and, regardleſs of all oppoſition, was making off, when Sir. Hugh, catching him by the arm, exclaimed, "My

good

good friend, I beg it as a particular favour, you won't ſtir a ſtep!"

"Not ſtir a ſtep, Sir?" repeated the doctor, amazed.

"That is, not to your own room."

"Not to go to my own room, Sir?"

The Baronet gently begged him not to take it amiſs, and preſently, upon the appearance of Jacob, who entered with a ſignificant ſmile, ſaid, he would keep him no longer.

Dr. Orkborne, to whom nothing was ſo irkſome as a moment's detention from his books and papers, inſtantly departed, inviting Edgar to accompany him; but without troubling himſelf to inquire for what end he had been held back.

When they were gone, Sir Hugh, rubbing his hands, ſaid, "Well, I think this good gentleman won't go about the country again, with all his books faſtened about him, to ſhew he has no where to put them: for as to his telling me he only took them to look at, I am not quite ſuch an ignoramus, with all my ignorance, as to believe ſuch a thing as that; eſpecially of a regular bred ſcholar."

A loud and angry ſound of voices from above here interrupted the pleaſed harangue of the Baronet; Miſs Margland opened the door to liſten, and, with no ſmall de-

light,

light, heard words, hardly intelligible for rage, breaking from Dr. Orkborne; whose anger, while Edgar was endeavouring to moderate, Jacob and Mary were vociferously resenting.

Sir Hugh, all astonished, feared there was some mistake. He had sent, the preceding day, as far as Winchester, for two book-cases, which he had ordered should arrive early, and be put up during the breakfast; and he had directed Mary to place upon the shelves, with great care, all the loose books and papers she found dispersed about the room, as neatly as possible: after which Jacob was to give notice when all was arranged.

The words now "If I must have my manuscripts rummaged at pleasure, by every dunce in the house, I would rather lie in the street!" distinctly caught their ears. Sir Hugh was thunderstruck with amazement and disappointment, but said nothing. Miss Margland looked all spite and pleasure, and Eugenia all concern.

Louder yet, and with accents of encreasing asperity, the Doctor next exclaimed "A twelvemonth's hard labour will not repair this mischief! I should have been much more obliged to you if you had blown out my brains!"

The Baronet, aghast, cried, "Lord help us!

us! I think I had beſt go and get the ſhelves pulled down again, what I have done not being meant to offend, being what will coſt me ten pounds and upwards."

He then, though ſomewhat irreſolute, whether or not to proceed, moved towards the foot of the ſtai s; but there a new ſtorm of rage ſtartled him. "I wiſh you had been all of you annihilated ere ever you had entered my room! I had rather have loſt my ears than that manuſcript! I wiſh with all my heart you had been at the bottom of the ſea, every one of you, before you had touched it!"

"If you won't believe me, it can't be helped," ſaid Mary; "but if I was to tell it you over and over, I've done nothing to no mortal thing. I only juſt ſwept the room after the carpenter was gone, for it was all in ſuch a pickle it was a ſhame to be ſeen."

"You have ruined me!" cried he, "you have ſwept it behind the fire, I make not a moment's doubt; and I had rather you had given me a bowl of poiſon! you can make me no reparation; it was a clue to a whole ſection."

"Well, I won't make no more words about it," ſaid Mary, angrily; "but I'm ſure I never ſo much as touched it with a pair of tongs, for I never ſee it; nor I don't ſo much as know it if I do."

"Why,

"Why, it's a piece of paper written all over; look! juſt ſuch another as this: I left it on the table, by this corner—"

"O! that?" cried Mary; "yes I remember that."

"Well, where is it? What have you done with it?"

"Why, I happened of a little accident about that;—for as I was a ſweeping under the table, the broom knocked the ink down; but, by good luck, it only fell upon that little morſel of paper."

"Little morſel of paper? it's more precious than a whole library! But what did you do with it? what is become of it? whatever condition it is in, if you have but ſaved it—where is it, I ſay?"

"Why—it was all over ink, and good for nothing, ſo I did not think of your miſſing it—ſo I throwed it behind the fire."

"I wiſh you had been thrown there yourſelf with all my heart! But if ever you bring a broom into my room again—"

"Why, I did nothing but what my maſter ordered—"

"Or if ever you touch a paper, or a book of mine, again—"

"My maſter ſaid himſelf—"

"Your maſter's a blockhead! and you are another—go away, I ſay!"

Mary

Mary now hurried out of the room, enraged for her maſter, and frightened for herſelf; and Edgar, not aware Sir Hugh was within hearing, ſoon ſucceeded in calming the doctor, by mildly liſtening to his lamentations.

Sir Hugh, extremely ſhocked, ſat upon the ſtairs to recover himſelf. Miſs Margland, who never felt ſo virtuous, and never ſo elated, as when witneſſing the imperfections or improprieties of others, deſcanted largely againſt ingratitude; treating an unmeaning ſally of paſſion as a ſerious mark of turpitude; but Eugenia, aſhamed for Dr. Orkborne, to whom, as her preceptor, ſhe felt a conſtant diſpoſition to be partial, determined to endeavour to induce him to make ſome apology. She glided, therefore, paſt her uncle, and tapped at the doctor's door.

Mary, ſeeing her maſter ſo invitingly in her way, could by no means reſiſt her deſire of appeal and complaint; and, deſcending the ſtairs, begged his honour to hear her.

"Mary," ſaid he, riſing, and returning to the parlour, "you need not tell me a word, for I have heard it all; by which it may be truly ſaid, liſteners never hear good of themſelves; ſo I've got the proper puniſhment;

ment; for which reafon, I hope you won't look upon it as an example."

"I am fure, Sir," faid Mary, "if your honour can excufe his fpeaking fo difrefpectful, it's what nobody elfe can; and if it was not for thinking as his head's got a crack in it, there is not a fervant among us as would not affront him for it."

The Baronet interrupted her with a ferious lecture upon the civility he expected for all his guefts; and fhe promifed to reftrain her wrath; "But only fir," fhe continued, "if your honour had feen the bit of paper as he made fuch a noife at me for, your honour would not have believed it. Not a foul could have read it. My Tom would ha' been well licked if he'd wrote no better at fchool. And as to his being a twelvemonth fcrawling fuch another, I'll no more believe it than I'll fly. It's as great a fib as ever was told."

Sir Hugh begged her to be quiet, and to think no more of the matter.

"No, your honour, I hope I'm not a perfon as bears malice; only I could not but fpeak of it, becaufe he behaves more comical every day. I thought he'd ha' beat me over and over. And as to the ftories he tells about them little bits of paper, mortal patience can't bear it no longer."

The

The remonſtrance of Eugenia took immediate effect. Dr. Orkborne, ſhocked and alarmed at the expreſſion which had eſcaped him, proteſted himſelf willing to make the humbleſt reparation, and truly declared, he had been ſo greatly diſturbed by the loſs he had juſt ſuſtained, that he not merely did not mean, but did not know what he had ſaid.

Edgar was the bearer of this apology, which Sir Hugh accepted with his uſual good humour. "His calling me a blockhead," cried he, "is a thing I have no right to reſent, becauſe I take it for granted, he would not have ſaid it, if he had not thought it; and a man's thoughts are his caſtle, and ought to be free."

Edgar repeated the proteſtation, that he had been hurried on by paſſion, and ſpoke without meaning.

"Why, then, my dear Mr. Edgar, I muſt fairly own I don't ſee the great ſuperiorneſs of learning, if it can't keep a man's temper out of a paſſion. However, ſay nothing of the ſort to poor Clermont, upon his coming over, who I expect won't ſpeak one word in ten I ſhall underſtand; which, however, as it's all been done for the beſt, I would not have the poor boy diſcouraged in."

He then ſent a kind meſſage by Edgar

to

to Dr. Orkborne, defiring him not to mind fuch a trifle.

This conciliating office was congenial to the difpofition of Edgar, and foftened his impatience for the return of Camilla; but when, foon after, a note arrived from Mr. Tyrold, requefting Sir Hugh to difpenfe with feeing him till the next day, and apologifing for keeping his daughter, he felt equally difappointed and provoked, though he determined not to delay any longer his departure. He gave orders for his horfes immediately, and with all the lefs regret, for knowing Camilla no longer in the circle he was to quit.

The ladies were in the parlour with Sir Hugh, who was forrowfully brooding over his brother's note, when he entered it to take leave. Addreffing himfelf fomewhat rapidly to the Baronet, he told him he was under an unpleafant neceffity to relinquifh fome days of the month's fojourn intended for him. He made acknowledgements full of regard for his kindnefs and hofpitality; and then, only bowing to the ladies, left the room, before the aftonifhed Sir Hugh comprehended he was going.

"Well," cried Mifs Margland, "this is curious indeed! He has flown off from every thing, without even an apology!"

 "I hope

"I hope he is not really gone?" ſaid Eugenia, walking to the window.

"I'm ſure I don't care what he does," cried Indiana, "he's welcome to go or to ſtay. I'm quite ſick of him, for my part."

"Gone?" ſaid Sir Hugh, recovering breath; "it's impoſſible! Why, he never has ſaid one word to me of the day, nor the ſettlements, nor all thoſe things!"

He then rang the bell, and ſent to deſire Mr. Mandlebert might be called immediately.

Edgar, who was mounting his horſe, obeyed with ſome chagrin. As ſoon as he re-entered the room, Sir Hugh cried; "My dear Mr. young Edgar, it's ſomething amazing to me you ſhould think of going away without coming to an explanation?"

"An explanation, ſir?"

"Yes, don't you know what I mean?"

"Not in the leaſt, ſir," cried Edgar, ſtaggered by a doubt whether he ſuſpected what he felt for Camilla, or referred to what was reported of Indiana.

"Why, then, my pretty dear," ſaid Sir Hugh to Indiana, "you wont object, I hope to taking a little walk in the garden, provided it is not diſagreeable to you; for you had better not hear what we are going to talk about before your face."

 Indiana,

Indiana, pouting her beautiful under lip, and ſcornfully paſſing Edgar, complied. Eugenia accompanied her; but Miſs Margland kept her ground.

Sir Hugh, always unwilling to make any attack, and at a loſs how to begin, ſimply ſaid; "Why, I thought Mr. Mandlebert, you would ſtay with us till next year?"

Edgar only bowed.

"Why, then, ſuppoſe you do?"

"Moſt probably, ſir, I ſhall by that time be upon the Continent. If ſome particular circumſtance does not occur, I purpoſe ſhortly making the tour of Europe."

Sir Hugh now loſt all guard and all reſtraint, and with undiſguiſed diſpleaſure exclaimed; "So here's juſt the ſecond part of Clermont! at the moment I ſent for him home, thinking he would come to put the finiſh to all my cares about Eugenia, he ſends me word he muſt travel!—And though the poor girl took it very well, from knowing nothing of the matter, I can't ſay I take it very kind of you, Mr. young Edgar, to come and do juſt the ſame by Indiana!"

The ſurprize of Edgar was unſpeakable: that Sir Hugh ſhould wiſh the relation of Jacob, with reſpect to Indiana, confirmed, he could not wonder; but that his wiſhes ſhould have amounted to expectations, and

that he ſhould deem his niece ill uſed by their failure, gave him the moſt poignant aſtoniſhment.

Miſs Margland, taking advantage of his ſilent conſternation, began now to pour forth very volubly, the moſt pointed reflections upon the injury done to young ladies by reports of this nature, which were always ſure to keep off other offers.

Edgar though burning to aſſert the integrity of his conduct, heard her with a mixture of concern for Indiana, and indignation againſt herſelf, that kept her wholly uninterrupted.

Sir Hugh, who in ſeeing him overpowered, concluded he was relenting, now kindly took his hand, and ſaid: "My dear Mr. Mandlebert, if you are ſorry for what you were intending, of going away, and leaving us all in the lurch, why, you ſhall never hear a word more about it, for I will make friends for you with Indiana, and beg of Miſs Margland that ſhe'll do us the favour to talk no more."

Edgar, affectionately preſſing the hand of the Baronet, uttered the warmeſt expreſſions of perſonal regard, and proteſted he ſhould always think it an honour to have been held worthy of pretending to any alliance in his family; but he knew not how the preſent miſtake had been made, or report

had

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had ariſen ; he could boaſt of no partiality from Miſs Lynmere, nor had he ever addreſſed her with any particular views : yet as it was the opinion of Miſs Margland, that the rumour, however falſe, might prevent the approach of ſome deſerving object, he now finally determined to become, for awhile, a ſtranger at Cleves, however painful ſuch ſelf-denial muſt prove.

He then precipitately left the room, and in five minutes, had galloped out of the Park.

The reſt of the morning was ſpent by Sir Hugh in the utmoſt diſcompoſure ; and by Miſs Margland in alternate abuſe of Camilla and of Edgar ; while Indiana paſſed from a piqued and ſhort diſappointment, to the conſolatory idea that Melmond might now re-appear.

Edgar rode ſtrait to Beech Park where he buſied himſelf the whole day in viewing alterations and improvements, but where nothing anſwered his expectations, ſince Camilla had diſappointed them. That ſunbeam, which had gilded the place to his eyes, was now overclouded, and the firſt poſſeſſion of his own domain, was his firſt day of diſcontent.

CHAP. IV.

A Maternal Eye.

THE vivacity with which Camilla quitted Cleves, was ſunk before ſhe reached Etherington. She had quitted alſo Edgar, quitted him offended, and in doubt if it might ever be right ſhe ſhould vindicate herſelf in his opinion. Yet all ſeemed ſtrange and unintelligible that regarded the aſſerted nuptials: his indifference was palpable, ſhe believed him to have been unaccountably drawn in, and her heart ſoftly whiſpered, it was herſelf he preferred.

From this ſoothing but dangerous idea, ſhe ſtruggled to turn her thoughts. She anticipated the remorſe of holding the affections of the huſband of her couſin, and determined to uſe every poſſible method to forget him—unleſs, which ſhe ſtrove vainly not to hope, the reported alliance ſhould never take place.

Theſe reflections ſo completely engroſſed her the whole way, that ſhe arrived at the Parſonage Houſe, without the ſmalleſt mental preparation how to account for her return,

turn, or how to plead for remaining at Etherington. Forefight, the offspring of Judgment, or the difciple of Experience, made no part of the character of Camilla, whofe impetuous difpofition was open to every danger of indifcretion, though her genuine love of virtue glowed with juvenile ardour.

She entered, therefore, the breakfaft parlour in a ftate of fudden perplexity what to fay. Mr. Tyrold was alone and writing. He looked furprized, but embraced her with his accuftomed affection, and enquired to what he owed her prefent fight.

She made no anfwer; but embraced him again, and enquired after her mother.

"She is well," he replied: "but, tell me, is your uncle impatient of my delay? It has been wholly unavoidable. I have been deeply engaged; and deeply chagrined. Your poor mother would be ftill more difturbed, if the noblenefs of her mind did not fupport her."

Camilla, extremely grieved, earneftly enquired what had happened.

He then informed her that Mrs. Tyrold, the very next morning, muft abruptly quit them all, and fet out for Lifbon to her fick brother Mr. Relvil.

"Is he fo much worfe?"

"No: I even hope he is better. An

act of folly has brought this to bear. Do not now desire particulars. I will finish my letter, and then return with you for a few minutes to Cleves. The carriage must wait."

"Suffer me first to ask, does Lavinia go with my mother?"

"No, she can only take old Ambrose. Lavinia must supply her place at home."

"Ah! my dearest father, and may not I, too, stay with you, and assist her?"

"If my brother will spare you, my dear child, there is nothing can so much contribute to wile away to me your mother's absence."

Enchanted thus, without any explanation, to have gained her point, she completely revived; though when Mrs. Tyrold, whom she almost worshipped, entered the room, in all the hurry of preparing for her long journey, she shed a torrent of tears in her arms.

"This good girl," said Mr. Tyrold, "is herself desirous to quit the present gaities of Cleves, and try to enliven my solitude till we all may meet again."

The conscious and artless Camilla could not bear this undeserved praise. She quitted her mother, and returning to Mr. Tyrold, "O my father!" she cried, "if you will take me again under your beloved roof,

it is for my ſake—not your's—I beg to return!"

"She is right," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold; "there is no merit in having an heart; ſhe could have none, if to be with you were not her firſt gratification."

"Yes, indeed, my dear mother, it would always be ſo, even if no other inducement—." She ſtopt ſhort, confuſed.

Mr. Tyrold, who continued writing, did not heed this little blunder; but his wife, whoſe quickneſs of apprehenſion and depth of obſervation, were always alive, even in the midſt of buſineſs, cares, and other attentions, turned haſtily to her daughter, and aſked to what "other inducement" ſhe alluded.

Camilla, diſtreſſed, hung her head, and would have forborne making any anſwer.

Mrs. Tyrold, then, putting down various packets which ſhe was ſorting and ſelecting, came ſuddenly up to her, and taking both her hands, looked earneſtly in her face, ſaying: "My Camilla! ſomething has diſquieted you?—your countenance is not itſelf. Tell me, my dear girl, what brought you hither this morning? and what is it you mean by ſome other inducement?"

"Do not aſk me now, my deareſt mother," anſwered ſhe, in a faultering voice; "when

"when you come back again, no doubt all will be over; and then—"

"And is that the time, Camilla, to ſpeak to your beſt friends? would it not be more judicious to be explicit with them, while what affects you is ſtill depending?"

Camilla, hiding her face on her mother's boſom, burſt afreſh into tears.

"Alas!" cried Mrs. Tyrold, "what new evil is hovering? If it muſt invade me again through one of my children, tell me, at leaſt, Camilla, it is not wilfully that you, too, afflict me? and afflict the beſt of fathers?"

Mr. Tyrold, dropping his pen, looked at them both with the moſt apprehenſive anxiety.

"No, my deareſt mother," ſaid Camilla, endeavouring to meet her eyes; "not wilfully,—but ſomething has happened—I can hardly myſelf tell how or what—but indeed Cleves, now—" ſhe heſitated.

"How is my brother?" demanded Mr. Tyrold.

"O! All that is good and kind! and I grieve to quit him—but, indeed, Cleves, now—" Again ſhe heſitated.

"Ah, my dear child!" ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, "I always feared that reſidence!—you are too young, too inconſiderate, too innocent, indeed, to be left ſo utterly to yourſelf—

yourſelf.—Forgive me, my dear Mr. Tyrold; I do not mean to reflect upon your brother, but he is not *you!*—and with you alone, this dear inexperienced girl can be ſecure from all harm. Tell me, however, what it is—?"

Camilla, in the extremeſt confuſion, changed colour, but tried vainly to ſpeak. Mr. Tyrold, ſuſpended from all employment, waited fearfully ſome explanation.

"We have no time," ſaid Mrs. Tyrold, "for delay;—you know I am going abroad,—and cannot aſcertain my return; though all my heart left behind me, with my children and their father, will urge every acceleration in my power."

Camilla wept again, fondly folding her arms round her mother; "I had hoped," ſhe cried, "that I ſhould have come home to peace, comfort, tranquillity! to both of you, my deareſt father and mother, and to all my unbroken happineſs under your roof!—How little did I dream of ſo cruel a ſeparation!"

"Conſole yourſelf, my Camilla, that you have not been its cauſe; may Heaven ever ſpare me evil in your ſhape at leaſt!—you ſay it is nothing wilful? I can bear every thing elſe."

"We will not," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, "preſs her; ſhe will tell us all in her own way,

and at her own time. Forced confidence is neither fair nor flattering. I will excuse her return to my brother, and she will the sooner be able to give her account for finding herself not hurried."

"Calm yourself, then," said Mrs. Tyrold, "as your indulgent father permits, and I will proceed with my preparations."

Camilla now, somewhat recovering, declared she had almost nothing to say; but her mother continued packing up, and her father went on with his letter.

She had then time to consider that her own fears and emotion were involving her in unnecessary confessions; she resolved, therefore, to repress the fulness of her heart, and to acknowledge only the accusation of Miss Margland. And in a few minutes, without waiting for further enquiry, she gathered courage to open upon the subject; and with as much ease and quietness as she could command, related, in general terms, the charge brought against her, and her consequent desire to quit Cleves, "till, ——till——" Here she stopt for breath. Mr. Tyrold instantly finished the sentence, "till the marriage has taken place?"

She coloured, and faintly uttered, "Yes."

"You are right, my child," said he, "and you have acted with a prudence which does you honour. Neither the ablest reasoning

reasoning, nor the most upright conduct, can so completely obliterate a surmise of this nature, from a suspicious mind, as absence. You shall remain, therefore, with me, till your cousin is settled in her new habitation. Do you know if the day is fixed?"

"No, sir," she answered, while the roses fled her cheeks at a question which implied so firm a belief of the union.

"Do not suffer this affair to occasion you any further uneasiness," he continued; "it is the inherent and unalienable compact of Innocence with Truth, to hold themselves immovably superior to the calumny of false imputations. But I will go myself to Cleves, and set this whole matter right."

"And will you, too, sir, have the goodness—" She was going to say, *to make my peace with Edgar*; but the fear of misinterpretation checked her, and she turned away.

He gently enquired what she meant; she avoided any explanation, and he resumed his writing.

Ah me! thought she, will the time ever come, when with openness, with propriety, I may clear myself of caprice to Edgar?

Less patient, because more alarmed than her

her hufband, Mrs. Tyrold followed her to the window. She faw a tear in her eye, and again fhe took both her hands: "Have you, my Camilla," fhe cried, "have you told us all? Can unjuft impertinence fo greatly have difturbed you? Is there no fting belonging to this wound that you are covering from our fight, though it may precifely be the fpot that calls moft for fome healing balm?"

Again the cheeks of Camilla received their fugitive rofes. "My deareft mother," fhe cried, "is not this enough?—to be accufed—fufpected—and to fear—"

She ftammered, and would have withdrawn her hands; but Mrs. Tyrold, ftill holding them, faid, "To fear what? fpeak out, my beft child! open to us your whole heart!—Where elfe will you find repofitories fo tender?"

Tears again flowed down the burning cheeks of Camilla, and dropping her eyes, "Ah, my mother!" fhe cried, "you will think me fo frivolous—you will blufh fo for your daughter—if I own—if I dare confefs—"

Again fhe ftopped, terrified at the conjectures to which this opening might give birth; but when further and fondly preffed by her mother, fhe added, "It is not alone thefe unjuft furmifes,—nor even Indiana's unkind

unkind concurrence in them—but alſo—I have been afraid—I muſt have made a ſtrange—a capricious—an ungrateful appearance in the eyes of Edgar Mandlebert."

Here her voice dropt; but preſently recovering, ſhe rapidly continued, "I know it is very immaterial—and I am ſenſible how fooliſh it may ſound—but I ſhall alſo think of it no more now,—and therefore, as I have told the whole—"

She looked up, conſcience ſtruck at theſe laſt words, to ſee if they proved ſatisfactory: ſhe caught, in the countenance of her mother, and expreſſion of deep commiſeration, which was followed by a thouſand maternal careſſes of unuſual ſoftneſs, though unaccompanied by any words.

Penetrated, yet diſtreſſed, ſhe gratefully received them, but rejoiced when at length, Mr. Tyrold, riſing, ſaid, "Go, my love, up ſtairs to your ſiſter; your mother, elſe, will never proceed with her buſineſs."

She gladly ran off, and ſoon, by a conciſe narration, ſatisfied Lavinia, and then calmed her own troubled mind.

Mr. Tyrold now, though evidently much affected himſelf, ſtrove to compoſe his wife. "Alas!" cried ſhe, "do you not ſee what thus has touched me? Do you not perceive that our lovely girl, more juſt to his worth

than

than its poſſeſſor, has given her whole heart to Edgar Mandlebert?"

"I perceived it through your emotion, but I had not diſcovered it myſelf. I grieve now, that the probability of ſuch an event had not ſtruck me in time to have kept them apart for its prevention."

"I grieve for nothing," cried ſhe, warmly, "but the infatuated blindneſs of that ſelf-loſt young man. What a wife would Camilla have made him in every ſtage of their united career! And how unfortunately has ſhe ſympathiſed in my ſentiments, that he alone ſeemed worthy to replace the firſt and beſt protector ſhe muſt relinquiſh when ſhe quits this houſe! What will he find in Indiana but a beautiful doll, unintereſted in his feelings, unmoved by his excellencies, and incapable of comprehending him if he ſpeaks either of buſineſs or literature!"

"Yet many wives of this deſcription," replied Mr. Tyrold, are more pleaſing in the eyes of their huſbands than women who are either better informed in intellect, or more alive in ſenſation; and it is not an uncommon idea amongſt men, that where, both in capacity and affairs, there is leaſt participation, there is moſt repoſe. But this is not the caſe with Edgar."

"No! he has a nobler reſemblance than

this

this portrait would allow him; a resemblance which made me hope from him a far higher style of choice. He prepares himself, however, his own ample punishment; for he has too much understanding not to sicken of mere personal allurements, and too much generosity to be flattered or satisfied by mere passive intellectual inferiority. Neither a mistress nor a slave can make him happy; a companion is what he requires; and for that, in a very few months, how vainly his secret soul may sigh, and think of our Camilla!"

They then settled, that it would be now essential to her peace to keep her as much as possible from his sight; and determined not to send her back to Cleves even to apologize for the new plan, but to take upon themselves that whole charge. "Her nature," said Mrs. Tyrold, "is so gay, so prompt for happiness, that I have little fear but in absense she will soon cease to dwell upon him. Fear, indeed, I have, but it is of a deeper evil than this early impression; I fear for her future lot! With whom can we trust her?—She will not endure negligence; and those she cannot respect she will soon despise. What a prospect for her, then, with our present race of young men! their frivolous fickleness nauseates whatever

ever they can reach; they have a weak ſhame of aſſerting, or even liſtening to what is right, and a ſhallow pride in profeſſing and performing what is wrong. How muſt this ingenuous girl forget all ſhe has yet ſeen, heard, or felt, ere ſhe can encounter wickedneſs, or even weakneſs, and diſguiſe her abhorrence or contempt?"

"My dear Georgiana, let us never look forward to evil."

"Will it not be doubly hard to bear, if it come upon us without preparation?"

"I think not. Terror ſhakes, and apprehenſion depreſſes: hope nerves as well as gladdens us. Remember always, I do not by hope mean preſumption; I mean ſimply a chearful truſt in heaven."

"I muſt always yield," cried Mrs. Tyrold, "to your ſuperior wiſdom, and reflecting piety; and if I cannot conquer my fears, at leaſt I will neither court nor indulge them."

The thanks of a grateful huſband repaid this compliance. They ſent for Camilla to acquaint her they would make her excuſes at Cleves: ſhe gave a ready though melancholy conſent, and the virtue of her motives drew tears from her idolizing mother, as ſhe claſped her to her heart.

They

They then ſet out together, that Mr. Tyrold might arrange this buſineſs with Sir Hugh, of whom and of Eugenia Mrs. Tyrold was to take leave.

CHAP. V.

Modern Ideas of Duty.

CAMILLA now felt more permanently revived, becaufe better fatisfied with the rectitude of her conduct. She could no longer be accufed of interfering between Edgar and Indiana; that affair would take its natural courfe, and, be it what it might, while abfent from both parties, fhe concluded fhe fhould at leaft efcape all cenfure.

Peaceably, therefore, fhe returned to take poffeffion of her ufual apartment, affectionately accompanied by her eldeft fifter.

The form and the mind of Lavinia were in the moft perfect harmony. Her polifhed complexion was fair, clear, and tranfparent; her features were of the extremeft delicacy, her eyes of the fofteft blue, and her fmile difplayed internal ferenity. The unruffled fweetnefs of her difpofition bore the fame character of modeft excellence. Joy, hope, and profperity, ficknefs, forrow, and difappointment, affailed alike in vain the uniform gentlenefs of her temper: yet though thus exempt

exempt from all natural turbulence, either of pleaſure or of pain, the meekneſs of her compoſition degenerated not into inſenſibility; it was open to all the feminine feelings of pity, of ſympathy, and of tenderneſs.

Thus copiouſly gifted with "all her ſex's ſoftneſs," her ſociety would have contributed to reſtore Camilla to repoſe, had they continued together without interruption; but, in a few minutes, the room door was opened, and Lionel, ruſhing into the apartment, called out, "How do, do, my girls? how do, do?" and ſhook them each by the hand, with a ſwing that nearly brought them to the ground.

Camilla rejoiced at his ſight; but Lavinia gravely ſaid, "I thought, brother, you had been at Dr. Marchmont's?"

"All in good time, my dear! I ſhall viſit the old gentleman before long."

"Did you not ſleep there, then, laſt night?"

"No, child."

"Good God, Lionel!—if my mother—"

"My dear little Lavinia," cried he, chucking her under the chin, "I have a vaſt notion of making viſits at my own time, inſtead of my mamma's."

"O Lionel! and can you, juſt now——"

"Come,

" Come, come," interrupted he, " don't let us waſte our precious minutes in old moralizing. If I had not luckily been hard by, I ſhould not have known the coaſt was clear. Pray where are they gone, tantivying ?"

" To Cleves."

" To Cleves! what a happy eſcape! I was upon the point of going thither myſelf. Camilla, what is the matter with thee?"

" Nothing—I am only thinking—pray when do you go to Oxford ?"

" Pho, pho,—what do you talk of Oxford for ? you are grown quite ſtupid, girl. I believe you have lived too long with Miſs Margland. Pray how does that dear creature do ? I am afraid ſhe will grow melancholy from not ſeeing me ſo long. Is ſhe as pretty as ſhe uſed to be ? I have ſome notion of ſending her a ſuitor."

" O brother," ſaid Lavinia, " is it poſſible you can have ſuch ſpirits ?"

" O hang it, if one is not merry when one can, what is the world good for ? beſides, I do aſſure you, I fretted ſo confumed hard at firſt, that for the life of me I can fret no longer."

" But why are you not at Dr. Marchmont's ?"

" Becauſe, my dear, you have no conception

ception of the pleafure thofe old doctors take in lecturing a youngfter who is in any difgrace."

"Difgrace!" repeated Camilla.

"At all events," faid Lavinia, "I befeech you to be a little careful; I would not have my poor mother find you here for the world."

"O, as to that, I defy her to defire the meeting lefs than I do. But come, let's talk of fomething elfe. How go on the claffics? Is my old friend, Dr. Orkborne, as chatty and amufing as ever?"

"My dear Lionel," faid Camilla, "I am filled with apprehenfion and perplexity. Why fhould my mother wifh not to fee you? And why—and how is it poffible you can wifh not to fee her?"

"What, don't you know it all? Has not Lavinia told you?"

"I could be in no hafte," anfwered Lavinia, "to give her pain."

"You are a good girl enough. But how came you hither, Camilla? and what is the reafon you have not feen my mother yourfelf?"

"Not feen her! I have been with her this half hour."

"What! and in all that time did not fhe tell you."

"She did not name you."

"Is

"Is it poſſible!—Well, ſhe's a noble creature! I wonder how ſhe could ever have ſuch a ſon! And I am ſtill leſs like my father than her. I ſuppoſe I was changed in the cradle. Will you countenance me, young ladies, if ſome villainous attorney or exciſeman ſhould by and by come to own me?"

"Dear Lionel," cried Camilla, "do explain to me what has happened. You make me think it important and trifling twenty times in a minute."

"O, horrid buſineſs!—Lavinia muſt tell it you. I'll go away till ſhe has done. Don't deſpiſe me, Camilla; I am confounded ſorry, I promiſe you."

He then hurried out of the room, evidently feeling more emotion than he cared to diſplay.

Yet Lavinia had but juſt begun her relation, when he abruptly returned. "Come, I had better tell it you myſelf," cried he, "for ſhe'll make ſuch a diſmal ditty of it, that it won't be over this half year; the ſooner we have done with it the better; it will only put you out of ſpirits."

Then, ſitting down, and taking her hand he began, "You muſt know I was in rather a bad ſcrape at Oxford laſt year—"

"Laſt year! and you never told us of it before!"

"O, 'twas about ſomething you would not underſtand, ſo I ſhall not mention particulars now. It is enough for you to know that two or three of us wanted a little caſh! —well, ſo—in ſhort, I ſent a letter—ſomewhat of a threatning ſort—to poor old uncle Relvil!"

"O Lionel!"

"O, I did not ſign it,—it was only begging a little money, which he can afford to ſpare very well; and juſt telling him, if it did not come to a place I mentioned, he would have his brains blown out."—

"How horrible?"

"Pho, pho—he had only to ſend the money, you know, and then his brains might keep their place; beſides, you can't ſuppoſe there was gunpowder in the words. So I got this copied, and took the proper meaſures for concealment, and,—would you believe it! the poor old gull was fool enough actually to ſend the money where he was bid?"

"Fie, Lionel!" cried Lavinia; "do you call him a fool becauſe you terrified him?"

"Yes, to be ſure, my dear; and you both think him ſo too, only yon don't hold it pretty to ſay ſo. Do you ſuppoſe, if he had had half the wit of his ſiſter, he would have done it? I believe, in my conſcience, there

there was ſome odd miſtake in their births, and that my mother took away the brains of the man, and left the woman's for the noddle of my poor uncle."

"Fie, fie, brother!" ſaid Lavinia again; "you know how ſickly he has always been from his birth, and how ſoon therefore he might be alarmed."

"Why, yes, Lavinia—I believe it was a very bad thing—and I would give half my little finger I had not done it. But it's over, you know; ſo what ſignifies making the worſt of it?"

"And did he not diſcover you?"

"No; I gave him particular orders, in my letter, not to attempt any thing of that ſort, aſſuring him there were ſpies about him to watch his proceedings. The good old aſs took it all for goſpel. So there the matter dropt. However, as ill luck would have it, about three months ago we wanted another ſum—"

"And could you again—"

"Why, my dear, it was only taking a little of my own fortune before-hand, for I am his heir; ſo we all agreed it was merely robbing myſelf; for we had ſeveral conſultations about it, and one of us is to be a lawyer."

"But you give me ſome pleaſure here," ſaid Camilla; "for I had never heard that my uncle had made you his heir."

"No

"No more have I neither, my dear; but I take it for granted. Besides, our little lawyer put it into my head. Well, we wrote again, and told the poor old gentleman—for which I assure you I am heartily repentant—that if he did not send me double the sum, in the same manner, without delay, his house was to be burnt to the ground the first night that he and all his family were asleep in bed.—Now don't make faces and shruggings, for, I promise you, I think already I deserve to be hanged for giving him the fright; though I would not really have hurt him, all the time, for half his fortune. And who could have guessed he would have bit so easily? The money, however, came, and we thought it all secure, and agreed to get the same sum annually—"

"Annually!" repeated Camilla, with uplifted hands.

"Yes, my dear. You have no conception how convenient it would have been for our extra-expences. But, unluckily, uncle grew worse, and went abroad, and then consulted with some crab of a friend, and that friend with some demagogue of a magistrate, and so all is blown!—However, we had managed it so cleverly, it cost them near three months to find it out, owing, I must confess, to poor uncle's cowar-

dice in not making his enquiries before the money was carried off, and he himſelf over the ſeas and far away. The other particulars Lavinia muſt give you; for I have talked of it now till I have made myſelf quite ſick. Do tell me ſomething diverting to drive it a little out of my head Have you ſeen any thing of my enchanting widow lately?"

"No, ſhe does not deſire to be ſeen by me. She would not admit me."

"She is frankneſs itſelf, and does not pretend to care a fig for any of her own ſex.—O, but, Camilla, I have wanted to aſk you this great while, if you think there is any truth in this rumour, that Mandlebert intends to propoſe to Indiana?"

"To propoſe! I thought it had all long ſince been ſettled."

"Ay, ſo the world ſays; but I don't believe a word of it. Do you think, if that were the caſe, he would not have owned it to me? There's nothing fixed yet, depend upon it."

Camilla, ſtruck, amazed, and delighted, involuntarily embraced her brother; though recollecting herſelf almoſt at the ſame moment, ſhe endeavoured to turn off the reſiſtleſs impulſe into taking leave, and hurrying him away.

Lionel, who to want of ſolidity and penetration

netration principally owed the errors of his conduct, was easily put upon a wrong scent, and assured her he would take care to be off in time. "But what," cried he, "has carried them to Cleves? Are they gone to tell tales? Because I have lost one uncle by my own fault, must I lose another by their's?"

"No, answered Lavinia, "they have determined not to name you. They have settled that my uncle Hugh shall never be told of the affair, nor any body else, if they can help it, except your sisters, and Dr. Marchmont."

"Well, they are good souls," cried he, attempting to laugh, though his eyes were glistening; "I wish I deserved them better; I wish, too, it was not so dull to be good. I can be merry and harmless here at the same time,—and so I can at Cleves;—but at Oxford—or in London,—your merry blades there—I can't deny it, my dear sisters—your merry blades there are but sad fellows. Yet there is such fun, such spirit, such sport amongst them, I cannot for my life keep out of their way. Besides, you have no conception, young ladies, what a bye word you become among them if they catch you flinching."

"I would not for the world say any thing to pain you, my dear brother," cried

Lavinia; "but yet I muſt hope that, in future, your firſt ſtudy will be to reſiſt ſuch dangerous examples, and to drop ſuch unworthy friends?"

"If it is not to tell tales, then, for what elſe are they gone to Cleves, juſt at this time?"

"For my mother to take leave of Eugenia and my uncle before her journey."

"Journey! Why whither is ſhe going?"

"Abroad."

"The deuce ſhe is!—And what for?"

"To try to make your peace with her brother; or at leaſt to nurſe him herſelf till he is tolerably recovered."

Lionel flapped his hat over his eyes, and ſaying, "This is too much!—If I were a man I ſhould ſhoot myſelf!"—ruſhed out of the room.

The two ſiſters rapidly followed him, and caught his arm before he could quit the houſe. They earneſtly beſought him to return, to compoſe himſelf, and to promiſe he would commit no raſh action.

"My dear ſiſters," cried he, "I am worked juſt now only as I ought to be; but I will give you any promiſe you pleaſe. However, though I have never liſtened to my father as I ought to have liſtened, he has implanted in my mind a horror of ſui-

cide, that will make me live my natural life, be it as good for nothing as it may."

He then ſuffered his ſiſters to lead him back to their room, where he caſt himſelf upon a chair, in painful rumination upon his own unworthineſs, and his parents excellence; but the tender ſoothings of Lavinia and Camilla, who trembled leſt his remorſe ſhould urge him to ſomeact of violence, ſoon drew him from reflections of which he hated the intruſion; and he attended, with complacency, to their youth ful ſecurity of perfect reconciliations, and re-eſtabliſhed happineſs.

With reciprocal exultation, the eyes of the ſiſters congratulated each other on having ſaved him from deſpair: and ſeeing him now calm, and, they hoped, ſafe, they mutually, though tacitly, agreed to obtrude no further upon meditations that might be uſeful to him, and remained ſilently by his ſide.

For ſome minutes all were profoundly ſtill; Lionel then ſuddenly ſtarted up; the ſiſters, affrighted, haſtily aroſe at the ſame inſtant; when ſtretching himſelf and yawning, he called out, "Pr'ythee, Camilla, what is become of that ſmug Mr. Dubſter?"

Speechleſs with amazement, they looked earneſtly in his face, and feared he was raving.

They were ſoon, however undeceived; the tide of penitence and ſorrow was turned in his buoyant ſpirits, and he was only reſtored to his natural volatile ſelf.

"You uſed him moſt ſhabbily," he continued, "and he was a very pretty fellow. The next time I have nothing better to do, I'll ſend him to you, that you may make it up."

This quick return of gaiety cauſed a ſigh to Lavinia, and much ſurpriſe to Camilla; but neither of them could prevail with him to depart, till Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold were every moment expected; they then, though with infinite difficulty, procured his promiſe that he would go ſtraight to Dr. Marchmont, according to an arrangement made for that purpoſe by Mrs. Tyrold herſelf.

Lavinia, when he was gone, related ſome circumſtances of this affair which he had omitted. Mr. Relvil, the elder brother of Mrs. Tyrold, was a country gentleman of ſome fortune, but of weak parts, and an invalid from his infancy. He had ſuffered theſe incendiary letters to prey upon his repoſe, without venturing to produce them to any one, from a terror of the menaces hurled againſt him by the writer, till at length he became ſo

completely

completely hypochondriac, that his reſt was utterly broken, and, to preſerve his very exiſtence, he reſolved upon viſiting another climate.

The day that he ſet out for Liſbon, his deſtined harbour, he delivered his anonymous letters to a friend, to whom he left in charge to diſcover, if poſſible, their author.

This diſcovery, by the uſual means of enquiries and rewards, was ſoon made; but the moment Mr. Relvil learnt that the culprit was his nephew, he wrote over to Mrs Tyrold a ſtatement of the tranſaction, declaring he ſhould diſinherit Lionel from every ſhilling of his eſtate. His health was ſo much impaired, he ſaid, by the diſturbance this had given to his mind, that he ſhould be obliged to ſpend the enſuing year in Portugal; and he even felt uncertain if he might ever return to his own country.

Mrs. Tyrold, aſtoniſhed and indignant, ſeverely queſtioned her ſon, who, covered with ſhame, ſurpriſe, and repentance, confeſſed his guilt. Shocked and grieved in the extreme, ſhe ordered him from her ſight, and wrote to Dr. Marchmont to receive him. She then ſettled with Mr. Tyrold the plan of her journey and voy-

 age,

age, hoping by ſo immediately following, and herſelf nurſing her incenſed brother, to ſoften his wrath, and avert its final ill conſequences.

CHAP. VI.

A few Embarraſſments.

MR. and Mrs. Tyrold returned to Etherington ſomewhat relieved in their ſpirits, though perplexed in their opinions. They had heard from Sir Hugh that Edgar had decidedly diſavowed any pretenſions to Indiana, and had voluntarily retreated from Cleves, that his diſavowal might riſk no miſconſtruction, either in the family or the neighbourhood.

This inſenſibility to beauty the moſt exquiſite wanted no advocate with Mrs. Tyrold. Once more ſhe conceived ſome hope of what ſhe wiſhed, and ſhe determined upon ſeeing Edgar before her departure. The diſpleaſure ſhe had nouriſhed againſt him vaniſhed, and juſtice to his general worth, with an affection nearly maternal to his perſon, took again their wonted place in her boſom, and made her deem herſelf unkind in having propoſed to quit the kingdom without bidding him farewell.

Mr. Tyrold, whom profeſſional duty and native

native inclination alike made a man of peace, was ever happy to ſecond all conciliatory meaſures, and the firſt to propoſe them, where his voice had any chance of being heard. He ſent a note, therefore, to invite Edgar to call the next morning; and Mrs. Tyrold deferred her hour of ſetting off till noon.

Her own natural and immediate impulſe, had been to carry Camilla with her abroad; but when ſhe conſidered that her ſole errand was to nurſe and appeaſe an offended ſick man, whoſe chamber ſhe meant not to quit till ſhe returned to her family, ſhe gave up the pleaſure ſhe would herſelf have found in the ſcheme, to her fears for the health and ſpirits of her darling child, joined to the ſuperior joy of leaving ſuch a ſolace with her huſband.

Sir Hugh had heard the petition for poſtponing the further viſit of Camilla almoſt with deſpondence; but Mr. Tyrold reſtored him completely to confidence, with reſpect to his doubts concerning Dr. Orkborne, with whom he held a long and ſatisfactory converſation: and his own benevolent heart received a ſenſible pleaſure, when, upon examining Indiana with regard to Edgar, he found her, though piqued and pouting, untouched either in affection or happineſs.

Early

Early the next morning Edgar came. Mrs. Tyrold had taken meaſures for employing Camilla up ſtairs, where ſhe did not even hear that he entered the houſe.

He was received with kindneſs, and told of the ſudden journey, though not of its motives. He heard of it with unfeigned concern, and earneſtly ſolicited to be the companion of the voyage, if no better male protector were appointed.

Mr. Tyrold folded his arms around him at this grateful propoſal, while his wife, animated off her guard, warmly exclaimed—"My dear excellent Edgar! you are indeed the model, the true ſon of your guardian!"

Sorry for what had eſcaped her, from her internal reference to Lionel, ſhe looked anxiouſly to ſee if he comprehended her; but the mantling blood which mounted quick into his cheeks, while his eyes ſought the ground, ſoon told her there was another mode of affinity, which at that moment had ſtruck him.

Willing to eſtabliſh whether this idea were right, ſhe now conſidered how ſhe might name Camilla; but her huſband, who for no poſſible purpoſe could witneſs diſtreſs without ſeeking to alleviate it, declined his kind offer, and began a diſcourſe upon the paſſage to Liſbon.

This gave Edgar time to recover, and, in a few ſeconds, ſomething of moment ſeemed abruptly to occur to him, and ſcarcely ſaying adieu, he hurried to remount his horſe.

Mrs. Tyrold was perplexed, but ſhe could take no ſteps towards an explanation, without infringing the delicacy ſhe felt due to her daughter: ſhe ſuffered him, therefore, to depart.

She then proceeded with her preparations, which entirely occupied her till the chaiſe was at the gate; when, as the little party, their eyes and their hearts all full, were taking a laſt farewel, the parlour door was haſtily opened, and Dr. Marchmont and Edgar entered the room.

All were ſurpriſed, but none ſo much as Camilla, who, forgetting, in ſudden emotion, every thing but former kindneſs and intimacy, delightedly exclaimed—"Edgar! O how happy, my deareſt mother!—I was afraid you would go without ſeeing him!"

Edgar turned to her with a quickneſs that could only be exceeded by his pleaſure; her voice, her manner, her unlooked for intereſt in his appearance, penetrated to his very ſoul. "Is it poſſible," he cried, "you could have the goodneſs to wiſh me this gratification? At a moment ſuch as this, could

could you——?" think of me, he would have added? but Dr. Marchmont, coming forward, begged him to account for their intrufion.

Almoft overpowered by fudden emotion, he could fcarcely recollect its motive himfelf; while Camilla, fearful and repentant that fhe had broken her deliberate and well-principled refolutions, retreated to the window.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold witneffed the involuntary movements which betrayed their mutual regard with the tendereft fatiffaction; and the complacency of their attention, when Edgar advanced to them, foon removed his embarraffment.

He then briefly acquainted them, that finding Mrs. Tyrold would not accept him for her chevalier, he had ridden hard to the parfonage of Cleves, whence he hoped he had brought her one too unexceptionable for rejection.

Dr. Marchmont, with great warmth, then made a proffer of his fervices, declaring he had long defired an opportunity to vifit Portugal; and protefting that, befides the pleafure of complying with any wifh of Mr. Mandlebert's, it would give him the moft ferious happinefs to fhew his gratitude for the many kind offices he owed to Mr. Tyrold, and his high perfonal refpect for his lady; he fhould require but one day for his

pre-

preparations, and for ſecuring the perform-ance of the church duty at Cleves during his abſence.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyrold were equally ſtruck by the goodneſs of Dr. Marchmont, and the attentive kindneſs of Edgar. Mrs. Tyrold, nevertheleſs, would immediately have declined the ſcheme; but her huſband interpoſed. Her travelling, he ſaid, with ſuch a guard, would be as conducive to his peace at home, as to her ſafety abroad. "And with reſpect," cried he, "to obligation, I hold it as much a moral duty not to refuſe receiving good offices, as not to avoid adminiſtering them. That ſpecies of independence, which proudly flies all ties of gratitude, is inimical to the ſocial compact of civilized life, which ſubſiſts but by reciprocation of ſervices."

Mrs. Tyrold now oppoſed the ſcheme no longer, and the chaiſe was ordered for the next day.

Dr. Marchmont hurried home to ſettle his affairs; but Edgar begged a ſhort conference with Mr. Tyrold.

Every maternal hope was now awake in Mrs. Tyrold, who concluded this requeſt was to demand Camilla in marriage, and her huſband himſelf, not without trepidation, took Edgar into his ſtudy.

But Edgar, though his heart was again wholly Camilla's, had received a look from Dr.

Dr. Marchmont that guarded him from any immediate declaration. He fimply opened upon the late mifconception at Cleves; vindicated himfelf from any verfatility of conduct, and affirmed, that both his attentions and his regard for Indiana had never been, either more or lefs than they ftill continued. All this was fpoken with a plainnefs to which the integrity of his character gave a weight fuperior to any proteftations.

"My dear Edgar," faid Mr. Tyrold, "I am convinced of your probity. The tenor of your life is its guarantee, and any other defence is a degradation. There is indeed, no perfidy fo unjuftifiable, as that which wins but to defert the affections of an innocent female. It is ftill, if poffible, more cowardly than it is cruel; for the greater her worth, and the more exquifite her feelings, the ftronger will be the impulfe of her delicacy to fuffer uncomplaining; and the deluder of her efteem commonly confides, for averting her reproach, to the very fenfibility through which he has enfnared her good opinion."

"No one," faid Edgar, "can more fincerely concur in this fentiment than myfelf; and, I truft, there is no fituation, and no character, that could prompt me to deviate in this point. Here, in particular, my underftanding

derſtanding muſt have been as defective as my morals, to have betrayed me into ſuch an enterpriſe."

"How do you mean?"

"I beg pardon, my dear ſir; but, though I have a ſort of family regard for Miſs Lynmere, and though I think her beauty is tranſcendant, her heart, I believe——" he heſitated.

"Do you think her heart invulnerable?"—

"Why—no—not poſitively, perhaps," anſwered he, embarraſſed, "not poſitively invulnerable; but certainly I do not think it compoſed of thoſe finely ſubtle ſenſations which elude all vigilance, and become imperceptibly the prey of every aſſailing ſympathy: for itſelf, therefore, I believe it not in much danger; and, for others—I ſee not in it that magnetic attraction which charms away all caution, beguiles all ſecurity, enwraps the imagination, and maſters the reaſon!"——

The chain of thinking which, from painting what he thought inſenſible in Indiana, led him to deſcribe what he felt to be reſiſtleſs in Camilla, made him finiſh the laſt ſentence with an energy that ſurpriſed Mr. Tyrold into a ſmile.

"You ſeem deeply," he ſaid, "to have ſtudied the ſubject."

"But

"But not under the guidance of Miſs Lynmere," he anſwered, riſing, and colouring, the moment he had ſpoken, in the fear he had betrayed himſelf.

"I rejoice, then, the more," replied Mr. Tyrold, calmly, "in her own ſlackneſs of ſuſceptibility."

"Yes," cried Edgar, recovering, and quietly re-placing himſelf; "it is her own ſecurity, and it is the ſecurity of all who ſurround her; though to thoſe, indeed, there was alſo another, a ſtill greater, in the contraſt which——" he ſtopt, confuſed at his own meaning; yet preſently, almoſt irreſiſtibly, added—"Not that I think the utmoſt vivacity of ſentiment, nor all the charm of ſoul, though eternally beaming in the eyes, playing in every feature, glowing in the complection, and brightening every ſmile——" he ſtopt again, overpowered with the conſciouſneſs of the picture he was portraying; but Mr. Tyrold continuing ſilent, he was obliged, though he hardly knew what he ſaid, to go on. "Nothing, in ſhort, ſo ſelfiſhly are we formed,—that nothing, not even the lovelieſt of the lovely, can be truly bewitching, in which we do not hope or expect ſome participation.—I believe I have not made myſelf very clear?—However, it is not material—I ſimply meant to explain my retreat from Cleves. And, indeed, it

is

is barbarous, at a ſeaſon ſuch as this, to detain you a moment from your family."

He then haſtily took leave.

Mr. Tyrold was ſenſibly touched by this ſcene. He ſaw through this perplexity of diſcourſe and confuſion of manner that, his daughter had made a forcible impreſſion upon the heart of Mandlebert, but could not comprehend why he ſeemed ſtruggling to conceal it. What had dropt from him appeared to imply a diſtruſt of exciting mutual regard; yet this, after his own obſervations upon Camilla, was inconceivable.

Edgar, who hitherto had opened his whole heart upon every occaſion to Mr. Tyrold, felt hurt and diſtreſſed at this firſt withholding of confidence. He went back to the parlour to take leave once more of Mrs. Tyrold; but, opening the door, found Camilla there alone. She was looking out of the window, and had not heard his entrance.

This was not a ſight to ſtill his perturbed ſpirits; on the contrary, the moment ſeemed to him ſo favourable, that it irreſiſtibly occured to him to ſeize it for removing every doubt.

Camilla, who had not even miſſed her mother and ſiſter from the room, was contemplating the horſe of Edgar, and internally

nally arraigning herſelf for the dangerous pleaſure ſhe had felt and manifeſted at the ſight of his maſter.

He gently ſhut the door, and approaching her, ſaid, "Do I ſee again the ſame frank and amiable friend, who in earlieſt days, who always, indeed, till—"

Camilla turning round, ſtartled to behold him ſo near, and that no one elſe remained in the room, bluſhed exceſſively, and without hearing what he ſaid, ſhut the window; yet opened it the ſame minute, ſtammering out ſomething, but ſhe herſelf knew not what, concerning the weather.

The gentleſt thoughts croſſed the mind of Edgar at this evident embarraſſment, and the moſt generous alacrity prompted him to haſten his purpoſe. He drew a chair near her, and, in penetrating accents, ſaid: "Will you ſuffer me, will you, can you permit me, to take the privilege of our long friendſhip, and honeſtly to ſpeak to you upon what has paſſed within theſe laſt few days at Cleves?"

She could not anſwer: ſurpriſe, doubt, fear of ſelf-deception, and hope of ſome happy explanation, all ſuddenly conſpired to confound and to ſilence her.

"You cannot, I think, forget," he ſoon reſumed, "that you had condeſcended to put into my hands the management and deciſion

decifion of the new acquaintance you are anxious to form? My memory at leaft, will never be unfaithful to a teftimony fo grateful to me, of your entire reliance upon the deep, the unfpeakable intereft I have ever taken, and ever muft take, in my invaluable guardian, and in every branch of his refpected and beloved family."

Camilla now began to breathe. This laft expreffion, though zealous in friendlinefs, had nothing of appropriate partiality; and in lofing her hope fhe refumed her calmnefs.

Edgar obferved, though he underftood not, the change; but as he wifhed to fatisfy his mind before he indulged his inclination, he endeavoured not to be forry to fee her miftrefs of herfelf during the difcuffion. He wifhed her but to anfwer him with opennefs: fhe ftill, however, only liftened, while fhe rofe and looked about the room for fome work. Edgar fomewhat difconcerted, waited for her again fitting down; and after a few minutes fpent in a ufelefs fearch, fhe drew a chair to a table at fome diftance.

Gravely then following, he ftood oppofite to her, and, after a little paufe, faid, "I perceive you think I go too far! you think that the intimacy of childhood, and the attachment of adolefcence, fhould expire

pire with the juvenile ſports and intercourſe which nouriſhed them, rather than ripen into ſolid friendſhip and permanent confidence?"

"Do not ſay ſo," cried ſhe, with emotion; "believe me, unleſs you knew all that had paſſed, and all my motives, you ſhould judge nothing of theſe laſt few days, but think of me only, whether well or ill, as you thought of me a week ago."

The moſt laboured and explicit defence could not more immediately have ſatisfied his mind than this ſpeech. Suſpicion vaniſhed, truſt and admiration took its place, and once more drawing a chair by her ſide, "My dear Miſs Camilla," he cried, "forgive my having thus harped upon this ſubject; I here promiſe you I will name it no more."

"And I," cried ſhe delighted, "promiſe you"—ſhe was going to add, that ſhe would give up Mrs. Arlbery, if he found reaſon to diſapprove the acquaintance; but the parlour door opened, and Miſs Margland ſtalked into the room.

Sir Hugh was going to ſend a meſſenger to enquire how and when Mrs. Tyrold had ſet out; but Miſs Margland, from various motives of curioſity, offered her ſervices, and came herſelf. So totally, however, had both Edgar and Camilla been engroſſed by each other, that they had not heard the

carriage

carriage drive up to the garden gate, which, with the door of the houſe, being always open, required neither knocker nor bell.

A ſpectre could not more have ſtartled or ſhocked Camilla. She jumped up, with an exclamation nearly amounting to a ſcream, and involuntarily ſeated herſelf at the other end of the room.

Edgar, though not equally embarraſſed, was ſtill more provoked; but he roſe, and got her a chair, and enquired after the health of Sir Hugh.

"He is very poorly, indeed," anſwered ſhe, with an auſtere air, "and no wonder!"

"Is my uncle ill?" cried Camilla, alarmed.

Miſs Margland deigned no reply.

The reſt of the family, who had ſeen the carriage from the windows, now entered the room, and during the mutual enquiries and account which followed, Edgar, believing himſelf unobſerved, glided round to Camilla, and in a low voice, ſaid, "The promiſe—I think I gueſs its gratifying import—I ſhall not, I hope, loſe through this cruel intruſion?"

Camilla, who ſaw no eyes but thoſe of Miſs Margland, which were ſeverely faſtened upon her, affected not to hear him, and planted herſelf in the group out of his way.

He

He anxiously waited for another opportunity to put in his claim; but he waited in vain; Camilla, who from the entrance of Miss Margland had had the depressing feel of self-accusation, sedulously avoided him; and though he loitered till he was ashamed of remaining in the house at a period so busy, Miss Margland, by indications not to be mistaken, shewed herself bent upon out-staying him, he was obliged, therefore, to depart; though, no sooner was he gone, than, having nothing more to scrutinize, she went also.

But little doubt now remained with the watchful parents of the mutual attachment of Edgar and Camilla, to which the only apparent obstacle seemed, a diffidence on the part of Edgar with respect to her internal sympathy. Pleased with the modesty of such a fear in so accomplished a young man, Mr. Tyrold protested that, if the superior fortune were on the side of Camilla, he would himself clear it up, and point out the mistake. His wife gloried in the virtuous delicacy of her daughter, that so properly, till it was called for, concealed her tenderness from the object who so deservingly inspired it; yet they agreed, that though she could not, at present, meet Edgar too often, she

should

ſhould be kept wholly ignorant of their wiſhes and expectations, leſt they ſhould ſtill be cruſhed by any unforeſeen caſualty: and that, meanwhile, ſhe ſhould be allowed every ſafe and innocent recreation, that might lighten her mind from its depreſſion, and reſtore her ſpirits to their native vivacity.

Early the next morning Dr. Marchmont came to Etherington, and brought with him Lionel, by the expreſs direction of his father, who never objected to admit the faulty to his preſence; his hopes of doing good were more potent from kindneſs than from ſeverity, from example than from precept: yet he attempted not to conquer the averſeneſs of Mrs. Tyrold to an interview; he knew it proceeded not from an inexorable nature, but from a repugnance inſurmountable to the ſight of a beloved object in diſgrace.

Mrs. Tyrold quitted her huſband with the moſt cruel regret, and her darling Camilla with the tendereſt inquietude; ſhe affectionately embraced the unexceptionable Lavinia, with whom ſhe left a meſſage for her brother, which ſhe ſtrictly charged her to deliver, without ſoftening or omitting one word.

And

And then, attended by Dr. Marchmont, ſhe ſet forward on her journey towards Falmouth: whence a packet, in a few days, ſhe was informed, would ſail for Liſbon.

CHAP. VII.

Modern Ideas of Life.

GRIEVED at this ſeparation, Mr. Tyrold retired to his ſtudy; and his two daughters went to the apartment of Lionel, to comfort him under the weight of his miſconduct.

They found him extremely affected and repentant; yet eager to hear that his mother was actually gone. Ill as he felt himſelf to deſerve ſuch an exertion for his future welfare, and ſincere as were his ſhame and ſorrow to have parted her from his excellent father, he thought all evil preferable to encountering her eye, or liſtening to her admonitions.

Though unaffectedly beloved, Mrs. Tyrold was deeply feared by all her children, Camilla alone excepted; by Lionel, from his horror of reproof; by Lavinia, from timid humility; and by Eugenia, from a high ſenſe of parental ſuperiority. Camilla alone eſcaped the contagion; for while too innocent, too undeſigning, wilfully to excite diſpleaſure, ſhe was too gay and too light-

hearted

hearted to admit apprehenſion without cauſe.

The gentle Lavinia knew not how to perform her painful taſk of delivering the meſſage with which ſhe was commiſſioned, and reſolved, in conjunction with Camilla, to ſpare him till the next day, when his feelings might be leſs acute. They each ſat down by his ſide, ſilent and compaſſionate; while he, ejaculating bleſſings upon his parents and calling for juſt vengeance upon himſelf, ſtrode up and down the room, biting his knuckles, and now and then ſtriking his forehead.

This laſted about ten minutes: and then, ſuddenly advancing to his ſiſters, and ſnatching a hand of each: "Come girls," he cried, "now let's talk of other things."

Too young to have developed the character of Lionel, they were again as much aſtoniſhed as they had been the preceding day: but his defects, though not originally of the heart, were of a ſpecies that ſoon tend to harden it. They had their riſe in a total averſion to reflection, a wiſh to diſtinguiſh himſelf from his retired, and, he thought, unfaſhionable relations, and an unfortunate coalition with ſome unprincipled young men, who, becauſe flaſhy and gay, could lead him to whatever they propoſed. Yet, when miſchief or misfortune enſued

from his wanton faults, he was always far more ſorry than he thought it manly to own; but as his actions were without judgment, his repentance was without principle; and he was ready for ſome new enterpriſe the moment the difficulties of an old one ſubſided.

Lavinia now, though with extreme reluctance, thought it right to acquaint him ſhe had a command to fulfil to him from his mother.

The powers of conſcience were again then inſtantly at work; he felt what he had deſerved, he dreaded to hear what he had provoked; and drawing back, entreated her to wait one half hour before ſhe entered upon the buſineſs.

She chearfully conſented; and Camilla propoſed extending the reprieve to the next day: but not two minutes elapſed, before he proteſted he could not bear the ſuſpenſe, and urged an immediate communication.

"She can have ſaid nothing," cried he, "worſe than I expect, or than I merit. Probe me then without delay. She is acting by me like an angel, and if ſhe were to command me to turn anchoret, I know I ought to obey her."

With much heſitation, Lavinia then began. "My mother ſays, my dear Lionel, the fraud you have practiſed—"

"The

"The fraud! what a horrid word! why it was a mere trick! a joke! a frolic! juſt to make an old hunks open his purſe-ſtrings for his natural heir. I am aſtoniſhed at my mother! I really don't care if I don't hear another ſyllable."

"Well, then, my dear Lionel, I will wait till you are calmer: my mother, I am ſure did not mean to irritate, but to convince."

"My mother," continued he, ſtriding about the room, "makes no allowances. She has no faults herſelf, and for that reaſon ſhe thinks nobody elſe ſhould have any. Beſides, how ſhould ſhe know what it is to be a young man? and to want a little caſh, and not know how to get it?"

"But I am ſure," ſaid Lavinia, "if you wanted it for any proper purpoſe, my father would have denied himſelf every thing, in order to ſupply you."

"Yes, yes; but ſuppoſe I want it for a purpoſe that is *not* proper, how am I to get it then?"

"Why, then, my dear Lionel, ſurely you muſt be ſenſible you ought to go without it," cried the ſiſters, in a breath.

"Ay, that's as you girls ſay, that know nothing of the matter. If a young man, when he goes into the world, was to make ſuch a ſpeech as that, he would be pointed at. Beſides, who muſt he live with? You don't

don't ſuppoſe he is to ſhut himſelf up, with a few muſty books, ſleeping over the fire, under pretence of ſtudy, all day long, do you? like young Melmond, who knows no more of the world than one of you do?"

"Indeed," ſaid Camilla, "he ſeemed to me an amiable and modeſt young man, though very romantic."

"O, I dare ſay he did! I could have laid any wager of that. He's juſt a girl's man, juſt the very thing, all ſentiment, and poetry and heroics. But we, my little dear, we lads of ſpirit, hold all that amazing cheap. I aſſure you, I would as ſoon be ſeen trying on a lady's cap at a glaſs, as poring over a crazy old author when I could help it. I warrant you think, becauſe one is at the univerſity, one muſt needs be a book-worm?"

"But are there not ſometimes young men who are ſcholars without being book-worms?" cried Camilla, half colouring? "is not—is not Edgar Mandlebert—"

"O yes, yes; an odd thing of that ſort happens now and then; but you muſt not expect an Edgar Mandlebert at every turn."

Ah no! thought Camilla.

"But, Edgar," ſaid Lavinia, "is not more extraordinary than your father, who was brought up at the ſame univerſity as yourſelf, and is now conſidered as one of the

the firſt men it has produced. He had the reſpect of the learned for his application, and of the indolent for his candour and kindneſs of heart: while by forbearing either to conceal, or repine at his limited fortune, he blunted even the raillery of the rich and diſſipated, from frankly and good humouredly meeting it half way. How often have I heard my dear mother tell you this!"

"Yes; but all this, child, is nothing to the purpoſe; my father is no more like other men than if he had been born in another planet, and my attempting to reſemble him, is as great a joke, as if you were to dreſs up Miſs Margland in Indiana's flowers and feathers, and then expect people to call her a beauty."

"We do not ſay you reſemble my father, now," ſaid Camilla, archly; "but is there any reaſon why you ſhould not try to do it by and by?"

"O yes! a little one! nature, nature, my dear is in the way. I was born a bit of a buck. I have no manner of natural taſte for ſtudy, and poring, and expounding, and black-letter work. I am a light, airy ſpark, at your ſervice, not quite ſo wiſe as I am merry;—but let that paſs. My father, you know, is firm as a rock. He minds neither wind nor weather, nor fleerer nor ſneerer:

ſneerer: but this firmneſs, look ye, he has kept all to himſelf; not a whit of it do I inherit; every wind that blows veers me about, and makes me look ſome new way."

Soon after, gathering courage from curioſity, he deſired to hear the meſſage at once.

Lavinia, unwillingly complying, then repeated: "The fraud which you have practiſed, my mother ſays, whether from wanton folly to give pain, or from rapacious diſcontent to gain money, ſhe will leave without comment, ſatisfied that if you have any heart at all, its effects muſt bring its remorſe, ſince it has dangerouſly encreaſed the infirmities of your uncle, driven him to a foreign land, and forced your mother to forſake her home and family in his purſuit, unleſs ſhe were contented to ſee you puniſhed by the entire diſinheritance with which you are threatened. But——"

"O, no more! no more! I am ready to ſhoot myſelf already! My dear, excellent mother! what do I not owe you! I had never ſeen, never thought of the buſineſs in this ſolemn way before. I meant nothing at firſt but a ſilly joke, and all this miſchief has followed unaccountably. I aſſure you, I had no notion at the beginning he would have minded the letter; and afterwards, Jack Whiſton perſuaded me, the money

money was as good as my own, and that it was nothing but a little cribbing from myſelf. I will never truſt him again; I ſee the whole now in its true and attrocious colours.—I will devote myſelf in future to make all the amends in my power to my dear incomparable mother."

The ſiſters affectionately encouraged this idea, which produced near a quarter of an hour's ſerious thinking and penitence.

He then begged to hear the reſt; and Lavinia continued.

"But ſince you are re-admitted, ſaid my mother, to Etherington, by the clemency of your forbearing father, ſhe charges you to remember, you can only repay his goodneſs by an application the moſt intenſe to thoſe ſtudies you have hitherto neglected, and of which your neglect has been the cauſe of all your errors; by committing to idle amuſements the time that innocently, as well as profitably, ought to have been dedicated to the attainment of knowledge. She charges you alſo to reflect, ſince, during the vacation, your father himſelf is your tutor, upon what pretext you can juſtify waſting his valuable time, however little you may reſpect your own?—Finally—"

"I never waſted his time! I never deſired to have any inſtruction in the vacations. 'Tis the moſt deuced thing in life to

to be ſtudying ſo hard inceſſantly. The waſte of time is all his own affair;—his own choice—not mine, I aſſure you! Go on, however."

"Finally, ſhe conjures you to conſider, that if you ſtill perſevere to conſume your exiſtence in wilful negligence, to bury all thought in idle gaiety, and to act without either reflection or principle, the career of faults which begins but in unthinking folly, will terminate in ſhame, in guilt, and in ruin! And though ſuch a declenſion of all good, muſt involve your family in your affliction, your diſgrace, ſhe bids me ſay, will ultimately fall but where it ought; ſince your own want of perſonal ſenſibility to the horror of your conduct, will neither harden nor blind any human being beſides yourſelf. This is all."

"And enough too," cried he, reddening: "I am a very wretch!—I believe that —though I am ſure I can't tell how; for I never intend any harm, never think, never dream of hurting any mortal! But as to ſtudy—I muſt own to you, I hate it moſt deucedly. Any thing elſe—if my mother had but exacted any thing elſe—with what joy I would have ſhewn my obedience! —If ſhe had ordered me to be horſe-ponded, I do proteſt to you, I would not have demurred."

"How

"How always you run into the ridiculous!" cried Camilla.

"I was never ſo ſerious in my life; not that I ſhould like to be horſe-ponded in the leaſt, though I would ſubmit to it for a puniſhment, and out of duty: but then, when it was done, it would be over: now the deuce of ſtudy is, there is no end of it! And it does ſo little for one! one can go through life ſo well without it! There is not above here and there an old codger that aſks one a queſtion that can bring it into any play. And then, a turn upon one's heel, or looking at one's watch, or wondering at one's ſhort memory, or happening to forget juſt that one ſingle p ſſage, carries off the whole in two minutes as completely as if one had been working one's whole life to get ready for the aſſault And pray, now, tell me, how can it be worth one's beſt days, one's gayeſt hours, the very fl wer of one's life—a l to be ſacrificed to plodding over muſty gramm rs and lexicons, merely to cut a figure for about two minutes once or tw ce in a year?"

The ſiſters, brought up with an early reverence for learning, as forming a diſtinguiſhed part of the accompliſhments of their father, could not ſubſcribe to this argument. But they laughed; and that was ever ſufficient for Lionel, who, though

 ſincerely

ſincerely, in private, he loved and honoured his father, never beſtowed upon him one voluntary moment that frolic or folly invited elſewhere.

Lavinia and Camilla, perfectly relieved now from all fears for their brother, repaired to the ſtudy of their father, anxious to endeavour to chear him, and to accelerate a meeting and reconciliation for Lionel; but they found him deſirous to be alone, though kindly, and unſolicited, he promiſed to admit his ſon before dinner.

Lionel heard this with a juſt awe, but gave it no time for deep impreſſion. It was ſtill very early, and he could ſettle himſelf to nothing during the hours yet to paſs before the interview. He perſuaded his ſiſters, therefore, to walk out with him, to wile away at once expectation and retroſpection.

CHAP. VIII.

Modern Notions of Penitence.

THEY ſet out with no other plan than to take a three hours ſtroll. Lionel led the way, and they journied through various pleaſant lanes and meadows, till, about three miles diſtance from Etherington, upon aſcending a beautiful little hill, they eſpied, fifty yards off, the Grove, and a party of company ſauntering round its grounds.

He immediately propoſed making a viſit to Mrs. Arlbery; but Lavinia declined preſenting herſelf to a lady who was unknown to her mother; and Camilla, impreſſed with the promiſe ſhe had intended for Edgar, which ſhe was ſure, though unpronounced, he had comprehended, diſſented alſo from the motion.

He then ſaid he would go alone; for his ſpirits were ſo low from vexation and regret, that they wanted recruit; and he would return to them by the time they would be ſufficiently reſted to walk home.

To this they agreed; and amuſed themſelves with watching to ſee him join the group;

group; in which, however, they were no ſooner gratified, than, to their great confuſion, they perceived that he pointed them out, and that all eyes were immediately directed towards the hill.

Vexed and aſtoniſhed at his quick paſſing penitence, they haſtened down the declivity, and ran on till a lane, with an high hedge on each ſide, ſheltered them from view.

But Lionel, ſoon purſuing them, ſaid he brought the indiſputable orders of his invincible widow to convoy them to the manſion. She never, ſhe had owned, admitted formal viſitors, but whatever was abrupt and out of the way, won her heart.

To the prudent Lavinia, this invitation was by no means alluring. Mrs. Tyrold, from keeping no carriage, viſited but little, and the Grove was not included in her ſmall circle; Lavinia, therefore, though ſhe knew not how to be peremptory, was ſteady in refuſal, and Camilla, who would naturally with pleaſure have yielded, had a ſtronger motive for firmneſs, than any with which ſhe was gifted by diſcretion, in her wiſh to oblige Mandlebert. But Lionel would liſten to neither of them; and when he found his inſiſtance inſufficient, ſeized Lavinia by one arm, and Camilla by the other, and dragged them up the hill, in defiance

fiance of their entreaties, and in full view of the party. He then left the more pleading, though leſs reſiſting, Lavinia alone; but pulled Camilla down by the oppoſite ſide, with a velocity that, though meant but to bring her to the verge of a ſmall rivulet, forced her into the midſt of it ſo rapidly, that he could not himſelf at laſt ſtop; and wetted her ſo completely, that ſhe could with difficulty, when ſhe got acroſs it, walk on.

The violent ſpirits of Lionel always carried him beyond his own intentions; he was now really ſorry for what he had done: and Lavinia, who had quietly followed, was uneaſy from the fear of ſome ill conſequence to her ſiſter.

Mrs. Arlbery, who had ſeen the tranſaction, came forth now herſelf, to invite them all into her houſe, and offer a fire and dry clothing to Camilla; not ſparing however, her well-merited raillery at the awkward exploit of young Tyrold.

Camilla, aſhamed to be thus ſeen, would have hidden herſelf behind her ſiſter, and retreated; but even Lavinia now, fearing for her health, joined in the requeſt, and ſhe was obliged to enter the houſe.

Mrs. Arlbery took her up ſtairs, to her own apartment, and ſupplied her immediately with a complete change of apparel; proteſting

protefting that Lionel fhould be punifhed for his frolic, by a folitary walk to Etherington, to announce that fhe would keep his two fifters for the day.

Oppofition was vain; fhe was gay, good humoured, and pleafant, but fhe would not be denied. She meant not, however, to inflict the ferious penalty which the face of Lionel proclaimed him to be fuffering, when he prepared to depart; and the fifters, who read in it his dread of meeting Mr. Tyrold alone, in the prefent circumftances of his affairs, conferred together, and agreed that Lavinia fhould accompany him, both to intercede for returning favour from his father, and to explain the accident of Camilla's ftaying at the Grove. Mrs. Arlbery, meanwhile, promifed to reftore her young gueft fafe at night in her own carriage.

Notwithftanding the pleafure with which Camilla, in any other fituation, would have renewed this acquaintance was now changed into reluctance, fhe was far from infenfible to the flattering kindnefs with which Mrs. Arlbery received and entertained her, nor to the franknefs with which fhe confeffed, that her invifibility the other morning, had refulted folely from pique that the vifit had not been made fooner.

Camilla would have attempted ſome apology for the delay, but ſhe aſſured her apologies were what ſhe neither took nor gave; and then laughingly added—"We will try one another to day, and if we find it won't do—we will ſhake hands and part. That you muſt know, is my mode; and is it not vaſtly better than keeping up an acquaintance that proves dull, merely becauſe it has been begun?"

She then ordered away all her viſitors, without the ſmalleſt ceremony; telling them, however, they might come back in the evening; only deſiring they would not be early. Camilla ſtared; but they all ſubmitted as to a thing of courſe.

"You are not uſed to my way, I perceive," cried ſhe, ſmiling; "yet, I can nevertheleſs aſſure you, you can do nothing ſo much for your happineſs as to adopt it. You are made a ſlave in a moment by the world, if you don't begin life by defying it. Take your own way, follow your own humour, and you and the world will both go on juſt as well, as if you aſk its will and pleaſure for every thing you do, and want, and think."

She then expreſſed herſelf delighted with Lionel, for bringing them together by this ſhort cut, which aboliſhed a world of formalities, not more cuſtomary than fatiguing.

ing. "I paſs, I know," continued ſhe, "for a mere creature of whim; but, believe me, there is no ſmall touch of philoſophy in the compoſition of my vagaries. Extremes you know, have a mighty knack of meeting. Thus I, like the ſage, though not with ſage-like motives, ſave time that muſt otherwiſe be waſted; brave rules that would murder common ſenſe; and when I have made people ſtare, turn another way that I may laugh."

She then, in a graver ſtrain, and in a manner that proved the laws of politeneſs all her own, where ſhe choſe, for any particular purpoſe or inclination, to exert them, hoped this profeſſion of her faith would plead her excuſe, that ſhe had thus incongruouſly made her fair gueſt a ſecond time enter her houſe, before her firſt viſit was acknowledged; and enquired whether it were to be returned at Etherington or at Cleves.

Camilla anſwered, ſhe was now at home, on account of her mother's being obliged to make a voyage to Liſbon.

Mrs. Arlbery ſaid, ſhe would certainly, then, wait upon her at Etherington; and very civilly regretted having no acquaintance with Mrs. Tyrold; archly, however, adding: "As we have no where met, I could not ſeek her at her own houſe without

out running too great a riſk; for then, whether I had liked her or not, I muſt have received her, you know, into mine. So, you ſee, I am not quite without prudence, whatever the dear world ſays to the contrary."

She then ſpoke of the ball, public breakfaſt, and raffle; chatting both upon perſons and things with an eaſy gaiety, and ſprightly negligence, extremely amuſing to Camilla, and which ſoon, in deſpight of the unwillingneſs with which ſhe had entered the houſe, brought back her original propenſity to make the acquaintance, and left no regret for what Lionel had done, except what reſted upon the repugnance of Edgar to this intercourſe. As he could not, however reproach what was begun without her concurrence, he would ſee, ſhe hoped, like herſelf, that common civility henceforward would exact its continuance.

In proportion as her pleaſure from this accidental commerce was awakened, and her early partiality revived, her own ſpirits re-animated, and in the courſe of the many hours they now ſpent completely together, ſhe was ſet ſo entirely at her eaſe, by the good humour of Mrs. Arlbery, that ſhe loſt all fear of her wit. She found it rather playful than ſatirical; rather ſeeking to amuſe than to diſconcert; and though ſometimes, from the reſiſtleſs pleaſure of uttering

ing a *bon mot* ſhe thought more of its brilliancy than of the pain it might inflict, this happened but rarely, and was more commonly ſucceeded by regret than triumph.

Camilla ſoon obſerved ſhe had, perſonally nothing to apprehend, peculiar partiality ſupplying the place of general delicacy, in ſhielding her from every ſhaft that even pleaſantry could render poignant. The embarraſſment, therefore, which in ingenuous youth, checks the attempt to pleaſe, by fear of failure, or ſhame of exertion, gave way to natural ſpirts, which gaily riſing from entertainment received, reſtored her vivacity, and gradually, though unconſciouſly, enabled her to do juſtice to her own abilities, by unaffectedly calling forth the mingled ſweetneſs and intelligence of her character; and Mrs. Arlbery, charmed with all ſhe obſerved, and flattered by all ſhe inſpired, felt ſuch ſatisfaction in her evident conqueſt, that before the *tête à tête* was cloſed, their admiration was become nearly mutual.

When the evening party was announced, they both heard with ſurpriſe that the day was ſo far advanced. "They can wait, however," ſaid Mrs, Arlbery, "for I know they have nothing to do."

She then invited Camilla to return to her the next day for a week.

Camilla felt well diſpoſed to comply, hoping

hoping ſoon to reaſon from Edgar his prejudice againſt a connection that afforded her ſuch ſingular pleaſure; but to leave her father at this period was far from every wiſh. She excuſed herſelf, therefore, ſaying, ſhe had ſtill ſix weeks due to her uncle at Cleves, before any other engagement could take place.

"Well, then, when you quit your home for Sir Hugh, will you beg off a few days from him, and ſet them down to my account?"

"If my uncle pleaſes—"

"If he pleaſes?" repeated ſhe, laughing; "pray never give that *If* into his deciſion; you only put contradiction into people's heads, by aſking what pleaſes them. Say at once, My good uncle, Mrs. Arlbery has invited me to indulge her with a few days at the Grove; ſo to-morrow I ſhall go to her. Will you promiſe me this?"

"Dear madam, no! my uncle would think me mad."

"And ſuppoſe he ſhould! A little alarm now and then keeps life from ſtagnation. They call me mad, I know ſometimes; wild, flighty, and what not; yet you ſee how harmleſs I am, though I afford food for ſuch notable commentary."

"But can you really like ſuch things ſhould be ſaid of you?"

 "I

"I adore the franknefs of that queftion! why, n—o,—I rather think I don't. But I'm not fure. However, to prevent their minding me, I muft mind them. And it's vaftly more irkfome to give up one's own way, than to hear a few impertinent remarks. And as to the world, depend upon it, my dear Mifs Tyrold, the more you fee of it, the lefs you will care for it."

She then faid fhe would leave her to reinveft herfelf in her own attire, and go down ftairs, to fee what the poor fimple fouls, who had had no more wit than to come back thus at her call, had found to do with themfelves.

Camilla, having only her common morning drefs, and even that utterly fpoilt, begged that her appearance might be difpenfed with; but Mrs. Arlbery, exclaiming, "Why there are only men; you don't mind men, I hope!" afhamed, fhe promifed to get ready; yet fhe had not fufficient courage to defcend, till her gay hoftefs came back, and accompanied her to the drawing room.

CHAP. IX.

Airs and Graces.

UPON entering the room, Camilla ſaw again the Officers who had been there in the morning, and who were now joined by Sir Sedley Clarendel. She was met at the door by Major Cerwood, who ſeemed waiting for her appearance, and who made her his compliments with an air that ſtudiouſly proclaimed his devotion. She ſeated herſelf by the ſide of Mrs. Arlbery, to look on at a game of cheſs, played by Sir Sedley and General Kinſale.

"Clarendel," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "you have not the leaſt in the world the air of knowing what you are about."

"Pardon me, ma'am," ſaid the General, "he has been at leaſt half an hour contemplating this very move,—for which, as you ſee, I now check-mate him. Pray, Sir Sedley, how came you, at laſt, to do no better?"

"Thinking of other things, my dear General. 'Tis impoſſible in the extreme to keep one's faculties pinioned down to the

the abſtruſe vagaries of this brain-beſieging game. My head would be deranged paſt redreſs, if I did not allow it to viſit the four quarters of the globe once, at leaſt, between every two moves."

"You do not play ſo ſlow, then, from deliberating upon your chances, but from forgetting them?"

"Defined, my dear General, to ſcrupuloſity! Thoſe exquiſite little moments we ſteal from any given occupation, for the pleaſure of ſpeculating in ſecret upon ſomething wholly foreign to it, are reſiſtleſs to deliciouſneſs."

"I entreat, and command you then," cried Mrs. Arlbery, "to make your ſpeculations public. Nothing will more amuſe me, than to have the leaſt intimation of the ſubjects of your reveries."

"My dear Mrs. Arlbery! your demand is the very quinteſſence of impoſſibility! Tell the ſubject of a reverie! know you not it wafts one at once out of the world, and the world's powers of expreſſion; while all it ſubſtitutes is as evaneſcent as it is delectable. To attempt the leaſt deſcription would be a preſumption of the firſt monſtrouſneſs."

"O never heed that! preſumption will not preciſely be a novelty to you; anſwer me, therefore, my dear Clarendel, without

all

all this conceit. You know I hate procraſtination, and procraſtinators ſtill worſe."

"Softly, deareſt Madam, ſoftly! There is nothing in nature ſo horribly ſhocking to me as the leaſt hurry. My poor nerves ſeek repoſe after any turbulent words, or jarring ſounds, with the ſame craving for reſt that my body experiences after the jolts and concuſſions of a long winded chace."

Mr. Macderſey, the young Enſign who had ſo unguardedly expoſed himſelf at the Northwick ball, now approaching Camilla, fervently exclaimed; "How happy I ſhould have been, madam, if I had had the good fortune to ſee you meet with that accident this morning, inſtead of being looking another way! I might then have had the pleaſure to aſſiſt you. And O! how much more if it had been your divine couſin! I hope that fair angel is in perfect health! O what a beautiful creature ſhe is! her outſide is the completeſt diamond I ever ſaw! and if her inſide is the ſame, which I dare ſay it is, by her ſmiles and delicate dimples, ſhe muſt be a paragon upon earth!"

"There is at leaſt ſomething very inartificial in your praiſe," ſaid General Kinſale, "when you make your panegyric of an abſent lady to a preſent one."

"O General, there is not a lady living can bear any compariſon with her. I have

never had her out of my thoughts from the firſt darling moment that ever I ſaw her, which has made me the moſt miſerable of men ever ſince. Her eyes ſo beautiful, her mouth ſo divine, her noſe ſo heavenly!—"

"And how," cried Sir Sedley, "is the tip of her chin?"

"No joking, ſir!" ſaid the Enſign, reddening; "ſhe is a piece of perfection not to be laughed at; ſhe has never had her fellow upon the face of the earth; and ſhe never will have it while the earth holds, upon account of there being no ſuch perſon above ground."

"And pray," cried Sir Sedley, careleſsly, "how can you be ſure of that?"

"How! why by being certain," anſwered the inflamed admirer; "for though I have been looking out for pretty women from morning to night, ever ſince I was conſcious of the right uſe of my eyes, I never yet ſaw her parallel."

A ſervant was now bringing in the tea; but his lady ordered him to ſet it down in the next room, whence the gentlemen ſhould fetch it as it was wanted.

Major Cerwood took in charge all attendance upon Camilla; but he was not, therefore, exempt from the aſſiduities required by Mrs. Arlbery, for whom the homage of the General, the Colonel, and the

the Enſign, were inſufficient; and who, had a ſcore more been preſent, would have found occupation for them all. Sir Sedley alone was excepted from her commands; for knowing they would be iſſued to him in vain, ſhe contented herſelf with only interchanging glances of triumph at the ſubmiſſion of every vaſſal but himſelf.

"Heavens!" cried ſhe, to Colonel Andover, who had haſtened to preſent her the firſt cup, "you ſurely think I have nerves for a public orator! If I ſhould taſte but one drop of this tea, I might envy the repoſe of the next man who robs on the highway. Major Cerwood, will you try if you can do any better for me?"

The Major obeyed, but not with more ſucceſs. "What in the world have you brought me?" cried ſhe; "Is it tea? It looks prodigiouſly as if juſt imported out of the ſlop baſon. For pity ſake, Macderſey, ariſe, and give me your help; you will at leaſt never bring me ſuch maudlin ſtuff as this. Even your tea will have ſome character; it will be very good or very bad; very hot or very cold; very ſtrong or very weak; for you are always in flames of fire, or flakes of ſnow."

"You do me juſtice, ma'am; there is nothing upon the face of the earth ſo inſipid as a medium. Give me love or hate! a

friend that will go jail for me, or an enemy that will run me through the body! Riches to chuck guineas about like halfpence, or poverty to beg in a ditch! Liberty wild as the four winds, or an oar to work in a galley! Mifery to tear my heart into an hundred thoufand millions of atoms, or joy to make my foul dance into my brain! Every thing has fome gratification, except a medium. 'Tis a poor little foul that is fatisfied between happinefs and defpair."

He then flew to bring her a difh of tea.

" My dear Macderfey," cried fhe, in receiving it, " this is according to your fyftem indeed; for 'tis a compound of ftrong and rich and fweet, to cloy an alderman, making altogether fo lufcious a fyrup, that our fpring would be exhaufted before I could flake my thirft, if I fhould tafte it only a fecond time. Do, dear General, fee if it is not poffible to get me fome beverage that I can fwallow."

The youngeft man prefent was not more active than the General in this fervice; but Mrs. Arlbery, cafting herfelf defpondingly back the moment fhe had tafted what he brought her, exclaimed, " Why this is worft of all! If you can do no better for me, General, than this, tell me, at leaft, for

for mercy's ſake, when ſome other regiment will be quartered here?"

"What a cruelty," ſaid the Major looking with a ſigh towards Camilla, "to remind your unhappy prey they are but birds of paſſage!"

"O, all the better, Major. If you underſtand your own intereſt you will be as eager to break up your quarters, as I can be to ſee your ſucceſſors march into them. I have now heard all your compliments, and you have heard all my repartees; both ſides, therefore, want new auditors. A great many things I have ſaid to you will do vaſtly well again for a new corps; and, to do you juſtice, ſome few things you have ſaid yourſelves may do again in a new county."

Then, addreſſing Camilla, ſhe propoſed, though without moving, that they ſhould converſe with one another, and leave the men to take care of themſelves. "And exceſſively they will be obliged to me," ſhe continued, without lowering her voice, "for giving this little holiday to their poor brains; for, I aſſure you, they have not known what to ſay this half hour. Indeed, ſince the firſt fortnight they were quartered here, they have not, upon an average, ſaid above one new thing in three days. But one's obliged to take up with

Officers in the country, becaufe there's almoft nothing elfe. Can you recommend me any agreeable new people?"

"O no, ma'am! I have hardly any acquaintance, except immediately round the rectory; but, fortunately, my own family is fo large, that I have never been diftreffed for fociety."

"O, ay, true! your own family, begin with that; do, pray, give me a little hiftory of your own family?"

"I have no hiftory, ma'am, to give, for my father's retired life——"

"O, I have feen your father, and I have heard him preach, and I like him very much. There's fomething in him there's no turning into ridicule."

Camilla, though furprifed, was delighted by fuch a teftimony to the refpectability of her father; and, with more courage, faid —"And, I am fure, if you know my mother, you would allow her the fame exemption."

"So I hear; therefore, we won't talk of them. It's a delighful thing to think of perfection; but it's vaftly more amufing to talk of abfurdities. To begin with your eldeft fifter, then—but no; fhe feems in juft the fame predicament as your father and mother: fo we'll let her reft, too."

"Indeed fhe is; fhe is as faultlefs——"

"Oh, not a word more about her then! fhe

ſhe won't do for me at all. But, pray, is there not a ſingle ſoul in all the round of your large family, that can afford a body a little innocent diverſion?"

"Ah, madam," ſaid Camilla, ſhaking her head; "I fear, on the contrary, if they came under your examination, there is not one in whom you would not diſcern ſome foible!"

"I ſhould not like them at all the worſe for that; for, between ourſelves, my dear Miſs Tyrold, I am half afraid they might find a foible or two in return in me! ſo you muſt not be angry if I beg the favour of you to indulge me with a few of their defects."

"Indulge you!"

"Yes, for when ſo many of a family are perfect, if you can't find me one or two that have a little ſpeck of mortality, you muſt not wonder if I take flight at your very name. In charity, therefore, if you would not drop my acquaintance, tell me their vulnerable parts."

Camilla laughed at this ridiculous reaſoning, but would not enter into its conſequences.

"Well, then, if you will not aſſiſt me, don't take it ill that I aſſiſt myſelf. In the firſt place, there's your brother; I don't aſk you to tell me any thing of him; I have ſeen him! and I confeſs to you he does

does not put me into utter deſpair! he does not alarm me into flying all his race."

Camilla tried vainly to look grave.

"I have ſeen another, too, your couſin, I think; Miſs Lynmere, that's engaged to youug Mandlebert."

Camilla now tried as vainly to look gay.

"She's prodigiouſly pretty. Pray, is not ſhe a great fool?"

"Ma'am?"

"I beg your pardon! but I don't ſuppoſe you are reſponſible for the intellects of all your generation. However, ſhe'll do vaſtly well; you need not be uneaſy for her. A face like that will take very good care of itſelf. I am glad ſhe is engaged, for your ſake, though I am ſorry for Mandlebert; that is, if, as his claſs of countenance generally predicts, he marries with any notion of expecting to be happy."

"But why, ma'am," cried Camilla, checking a ſigh, "are you glad for my ſake!"

"Becauſe there are two reaſons why ſhe would be wonderfully in your way; ſhe is not only prettier than you, but ſillier."

"And would both thoſe reaſons," cried Camilla, again laughing, "make againſt me?"

"O,

"O, intolerably, with the men! They are always enchanted with ſomething that is both pretty and ſilly; becauſe they can ſo eaſily pleaſe and ſo ſoon diſconcert it; and when they have made the little blooming fools bluſh and look down, they feel nobly ſuperior, and pride themſelves in victory. Dear creatures! I delight in their taſte; for it brings them a plentiful harveſt of repentance, when it is their connubial criterion; the pretty flies off, and the ſilly remains, and man then has a choice companion for life left on his hands!"

The young Enſign here could no longer be ſilent! "I am ſure and certain," cried he, warmly, "Miſs Lynmere is incapable to be a fool! and when ſhe marries, if her huſband thinks her ſo, it's only a ſign he's a blockhead himſelf."

"He'll be exactly of your opinion for the firſt month or two," anſwered Mrs. Arlbery, "or even if he is not, he'll like her juſt as well. A man looks enchanted while his beautiful young bride talks nonſenſe; it comes ſo prettily from her ruby lips, and ſhe bluſhes and dimples with ſuch lovely attraction while ſhe utters it; he caſts his eyes around him with conſcious elation to ſee her admirers, and his enviers; but he has amply his turn for looking like a fool himſelf, when youth and beauty take

 flight,

flight, and when his ugly old wife exposes her ignorance or folly at every word."

"The contrast of beginning and end," said the General, "is almost always melancholy. But how rarely does any man,—nay, I had nearly said, or any woman—think a moment of the time to come, or of any time but the present day, in marrying?"

"Except with respect to fortune!" cried Mrs. Arlbery, "and there, methinks, you men, at least, are commonly sufficiently provident. I dont think reflection is generally what you want in that point."

"As to reflection," exclaimed Mr. Macdersey, "'tis the thing in the world I look upon to be the meanest! a man capable of reflection, where a beautiful young creature is in question, can have no soul nor vitals. For my part, 'tis my only misfortune that I cannot get at that lovely girl, to ask her for her private opinion of me at once, that I might either get a licence to-morrow, or drive her out of my head before sleep overtakes me another night."

"Your passions, my good Macdersey," said Mrs. Arlbery, "considering their violence, seem tolerably obedient. Can you really be so fond, or so forgetful at such short warning?"

"Yes, but it's with a pain that breaks my heart every time."

"You contrive, however, to get it pretty ſoon mended!"

"That, madam, is a power that has come upon me by degrees; I have paid dear enough for it!—nobody ever found it harder than I did at the beginning; for the firſt two or three times I took my diſappointments ſo to heart, that I ſhould have been bound for ever to any friend that would have had the good nature to blow my brains out."

"But now you are ſo much in the habit of experiencing theſe little failures, that they paſs on as things of courſe?"

"No, madam, you injure me, and in the tendereſt point! for, as long as I have the leaſt hope, my paſſion's as violent as ever; but you would not be ſo unreaſonable as to have a man love on, when it can anſwer no end? It's no better than making him unhappy for a joke. There's no ſenſe in ſuch a thing."

"By the way, my dear Miſs Tyrold, and *apropos* to this Miſs Lynmere," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "do tell me ſomething about Mr. Mandlebert—what is he?—what does he do always amongſt you?"

"He—he—" cried Camilla, ſtammering, "he was a ward of my father's—"

 "O, I

"O, I don't mean all that; but what is his ſtyle?—his claſs?—is he agreeable?"

"I believe—he is generally thought ſo."

"If he is, do pray, then, draw him into my ſociety, for I am terribly in want of recruits. Theſe poor gentlemen you ſee here are very good ſort of men; but they have a trick of ſleeping with their eyes wide open, and fancy all the time they are awake, and, indeed, I find it hard to perſuade them to the contrary, though I often aſk them for their dreams. By the way, can't you contrive, ſome or other amongſt you, to make the room a little cooler?"

"Shall I open this window?" ſaid the Major.

"Nay, nay, don't aſk me; I had rather bear ſix times the heat, than give my own directions: nothing in the world fatigues me ſo much as telling ſtupid people how to ſet about things. Colonel, don't you ſee I have no fan?"

"I'll fetch it directly—have you left it in the dining-parlour?"

"Do you really think I would not ſend a footman at once, if I muſt perplex myſelf with all that recollection? My dear Miſs Tyrold, did you ever ſee any poor people, that pretended at all to walk about, and mingle with the reſt of the world, ſo completely lethargic?—It requires my utmoſt ingenuity

ingenuity to keep them in any employment; and if I left them to themſelves, they would ſtand before the fire all the winter, and lounge upon ſofas all the ſummer. And that indolence of body ſo entirely unnerves the mind that they find as little to ſay as to do. Upon the whole, 'tis really a paltry race, the men of the preſent times. However, as we have got no better, and as the women are worſe, I do all I can to make them leſs inſufferable to me."

"And do you really think the women are worſe?" cried Camilla.

"Not in themſelves; but worſe to me, becauſe I cannot poſſibly take the ſame liberties with them. Macderſey, I wiſh I had my ſalts."

"Why, then, if they are to be found from the garret to the cellar, be ſure I am a dead man, if I do not bring them you!"

This mode of diſplaying airs and graces was ſo perfectly new to Camilla, that the commands iſſued, and the obedience paid, were equally amuſing to her. Brought up herſelf to be contented with whatever came in her way, in preference either to giving trouble, or finding fault, the ridiculous, yet playful wilfulneſs with which ſhe ſaw Mrs. Arlbery ſend every one upon her errands, yet object to what every one performed,

formed, preſented to her a ſcene of ſuch whimſical gaiety, that her concern at the accident which had made her innocently violate her intended engagement with Edgar, was completely changed into pleaſure, that thus, without any poſſible ſelf blame, an acquaintance ſhe had ſo earneſtly deſired was even by neceſſity eſtabliſhed: and ſhe returned home at night with ſpirits all revived, and eloquent in praiſe of her new favorite.

CHAP. X.

Attic Adventures.

Mr. Tyrold, according to the ſyſtem of recreation which he had ſettled with his wife, ſaw with ſatisfaction the pleaſure with which Camilla began this new acquaintance, in the hope it would help to ſupport her ſpirits during the interval of ſuſpenſe with regard to the purpoſes of Mandlebert. Mrs. Arlbery was unknown to him, except by general fame; which told him ſhe was a woman of reputation as well as faſhion, and that though her manners were eccentric, her heart was friendly, and her hand ever open to charity.

Upon admitting Lionel again to his preſence, he ſpoke forcibly, though with brevity, upon the culpability of his conduct. What he had done, he ſaid, let him colour it to himſelf with what levity he might, was not only a robbery, but a robbery of the moſt atrocious and unjuſtifiable claſs; adding terror to violation of property, and playing upon the ſuſceptibility of the weakneſs and infirmities, which

he

he ought to have been the firſt to have ſheltered and ſheathed. Had the action contained no purpoſe but a frolic, even then the ſituation of the object on whom it fell, rendered it inhuman; but as its aim and end was to obtain money, it was diſhonourable to his character, and criminal by the laws of his country. "Yet ſhudder not more," continued he, "young man, at the juſtice to which they make you amenable, than at having deſerved, though you eſcape it! From this day, however, I will name it no more. Feeble muſt be all I could utter, compared with what the leaſt reflection muſt make you feel! Your uncle in a broken ſtate of health, is ſent abroad; your mother, though too juſtly incenſed to ſee you, ſacrifices her happineſs to ſerve you!"

Lionel, for a few hours, was in deſpair after this harangue; but as they paſſed away, he ſtrove to drive it from his mind, perſuading himſelf it was uſeleſs to dwell upon what was irretrievable.

Mrs. Arlbery, the following day, made her viſit at Etherington, and invited the two ſiſters to a breakfaſt ſhe was to give the next morning. Mr. Tyrold, who with ſurprize and concern at a coldneſs ſo dilatory, found a ſecond day wearing away without a viſit from Mandlebert, gladly conſented to allow of an amuſement, that might

might ſhake from Camilla the penſiveneſs into which, at times, he ſaw her falling.

Mrs. Arlbery had declared ſhe hated ceremony in the ſummer; guarded, therefore, by Lionel, the ſiſters walked to the Grove. From the little hill they had again to paſs, they obſerved a group of company upon the leads of her houſe, which were flat, and baluſtraded round; and when they preſented themſelves at the door, they were met by Major Cerwood, who conducted them to the ſcene of buſineſs.

It was the end of July, and the weather was ſultry; but though the height of the place upon which the preſent party was collected, gave ſome freſhneſs to the air, the heat reflected from the lead would have been nearly intolerable, had it not been obviated by an awning, and by matts, in the part where ſeats and refreſhments were arranged. French horns and clarinets were played during the r paſt.

This little entertainment had for motive a young lady's quitting her boarding ſchool. Miſs Dennel, a niece, by marriage, of Mrs. Arlbery, who, at the age of fourteen, came to preſide in the houſe of her father, had begged to be felicitated by her aunt, upon the joyful occaſion, with a ball: but Mrs. Arlbery declared ſhe never gave any entertainments

entertainments in which ſhe did not expect to play the principal part herſelf; and that balls and concerts were therefore excluded from her liſt of home diverſions. It was vaſtly well to ſee others ſhine ſuperior, ſhe ſaid, elſewhere, but ſhe could not be ſo accomedating as to perform Nobody under her own roof. She offered her, however, a breakfaſt, with full choice of its cakes and refreſhments; which, with leave to fix upon the ſpot where it ſhould be given, was all the youthful pleader could obtain.

The Etherington trio met with a reception the moſt polite, and Camilla was diſtinguiſhed by marks of peculiar favour. Few gueſts were added to the party ſhe had met there before, except the young lady who was its preſent foundreſs; and whoſe voice ſhe recollected to have heard, in the enquiries which had reached her ear from within the paddock.

Miſs Dennel was a pretty, blooming, tall girl, but as childiſh in intellect as in experience; though ſelf-perſuaded ſhe was a woman in both, ſince ſhe was called from ſchool to ſit at the head of her father's table.

Camilla required nothing further for entertainment than to liſten to her new friend; Lavinia, though more amazed than amuſed,

amufed, always modeftly hung back as a mere looker on; and the company in general made their diverfion from viewing, through various glaffes, the feats of the neighbouring gentlemen, and re-viewing, with yet more fcrutiny, their characters and circumftances. But Lionel, ever reftlefs, feized the opportunity to patrole the attic regions of the houfe, where, meeting with a capacious lumber room, he returned to affure the whole party it would make an admirable theatre, and to afk who would come forth to fpout with him.

Mr. Macderfey faid, he did not know one word of any part, but he could never refufe any thing that might contribute to the company's pleafure.

Away they fped together, and in a few minutes reverfed the face of every thing. Old fofas, bedfteads, and trunks, large family chefts, deal boxes and hampers, carpets and curtains rolled up for the fummer, tables with two legs, and chairs without bottoms, were truckled from the middle to one end of the room, and arranged to form a cemi-circle, with feats in front, for a pit. Carpets were then uncovered and untied, to be fpread for the ftage, and curtains, with as little mercy, were unfurled, and hung up to make a fcene.

They

They then applied to Miſs Dennel, who had followed to peep at what they were about, and aſked if ſhe thought the audience might be admitted.

She declared ſhe had never ſeen any place ſo charming in her life.

Such an opinion could not but be deciſive; and they prepared to re-aſcend; when the ſight of a ſmall door, near the entrance of the large apartment, excited the curioſity of Lionel, who, though the key was on the outſide, contrived to turn it wrong; but while endeavouring to rectify by force what he had ſpoilt by aukwardneſs, a ſudden noiſe from within ſtartled them, and occaſioned quick and reiterated ſcreams from Miſs Dennel, who, with the utmoſt velocity burſt back upon the company on the leads, calling out; "O Lord! how glad I am I'm come back alive! Mr. Macderſey and young Mr. Tyrold are very likely killed! for they've juſt found I don't know how many robbers ſhut up in a dark cloſet!"

The gentlemen waited for no explanation to this unintelligible ſtory, but haſtened to the ſpot; and Mrs. Arlbery ordered all the ſervants who were in waiting to follow and aſſiſt.

Miſs Dennel then entreated to have the trap door through which they aſcended, from a ſmall

a ſmall ſtair caſe, to the leads, double locked till the gentlemen ſhould declare upon their honours that the thieves were all dead.

The gentlemen, meanwhile, reached the ſcene of action, at the moment when Macderſey, ſtriking firſt his foot, and then his whole perſon againſt the door, had forced it open with ſuch ſudden violence, that he fell over a pail of water into the adjoining room.

The ſervants ariving at the ſame time, announced that this was merely a cloſet for mops, brooms, and pails, belonging to the houſe maid: and it appeared, upon examination, that the noiſe from within, had ſimply been produced by the falling down of a broom, occaſioned by their ſhaking the door in endeavouring to force the lock.

The Enſign, wetted or ſplaſhed all over, was in a fury; and, turning to Lionel, who laughed vociferouſly, whilſt the reſt of the gentlemen were ſcarcely leſs moderate, and the ſervants joined in the chorus, peremptorily demanded to know if he had put the pail there on purpoſe; "In which caſe, ſir," ſaid he, "you muſt never let me ſee you laugh again to the longeſt hour you have to live!"

"My good Macderſey," ſaid the General, "go into another room, and have your

your cloaths wiped and dried; it will be time enough then to ſettle who ſhall laugh longeſt."

"General," ſaid he, "I ſcorn to mind being either wet or dry; a ſoldier ought to be above ſuch delicate effeminacy: it is not, therefore, the ſouſing I regard, provided I can once be clear it was not done for a joke."

Lionel, when he could ſpeak, declared, that far from placing the pail there on purpoſe, he had not known there was ſuch a cloſet in the houſe, nor had ever been up thoſe ſtairs till they all mounted them together.

"I am perfectly ſatisfied, then, my good friend," ſaid the Enſign, ſhaking him by the hand with an heartineſs that gave him no ſmall ſhare of the pail's contents; "when a gentleman tells me a thing ſeriouſly, I make it a point to believe him; eſpecially if he has a good honeſt countenance, that aſſures me he would not refuſe me ſatisfaction, in the caſe he had meant to make game of me."

"And do you always terminate your jeſts with the ceremony of a tilting match?" cried Sir Sedley.

"Yes, Sir! if I'm made a joke of by a man of any honour. For, to tell you a piece of my mind, there's no one thing

upon

upon earth I hate like a joke; unlefs it's againft another perfon; and then it only gives me a little joy inwardly; for I make it a point of complaifance not to laugh out: except where I happen to wifh for a little private converfation with the perfon that gives me the diverfion."

"Facetious in the extreme!" cried Sir Sedley, "an infallibly excellent mode to make a man die of laughter? Droll to the utmoft!"

"With regard to that, Sir, I have no objection to a little wit or humour, provided a perfon has the politenefs to laugh only at himfelf, and his own particular friends and relations; but if once he takes the liberty to turn me into ridicule, I look upon it as an affront, and expect the proper reparation."

"O, to refufe that would be without bowels to a degree!"

Lionel now ran up ftairs, to beg the ladies would come and fee the theatre; but fuddenly exclaimed, as he looked around, "Ah ha!" and haftily galloped down, and to the bottom of the houfe. Mrs. Arlbery defcended with her young party, and the enfign, in mock heroics, folemnly proftrated himfelf to Mifs Dennel, pouring into her delighted ears, from various fhreds and fcrapes of different tragedies, the moft high

flown and egregioufly ill-adapted compliments: while the Major, lefs abfurdly, though not lefs paffionately, made Camilla his Juliet, and whifpered the tendereft lines of Romeo.

Lionel prefently running, out of breath, up ftairs again, cried: "Mrs Arlbery, I have drawn you in a new beau."

"Have you?" cried fhe, cooly; "why then I permit you to draw him out again. Had you told me he had forced himfelf in, you had made him welcome. But I fofter only willing flaves. So off, if you pleafe, with your boaft and your beau."

"I can't, upon my word, ma'am, for he is at my heels."

Mandlebert, at the fame moment, not hearing what paffed, made his appearance.

The furprifed and always unguarded Camilla, uttered an involuntary exclamation, which inftantly catching his ear, drew his eye towards the exclaimer, and there fixed it; with an aftonifhment which fufpended wholly his half made bow, and beginning addrefs to Mrs. Arlbery.

Lionel had defcried him upon the little hill before the houfe, whither, without any explanation, he flew to tell him he was wanted, and almoft forced him off his horfe, and up the ftairs.

Mrs. Arlbery, in common with thofe who difpenfe with all forms for themfelves, exacted them punctilioufly from all others. The vifit therefore of Mandlebert not being defigned for her, afforded her at firft no gratification, and produced rather a contrary feeling, when fhe obferved the total abfence of all pleafure in the furprife with which he met Camilla at her houfe. She gave him a reception of cold civility, and then chatted almoft wholly with the General, or Sir Sedley.

Edgar hardly faw whether he was received or not; his bow was mechanical, his apology for his intrufion was unintelligible. Amazement at feeing Camilla under this roof, difappointment at her breach of implied promife, and mortification at the air of being at home, which he thought he remarked in her fituation, though at an acquaintance he had taken fo much pains to keep aloof from her, all confpired to difpleafe and perplex him; and though his eyes could with difficulty look any other way, he neither fpoke to nor approached her.

Nor was even thus meeting her all he had to give him difturbance; the palpable devoirs of Major Cerwood incenfed as well as aftonifhed him; for, under pretext of only following the humour of the day, in affect-

ing to act the hero in love, the Major assailed her, without reserve, with declarations of his passion, which though his words passed off as quotations, his looks and manner made appropriate. How, already, thought Edgar, has he obtained such a privilege? such confidence? To have uttered one such sentence, my tongue would have trembled, my lips would have quivered!

Camilla felt confounded by his presence, from the consciousness of the ill opinion she must excite by this second apparent disregard of a given engagement. She would fain have explained to him it's history; but she could not free herself from the Major, whose theatrical effusions were not now to be repressed, since, at first, she had unthinkingly attended to them.

Lionel joined with Macdersey in directing similar heroics to Miss Dennel, who, simply enchanted, called out: "I'm determined when I have a house of my own, I'll have just such a room as this at the top of it, on purpose to act a play every night."

"And when, my dear," said Mrs. Arlbery, "do you expect to have a house of your own?"

"O, as soon as I am married, you know."

"Is your marrying, then, already decided?"

"Dear

"Dear no, not that I know of, aunt. I'm ſure I never trouble myſelf about it; only I ſuppoſe it will happen ſome day or other."

"And when it does, you are very ſure your huſband will approve your acting plays every night?"

"O, as to that, I ſhan't aſk him. Whenever I'm married I'll be my own miſtreſs, that I'm reſolved upon. But papa's ſo monſtrous croſs, he ſays he won't let me act plays now."

"Papas and mamas," cried Sir Sedley, "are ever moſt egregiouſly in the way. 'Tis prodigiouſly ſurpriſing they have never yet been baniſhed ſociety. I know no mark more irrefragable of the ſupineneſs of mankind."

Then riſing, and exclaiming: "What ſavage heat! I wiſh the weather had a little feeling!" he broke up the party by ordering his curricle, and being the firſt to depart.

"That creature," cried Mrs. Arlbery, "if one had the leaſt care for him, is exactly an animal to drive one mad! He labours harder to be affected than any ploughman does for his dinner. And, completely as his conceit obſcures it, he has every endowment nature can beſtow, except common ſenſe!"

 They

They now all deſcended to take leave, except the Enſign and Lionel, who went, arm in arm, prowling about, to view all the garrets, followed on tip-toe by Miſs Dennel. Lavinia called vainly after her brother; but Camilla, hoping every inſtant ſhe might clear her conduct to Edgar, was not ſorry to be detained.

They had not, however, been five minutes in the parlour, before a violent and angry noiſe from above, induced them all to remount to the top of the houſe; and there, upon entering a garret whence it iſſued, they ſaw Miſs Dennel, decorated with the Enſign's cocked hat and feather, yet looking pale with fright; Lionel accoutered in the maid's cloaths, and almoſt in a convulſion of laughter; and Macderſey, in a rage utterly incomprehenſible, with the coachman's large bob-wig hanging looſe upon his head.

It was ſometime before it was poſſible to gather, that having all paraded into various garrets, in ſearch of adventures, Lionel, after attiring himſelf in the maid's gown, cap, and apron, had ſuddenly depoſited upon Miſs Dennel's head the Enſign's cocked hat, replacing it with the coachman's beſt wig upon the toupee of Macderſey; whoſe reſentment was ſo violent

at this liberty, that it was ſtill ſome minutes before he could give it articulation.

The effect of this full buckled bob-jerum, which ſtuck hollow from the young face and powdered locks of the Enſign, was irreſiſtibly ludicrous; yet he would have deemed it a greater indignity to take it quietly off, than to be viewed in it by thouſands; though when he ſaw the diſpoſition of the whole company to ſympathiſe with Lionel, his wrath roſe yet higher, and ſtamping with paſſion, he fiercely ſaid to him—"Take it off ſir!—take it off my head!"

Lionel, holding this too imperious a command to be obeyed, only ſhouted louder. Macderſey then, incenſed beyond endurance, lowered his voice with ſtifled cholor, and putting his arms akimbo, ſaid—"If you take me for a fool, ſir, I ſhall demand ſatisfaction; for it's what I never put up with!"

Then, turning to the reſt, he ſolemnly added—"I beg pardon of all the worthy company for ſpeaking this little whiſper, which certainly I ſhould ſcorn to do before ladies, if it had not been a ſecret."

Mrs. Arlbery, alarmed at the ſerious conſequences now threatening this folly, ſaid—"No, no; I allow of no ſecrets in my houſe, but what are entruſted to myſelf. I inſiſt, therefore, upon being umpire in this cauſe."

 "Madam,"

"Madam," ſaid Macderſey, "I hope never to become ſuch a debaſed brute of the creation, as to contradict the commands of a fair lady: except when it's upon a point of honour. But I can't conſent to paſs for a fool; and ſtill more not for a poltroon—You'll excuſe the little hint."

Then, while making a profound and ceremonious bow, his wig fell over his head on the ground.

"This is very unlucky," cried he, with a look of vexation; "for certainly, and to be ſure no human mortal ſhould have made me take it off myſelf, before I was righted."

Camilla, picking it up, to render the affair merely burleſque, pulled off the maid's cap from her brother's head, and put on the wig in its place, ſaying—"There, Lionel, you have played the part of *Lady Wrong Head* long enough; be ſo good now as to perform that of *Sir Francis*."

This ended the buſineſs, and the whole party, in curricles, on horſeback, or on foot, departed from the Grove.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

A few Explanations.

THE laſt words of Dr. Marchmont, in taking leave of Edgar, were injunctions to circumſpection, and repreſentations of the difficulty of drawing back with honour, if once any incautious eagerneſs betrayed his partiality. To this counſel he was impelled to ſubmit, leſt he ſhould riſk for Camilla a report ſimilar to that which for Indiana had given him ſo much diſturbance. There, indeed, he felt himſelf wholly blameleſs. His admiration was but ſuch as he always experienced at ſight of a beautiful picture, nor had it ever been demonſtrated in any more ſerious manner. He had diſtinguiſhed her by no particular attention, ſingled her out by no pointed addreſs, taken no pains to engage her good opinion, and manifeſted no flattering pleaſure at her approach or preſence.

His ſenſe of right was too juſt to miſlead him into giving himſelf ſimilar abſolution with reſpect to Camilla. He had never, indeed, indulged a voluntary vent to his preference; but the candour of his character convinced him that what ſo forcibly he had felt, he muſt occaſionally have betrayed. Yet the idea excited regret without remorſe; for though it had been his wiſh, as well as intention, to conceal his beſt hopes, till they were ratified by his judgment, he had the conſcious integrity of knowing that, ſhould her heart become his prize, his deareſt view in life would be to obtain her hand.

To preſerve, therefore, the appearance of an undeſigning friend of the houſe, he had forced himſelf to refrain, for two days, from any viſit to the rectory, whither he was repairing, when thus, unlooked and unwiſhed for, he ſurprized Camilla at the Grove.

Diſappointed and diſapproving feel'ngs kept him, while there, aloof from her; by continual ſuggeſtions, that her char.cter was of no ſtability, that Dr. Marchm.nt was right in his doubts, and Miſs Maigland herſelf not wrong in accuſing her of caprice: and when he perceived, upon her preparing to walk home with her brother and ſiſter, that Major Cerwood ſtept forward

ward to attend her, he indignantly resolved to arrange without delay his continental excursion. But again, when, as she quitted the room, he saw her head half turned round, with an eye of enquiry if he followed, he determined frankly, and at once, in his capacity of a friend, to request some explanation of this meeting.

The assiduities of the Major made it difficult to speak to her; but the aid of her desire for a conversation, which was equally anxious, and less guarded than his own, anticipated his principal investigation, by urging her voluntarily to seize an opportunity of relating to him the history of her first visit to Mrs. Arlbery; and of assuring him that the second was indispensably its consequence.

Softened by this apparent earnestness for his good opinion, all his interest and all his tenderness for her returned; and though much chagrined at the accident, or rather mischief, which had thus established the acquaintance, he had too little to say, whatever he had to feel, of positive weight against it, to propose its now being relinquished. He thanked her impressively for so ready an explanation; and then gently added; "I know your predilection in favour of this lady, and I will say nothing to disturb it; but as she is yet new to you,

and as all refidence, all intercourfe, from your own home or relations, is new to you alfo—tell me, candidly, fincerely tell me, can you condefcend to fuffer an old friend, though in the perfon of but a young man, to offer you, from time to time, a hint, a little counfel, a few brief words of occafional advice? and even, perhaps, now and then, to torment you into a little ferious reflection?"

"If you," cried fhe, gaily, "will give me the reflection, I promife, to the beft of my power, to give you in return, the feriousnefs; but I can by no means engage for both!"

"O, never, but from your own prudence," he anfwered, gratefully, "may your delightful vivacity know a curb! If now I feem myfelf to fear it, it is not from morofenefs, it is not from infenfibility to its charm——"

He was ftopt here by Macderfey, who, fuddenly overtaking him, entreated an immediate fhort conference upon a matter of moment.

Though cruelly vexed by the interruption, he could not refufe to turn back with him; and Camilla again was left wholly to the gallant Major; but her heart felt fo light that fhe had thus cleared herfelf to Edgar, fo gratified by his requeft to become

himſelf her monitor, and ſo enchanted to find her acquaintance with Mrs. Arlbery no longer diſputed, that ſhe was too happy to admit any vexation; and the Major had never thought her ſo charming, though of the Major ſhe thought not one moment.

Macderſey, with a long, ceremonious, and not very clear apology, confeſſed he had called Mandlebert aſide only to enquire into the certain truth, if it were not a poſitive ſecret, of his intended nuptials with the beautiful Miſs Lynmere. Mandlebert, with ſurpriſe, but without any heſitation, declared himſelf wholly without any pretenſions to that lady. Macderſey then embraced him, and they parted mutually ſatisfied.

It ſeemed now too late to Mandlebert to go to Etherington till the next day, whither, as ſoon as he had breakfaſted, he then rode.

According to his general cuſtom, he went immediately to the ſtudy, where he met with a calm, but kind reception from Mr. Tyrold; and after half an hour's converſation, upon Liſbon, Dr. Marchmont, and Mrs. Tyrold, he left him to ſeek his young friends.

In the parlour he found Lavinia alone; but before he could enquire for her ſiſter,

who was accidentally up ſtairs, Lionel, juſt diſmounted from his horſe, appeared.

"O, ho, Edgar!" cried he, "you are here, are you? this would make fine confuſion, if that beauty of nature, Miſs Margland, ſhould happen to call. They've juſt ſent for you to Beech Park. I don't know what's to be done to you; but if you have any inclination to ſave poor Camilla's eyes, or cap, at leaſt, from that meek, tender creature, you'll ſet off for Cleves before they know you are in this houſe."

Edgar amazed, deſired an explanation; but he proteſted the wrath of Miſs Margland had been ſo comical, and given him ſo much diverſion, that he had not been able to get at any particulars; he only knew there was a great commotion, and that Edgar was declared in love with ſome of his ſiſters or couſins, and Miſs Margland was in a rage that it was not with herſelf; and that, in ſhort, becauſe he only happened to drop a hint of the latter notion, that delectable paragon had given him ſo violent a blow with her fine eyes, that in order to vent an ungovernable fit of laughter, without the riſk of having the houſe pulled about his ears, he had haſtily mounted his horſe, and rode off.

The contempt of Edgar for Miſs Margland would have made him diſdain another

queſtion,

question, if the name of Camilla had not been mingled in this relation; no question, however, could procure further information. Lionel, enchanted that he had tormented Miss Margland, understood nothing more of the matter, and could only repeat his own merry sayings, and their effect.

Lavinia expressed, most innocently, her curiosity to know what this meant; and was going for Camilla, to assist in some conjecture; but Edgar, who by this strange story had lost his composure, felt unequal to hearing it discussed in her presence, and, pleading sudden haste, went away.

He did not, however, go to Cleves; he hardly knew if Lionel had not amused him with a feigned story; but he no sooner arrived at Beech Park, than he found a message from Sir Hugh, begging to see him with all speed.

The young Ensign was the cause of this present summons and disturbance. Elated by the declaration of Mandlebert, that the rumour of his contract was void of foundation, and buoyed up by Mrs. Arlbery, to whom he returned with the communication, he resolved to make his advances in form. He presented himself, therefore, at Cleves, where he asked an audience of Sir Hugh, and at once, with his accustomed vehemence,

mence, declared himſelf bound eternally, life and ſoul, to his fair niece, Miſs Lynmere; and deſired that, in order to pay his addreſſes to her, he might be permitted to ſee her at odd times, when he was off duty.

Sir Hugh was hardly able to underſtand him, from his volubility, and the extravagance of his phraſes and geſtures; but he imputed them to his violent paſſion, and therefore anſwered him with great gentleneſs, aſſuring him he did not mean to doubt his being a proper alliance for his niece, though he had never heard of him before; but begging he would not be affronted if he could not accept him, not knowing yet quite clearly if ſhe were not engaged to a young gentleman in the neighbourhood.

The Enſign now loudly proclaimed his own news: Mandlebert had proteſted himſelf free, and the whole county already rang with the miſtake.

Sir Hugh then ſent for Miſs Margland, and deſired her to ſpeak herſelf with the young gentleman.

Miſs Margland, much gratified, aſked Macderley if ſhe could look at his rent roll.

He had nothing of the kind at hand, he ſaid, not being yet come to his eſtate, which was in Ireland, and was ſtill the

property

property of a firſt couſin, who was not yet dead.

Miſs Margland, promiſing he ſhould have an anſwer in a few days, then diſmiſſed him; but more irritated than ever againſt Mandlebert, from the contraſt of his power to make ſettlements, ſhe burſt forth into her old declarations of his ill uſage of Miſs Lynmere; attributing it wholly to the contrivances of Camilla.

Sir Hugh always underſtood literally whatever was ſaid; theſe aſſertions therefore of ill humour, merely made to vent black bile, affected him deeply for the honour and welfare of Camilla, and he haſtily ſent a meſſenger for Edgar, determining to beg he would openly own the whole, and not leave all the blame to fall all upon his poor niece.

At this period, Lionel had called, and, by inflaming Miſs Margland, had aggravated the general diſturbance.

When Edgar arrived, Sir Hugh told him of the affair, aſſuring him he ſhould never have taken amiſs his preferring Camilla, which he thought but natural, if he had only done it from the firſt.

Edgar, though eaſily through all this he ſaw the malignant yet ſhallow offices of Miſs Margland, found himſelf, with infinite vexation, compelled to declare off equally from

from both the charges; confcious, that till the very moment of his propofals, he muft appear to have no preference nor defigns. He fpoke, therefore, with the utmoft refpect of the young ladies, but again faid it was uncertain if he fhould not travel before he formed any eftablifhment.

The bufinefs thus explicitly decided, nothing more could be done: but Mifs Margland was fomewhat appeafed, when fhe heard that her pupil was not fo difgracefully to be fupplanted.

Indiana herfelf, to whom Edgar had never feemed agreeable, foon forgot fhe had ever thought of him; and elated by the acquifition of a new lover, doubted not, but, in a fhort time, the publication of her liberty would prove flavery to all mankind.

Early the next morning, the carriage of Sir Hugh arrived at the rectory for Camilla. She never refufed an invitation from her uncle, but fhe felt fo little equal to paffing a whole day in the prefence of Mifs Margland, after the unaccountable, yet alarming relation fhe had gathered from Lionel, that fhe entreated him to accompany her, and to manage that fhe fhould return with him as foon as the horfes were fed and refted.

Lionel, ever good humoured, and ready to oblige, willingly complied; but demand-
ed

ed that ſhe ſhould go with him, in their way back, to ſee a new houſe which he wanted to examine.

Sir Hugh received her with his uſual affection, Indiana with indifference, and Miſs Margland with a malicious ſmile: but Eugenia, ſoon taking her aſide, diſcloſed to her that Edgar, the day before, had publicly and openly diſclaimed any views upon Indiana, and had declared himſelf without any paſſion whatever, and free from all inclination or intention but to travel.

The bluſh of pleaſure, with which Camilla heard the firſt ſentence of this ſpeech, became the tingle of ſhame at the ſecond, and whitened into ſurpriſe and ſorrow at the laſt.

Eugenia, though ſhe ſaw ſome emotion, underſtood not theſe changes. Early abſorbed in the ſtudy of literature and languages, under the direction of a preceptor who had never mingled with the world, her capacity had been occupied in conſtant work for her memory; but her judgment and penetration had been wholly unexerciſed. Like her uncle, ſhe concluded every body, and every thing to be preciſely what they appeared; and though, in that given point of view, ſhe had keener intellects to diſcern, and more ſtill to appreciate perſons and characters, ſhe was as unpractiſed

practiſed as himſelf in thoſe diſcriminative powers, which dive into their own conceptions to diſcover the latent ſprings, the multifarious and contradictory ſources of human actions and propenſities.

Upon their return to the company, Miſs Margland choſe to relate the hiſtory herſelf. Mr. Mandlebert, ſhe ſaid, had not only thought proper to acknowledge his utter inſenſibility to Miſs Lynmere, but had declared his indifference for every woman under the ſun, and proteſted he held them all cheap alike, "ſaying," ſhe continued, "in ſo many words, Miſs Camilla, that he thought no more of you than of your couſin, and was going abroad to divert and amuſe himſelf, better than by entering into marriage with either one or other of you."

Camilla felt half killed by this ſpeech; and preſently quitting the room, ran out into the garden, and to a walk far from the houſe, before ſhe had power to breathe, or recollection to be aware of the ſenſibility ſhe was betraying.

She then as haſtily went back, ſecretly reſolving never more to think of him, and to ſhew both to himſelf and to the world, by every means in her power, her perfect indifference.

She could not, however, endure to encounter Miſs Margland again, but called for

for Lionel, and begged him to hurry the coachman.

Lionel complied—ſhe took a haſty leave of her uncle, and only ſaying, "Good by, good by!" to the reſt, made her eſcape.

Sir Hugh, ever unſuſpicious, thought her merely afraid to detain her brother; but Eugenia, calm, affectionate, and diveſted of cares for herſelf, ſaw evidently that ſomething was wrong, though ſhe divined not what, and, with the hope of ſoothing her, entreated leave to accompany her to Etherington.

Sir Hugh was well pleaſed, and the two ſiſters and Lionel ſet off together.

CHAP. II.

Specimens of Taste.

THE presence of Lionel stifled the enquiries of Eugenia: and pride, all up in arms, absorbed every softer feeling in Camilla.

When they had driven half a mile, "Now, young ladies," said he, "I shall treat you with a frolic." He then stopt the carriage, and told the coachman to drive to Cornfield; saying, "Tis but two miles about, and Coachy won't mind that; will you Coachy?"

The coachman, looking forward to half a crown, said his horses would be all the better for a little more exercise; and Jacob familiarly fond of Lionel from a boy, made no difficulty.

Lionel desired his sisters to ask no questions, assuring them he had great designs, and a most agreeable surprise in view for them.

In pursuance of his directions, they drove on till they came before a small house, just new fronted with deep red bricks, contain-

ing,

ing, on the ground floor, two little bow windows, in a ſharp triangular form, encloſing a door ornamented with ſmall panes of glaſs, cut in various ſhapes: on the firſt ſtory, a little balcony, decorated in the middle and at each corner with leaden images of Cupids; and, in the attic ſtory, a very ſmall venetian window, partly formed with minute panes of glaſs, and partly with glazed tiles; repreſenting, in blue and white, various devices of dogs and cats, mice and birds, rats and ferrets, as emblems of the conjugal ſtate.

"Well, young ladies, what ſay you to this?" cried he, "does it hit your fancy? If it does, 'tis your own!"

Eugenia aſked what he meant.

"Mean? to make a preſent of it to which ever is the beſt girl, and can firſt cry bo! to a gooſe. Come, don't look diſdainfully. Eugenia, what ſay you? won't it be better to be miſtreſs of this little neat, tight, ſnug box, and a pretty little tidy huſband, that belongs to it, than to pore all day long over a latin theme with old Dr. Orkborne? I have often thought my poor uncle was certainly out of his wits, when he ſet us all, men, women, and children, to learn latin, or elſe be whipt by the old doctor. But ſee what a pretty place—

not

not quite finiſhed, to be ſure, but look at that lake? how cool, how refreſhing!"

"Lake!" repeated Eugenia, "I ſee nothing but a very dirty little pond, with a maſs of rubbiſh in the middle. Indeed I ſee nothing elſe but rubbiſh all round."

"That's the very beauty of the thing, my dear; it's all in the exact ſtate for being finiſhed under your own eye, and according to your own taſte."

"To whom does it belong?"

"It's uninhabited yet; but it's preparing for a very ſpruce ſpark, that I adviſe you both to ſet your caps at. Hold! I ſee ſomebody peeping; I'll go and get ſome news for you."

He then jumped from the coach, and ran up five deep narrow ſteps, formed of ſingle large rough ſtones, which mounted ſo much above the threſhold of the houſe, that upon opening the door, there appeared a ſtool to aſſiſt all comers to reach the floor of the paſſage.

Eugenia, with ſome curioſity, looked out, and ſaw her brother, after nearly forcing his entrance, ſpeak to a very mean little man, dreſſed in old dirty cloaths, who ſeemed willing to hide himſelf behind the door, but whom he almoſt dragged forward, ſaying aloud, "O, I can take no excuſe, I inſiſt upon your ſhewing the houſe. I have

brought two young ladies on purpoſe to ſee it; and who knows but one of them may take a fancy to it, and make you a happy man for life."

"As to that, ſir," ſaid the man, ſtill endeavouring to retreat, "I can't ſay as I've quite made my mind up yet as to the marriage ceremony. I've known partly enough of the ſtate already; but if ever I marry again, which is a moot point, I ſha'n't do it hand over head, like a boy, without knowing what I'm about. However, it's time enough o'conſcience to think of that, when my houſe is done, and my workmen is off my hands."

Camilla now, by the language and the voice, gathered that this was Mr. Dubſter.

"Pho, pho," anſwered Lionel, "you muſt not be ſo hard-hearted when fair ladies are in the caſe. Beſides, one of them is that pretty girl you flirted with at Northwick. She's a ſiſter of mine, and I ſhall take it very ill if you don't hand her out of the coach, and do the honours of your place to her."

Camilla, much provoked, earneſtly called to her brother, but utterly in vain.

"Lauk-a-day! why it is not half finiſhed," ſaid Mr. Dubſter; "nor a quarter neither: and as to that young lady, I can't ſay as it was much in my mind to be over

civil

civil to her any more, begging pardon, after her giving me the ſlip in that manner. I can't ſay as I think it was over and above handſome, letting me get my gloves. Not that I mind it in the leaſt, as to that."

"Pho, pho, man, you muſt never bear malice againſt a fair lady. Beſides, ſhe's come now on purpoſe to make her excuſes."

"O, that's another thing; if the young lady's ſorry, I ſhan't think of holding out: for I don't mean in the leaſt to make any complaint, by way of getting of the young lady ſcolded."

"You muſt make friends now, man, and think no more of it;" cried Lionel, who would have drawn him to the carriage; but he proteſted he was quite aſhamed to be ſeen in ſuch a diſabille, and ſhould go firſt and dreſs himſelf. Lionel, on the contrary, declaring nothing ſo manly nor ſo becoming, as a neglect of outward appearance, pulled him to the coach door, notwithſtanding all his efforts to diſengage himſelf, and the moſt baſhful diſtortions with which he ſtrove to ſneak behind his conductor.

"Ladies," ſaid he, "Mr. Dubſter deſires to have the honour of walking over his houſe and grounds with you."

Camilla declared ſhe had no time to alight;

alight; but Lionel inſiſted, and ſoon forced them both from the coach.

Mr. Dubſter, no longer ſtiff, ſtarched, and proud, as when full dreſſed, was ſunk into the ſmalleſt inſignificance; and when they were compelled to enter his grounds, through a ſmall Chineſe gate, painted of a deep blue, would entirely have kept out of ſight, but for a whiſper from Lionel, that the ladies had owned they thought he looked to particular advantage in that careleſs attire.

Encouraged by this, he came boldly forward, and ſuddenly facing them, made a low bow ſaying: "Young ladies your humble."

They courtſied ſlightly, and Camilla ſaid ſhe was very ſorry to break in upon him.

"O, it don't much matter," cried he, extremely pleaſed by this civility, "I only hope, young ladies, you won't take umbrage at my receiving you in this pickle; but you've pop't upon me unawares, as one may ſay. And my beſt coat is at this very minute at Tom Hicks's, nicely packed and papered up, and tied round, in a drawer of his, up ſtairs, in his room."

And then, recollecting Eugenia, "Good lauk, ma'am," ſaid he, in a low voice to Camilla,

Camilla, "that's that ſame lame little lady as I ſaw at the ball?"

"That lady, ſir," anſwered ſhe, provoked, "is my ſiſter."

"Mercy's me!" exclaimed he, lifting up his hands, "I wiſh I'd known as much at the time. I'm ſure, ma'am, if I'd thought the young lady was any ways related to you I would not have ſaid a word diſreſpectful upon no account."

Lionel aſked how long he had had this place.

"Only a little while. I happened of it quite lucky. A friend of mine was juſt being turned out of it, in default of payment, and ſo I got it a bargain. I intend to fit it up a little in taſte, and then, whether I like it or no, I can always get my money for it.

They were now, by Lionel, dragged into the houſe, which was yet unfurniſhed, half papered, and half white waſhed. The workmen, Mr. Dubſter ſaid, were juſt gone to dinner, and he rejoiced that they had happened to come ſo conveniently, when he ſhould be no loſer by leaving the men to themſelves, in order to oblige the young ladies with his company.

He inſiſted upon ſhewing them not only every room, but every cloſet, every cupboard, every nook, corner, and hiding place;

place; praising their utility, and enumerating all their possible appropriations, with the most minute encomiums.

"But I'm quite sorry," cried he, "young ladies, to think as I've nothing to offer you. I eats my dinner always at the Globe, having nobody here to cook. However I'd have had a morsel of cake or so, if the young gentleman had been so kind as to give me an item beforehand of your intending me the favour. But as to getting things into the house hap hazard, really every thing is so dear—it's quite out of reason."

The scampering of horses now carrying them to a window, they saw some hounds in full cry, followed by horse-men in full gallop. Lionel declared he would borrow Jacob's mare, and join them, while his sisters walked about the grounds: but Camilla, taking him aside, made a serious expostulation, protesting that her father, with all his indulgence, and even her uncle himself, would be certainly displeased, if he left them alone with this man; of whom they knew nothing but his very low trade.

"Why what is his trade?"

"A tinker's: Mrs. Arlbery told me so."

He laughed violently at this information, protesting he was rejoiced to find so much money could be made by the tinkering business,

finess, which he was determined to follow in his next distress for cash: yet added, he feared this was only the malice of Mrs. Arlbery, for Dubster, he had been told, had kept a shop for ready made wigs.

He gave up, however, his project, forgetting the chace when he no longer heard the hounds, and desired Mr. Dubster to proceed in shewing his lions.

"Lauk a day! sir, I've got no lions, nor tygers neither. It's a deal of expence keeping them animals; and though I know they reckon me near, I sha'n't do no such thing; for if a man does not take a little care of his money when once he has got it, especially if it's honestly, I think he's a fool for his pains; begging pardon for speaking my mind so freely."

He then led them again to the front of the house, where he desired they would look at his pond. "This," said he, "is what I value the most of all, except my summer house and my labyrinth. I shall stock it well; and many a good dinner I hope to eat from it. It gets me an appetite, sometimes, I think, only to look at it."

"'Tis a beautiful piece of water," said Lionel, "and may be useful to the outside as well as the inside, for, if you go in head foremost,

foremoſt, you may bathe as well as feed from it."

"No, I ſha'n't do that, ſir, I'm not over and above fond of water at beſt. However I ſhall have a ſwan."

"A ſwan? why ſure you won't be contented with only one?"

"O yes, I ſhall. It will only be made of wood, painted over in white. There's no end of feeding them things if one has 'em alive. Beſides it will look juſt as pretty; and won't bite. And I know a friend of mine that one of them creatures flew at, and gave him ſuch a bang as almoſt broke his leg, only for throwing a ſtone at it, out of mere play. They are mortal ſpiteful, if you happen to hurt them when you're in their reach."

He then begged them to go over to his iſland, which proved to be what Eugenia had taken for a maſs of rubbiſh. They would fain have been excuſed croſſing a plank which he called a bridge, but Lionel would not be denied.

"Now here," ſaid he, "when my iſland's finiſhed, I ſhall have ſomething theſe young ladies will like; and that's a lamb."

"Alive, or dead?" cried Lionel.

"Alive," he replied, "for I ſhall have good paſture in a little bit of ground juſt by, where I ſhall keep me a cow; and here

will be graſs enough upon my iſland to keep it from ſtarving on Sundays, and for now and then, when I've ſomebody come to ſee me. And when it's fit for killing, I can change it with the farmer down the lane, for another young one, by a bargain I've agreed with him for already; for I don't love to run no riſks about a thing for mere pleaſure."

"Your place will be quite a paradiſe," ſaid Lionel.

"Why, indeed, ſir, I think I've earned having a little recreeting, for I worked hard enough for it, before I happened of meeting with my firſt wife."

"O, ho! ſo you began with marrying a fortune?"

"Yes, ſir, and very pretty ſhe was too, if ſhe had not been ſo puny. But ſhe was always ailing. She coſt me a mort of money to the potecary before ſhe went off. And ſhe was a tedious while a dying, poor ſoul!"

"Your firſt wife; ſurely you have not been twice married already?"

"Yes, I have. My ſecond wife brought me a very pretty fortune too. I can't ſay but I've rather had the luck of it, as far as I've gone yet awhile."

They now repaſſed the plank, and were conducted to an angle, in which a bench

was

was placed close to the chinese rails, which was somewhat shaded by a willow, that grew in a little piece of stagnant water on the other side. A syringa was planted in front, and a broom-tree on the right united it with the willow; in the middle there was a deal table.

"Now, young ladies," said Mr. Dubster, "if you have a taste to breathe a little fresh country air, here's where I advise you to take your rest. When I come to this place first, my arbour, as I call this, had no look out, but just to the fields, so I cut away them lilacs, and now there's a good pretty look out. And it's a thing not to be believed what a sight of people and coaches, and gentlemen's whiskeys, and stages, and flys, and waggons, and all sorts of things as ever you can think of, goes by all day long. I often think people's got but little to do at home."

Next, he desired to lead them to his grotto, which he said was but just begun. It was, indeed, as yet, nothing but a little square hole, dug into a chalky soil, down into which, no steps being yet made, he slided as well as he could, to the no small whitening of his old brown coat, which already was thread bare.

He begged the ladies to follow, that he might shew them the devices he had

marked out with his own hand, and from his own head, for fitting up the inside. Lionel would not suffer his sisters to refuse compliance, though Mr. Dubster himself cautioned them to come carefully, "in particular," he said, "the little lady, as she has happened of an ugly accident already, as I judge, in one of her hips, and 'twould be pity, at her time of life, if she should happen of another at t'other side."

Eugenia, not aware this misfortune was so glaring, felt much hurt by this speech; and Camilla, very angry with its speaker, sought to silence him by a resentful look; but not observing it; "Pray, ma'am," he continued, "was it a fall? or was you born so?"

Eugenia looked struck and surprised; and Camilla hastily whispered it was a fall, and bid him say no more about it; but, not understanding her, "I take it, then," he said, "that was what stinted your growth so, Miss? for, I take it, you're not much above the dwarf as they shew at Exeter Change? Much of a muchness, I guess. Did you ever see him, ma'am?"

"No, sir."

"It would be a good sight enough to see you together. He'd think himself a man in a minute. You must have had the

ſmall pox mortal bad, ma'am. I ſuppoſe you'd the conflint ſort?"

Camilla here, without waiting for help, ſlid down into the intended grotto, and aſked a thouſand queſtions to change the ſubject; while Eugenia, much diſconcerted, ſlowly followed, aided by Lionel.

Mr. Dubſter then diſplayed the ingenious intermixture of circles and diamonds projected for the embelliſhment of his grotto; the firſt of which were to be formed with cockle-ſhells, which he meant to colour with blue paint; and the ſecond he propoſed ſhaping with bits of ſhining black coal. The ſpaces between would each have an oyſter-ſhell in the middle, and here and there he deſigned to leave the chalk to itſelf, which would always, he obſerved, make the grotto light and cheary. Shells he ſaid, unluckily, he did not happen to have; but as he had thoughts of taking a little pleaſure ſome ſummer at Brighthelmſtone or Margate, for he intended to ſee all thoſe places, he ſhould make a collection then; being told he might have as curious ſhells, and pebbles too, as a man could wiſh to look at, only for the trouble of picking them up off the ſhore.

They next went to what he called his labyrinth, which was a little walk he was cutting, zig-zag, through ſome bruſhwood,

ſo low that no perſon above three foot height could be hid by it. Every ſtep they took here, coſt a rent to ſome lace or ſome muſlin of one of the ſiſters; which Mr. Dubſter obſerved with a delight he could not conceal; ſaying this was a true country walk, and would do them both a great deal of good; and adding: "we that live in town, would give our ears for ſuch a thing as this." And though they could never proceed a yard at a time, from the continual neceſſity of diſentangling their dreſs from thorns and briars, he exultingly boaſted that he ſhould give them a good appetite for their dinner; and aſked if this rural ramble did not make them begin to feel hungry. "For my part," continued he, "if once I get ſettled a bit, I ſhall take a turn in this zigzag every day before dinner, which may ſave me my five grains of rhubard, that the doctor ordered me for my ſtomach ſince my having my illneſs, which come upon me almoſt as ſoon as I was a gentleman; from change of life, I believe, for I never knew no other reaſon; and none of the doctors could tell me nothing about it. But a man that's had a deal to do, feels quite unked at firſt, when he's only got to look and ſtare about him, and juſt walk from one room to another, without no employment."

Lionel ſaid he hoped, at leaſt he would not require his rhubarb to get down his dinner to day.

"I hope ſo too, 'ſquire," anſwered he, licking his lips, "for I've ordered a pretty good one, I can tell you; beef ſteaks and onions; and I don't know what's better. Tom Hicks is to dine with me at the Globe, as ſoon as I've given my workmen their taſks, and ſeen after a young lad that's to do me a job there, by my grotto. Tom Hicks is a very good fellow; I like him beſt of any acquaintance I've made in theſe here parts. Indeed, I've made no other, on account of the unconvenence of dreſſing, while I'm ſo much about with my workmen. So I keep pretty incog from the genteel; and Tom does well enough in the interim."

He then requeſted them to make haſte to his ſummer-houſe, becauſe his workmen would be ſoon returned, and he could not then ſpare a moment longer, without ſpoiling his own dinner.

"My ſummer houſe," ſaid he, "is not above half complete yet; but it will be very pretty when it's done. Only I've got no ſtairs yet to it; but there's a very good ladder, if the ladies a'n't afraid."

The ladies both deſired to be excuſed mounting; but Lionel proteſted he would

not have his friend affronted; and as neither of them were in the habit of reſiſting him, nor of inveſtigating with ſeriouſneſs any thing that he propoſed, they were ſoon teized into acquieſcence, and he aſſiſted them to aſcend.

Mr. Dubſter followed.

The ſummer-houſe was, as yet, no more than a ſhell; without windows, ſcarcely roofed, and compoſed of lath and plaiſter, not half dry. It looked on the high road, and Mr. Dubſter aſſured them, that, on market days, the people paſſed ſo thick, there was no ſeeing them for the duſt.

Here they had ſoon cauſe to repent their facility,—that dangerous, yet venial, becauſe natural fault of youth;—for hardly had they entered this place, ere a diſtant glimpſe of a fleet ſtag, and a party of ſportſmen, incited Lionel to ſcamper down; and calling out: "I ſhall be back preſently," he made off towards the houſe, dragging the ladder after him.

The ſiſters eagerly and almoſt angrily remonſtrated; but to no purpoſe; and while they were ſtill entreating him to return, and ſuppoſing him, though out of ſight, within hearing, they ſuddenly perceived him paſſing the window by the high road, on horſe-back, ſwitch in hand, and looking in the utmoſt glee. "I have borrowed Jacob's

Jacob's mare," he cried, " for juſt half an hour's ſport, and ſent Jacob and coachy to get a little refreſhment at the next public houſe; but don't be impatient; I ſhan't be long."

Off then, he galloped, laughing; in defiance of the ſerious entreaties of his ſiſters, and without ſtaying to hear even one ſentence of the formal exhortations of Mr. Dubſter.

CHAP. III.

A few Compliments.

THE two young ladies and Mr. Dubſter, left thus together, and ſo ſituated that ſeparation without aſſiſtance was impoſſible, looked at one another for ſome time in nearly equal diſmay; and then Mr. Dubſter, with much diſpleaſure, exclaimed—"Them young gentlemen are as full of miſchief, as an egg's full of meat! Who'd have thought of a perſon's going to do ſuch a thing as this;—it's mortal unconvenent, making me leave my workmen at this rate; for I dare ſay they're come, or coming, by this time. I wiſh I'd tied the ladder to this here rafter."

The ſiſters, though equally provoked, thought it neceſſary to make ſome apology for the wild behaviour of their brother.

"O, young ladies," ſaid he, formally waving his hand by way of a bow, "I don't in the leaſt mean to blame you about it, for you're very welcome to ſtay as long as it's agreeable; only I hope he'll come back

back by my dinner time; for a cold beef-ſteak is one or other the worſt morſel I know."

He then kept an unremitting watch from one window to another, for ſome paſſenger from whom he could claim aid; but, much as he had boaſted of the numbers perpetually in ſight, he now dolorouſly confeſſed, that, ſometimes, not a ſoul came near the place for half a day together: "And, as to my workmen," continued he, "the deuce can't make 'em hear if once they begin their knocking and hammering. However it's as well as it is, for if they was to come, and ſee me hoiſted up in this cage, like, they'd only make a joke of it; and then they'd mind me no more than a pin never again. It's ſurpriſing how them young gentlemen never think of nothing. If he'd ſerved me ſo when I was a 'prentice, he'd have paid pretty dear for his frolic; maſter would have charged him half a day's work, as ſure as a gun." Then, turning to Camilla, rather indignantly, he ſaid—"Really, ma'am, I wiſh you'd tell your brother, I ſhould take it as a favour he'd never ſerve me o' this manner no more!"

She hoped, ſhe ſaid, he would in future be more conſiderate.

"It's a great hindrance to buſineſs, ma'am,

ma'am, ſuch things; and it's a ſheer love of miſchief, too, begging pardon, for it's of no manner of uſe to him, no more than it is to us."

He then deſired, that if any body ſhould paſs by again, they might all ſquall out at once; ſaying, it was odds then, but they might be heard.

"Not that it's over agreeable, at the beſt," added he; "for if one was to ſtop any poor perſon, and make 'em come round, and look for the ladder, one could not be off giving them ſomething: and as to any of the gentleſolks, one might beg and pray as long as one would before they'd ſtir a ſtep for one: and as to any of one's acquaintance, if they was to go by, it's ten to one but they'd only fall a laughing. People's generally ill-natured when they ſees one in jeopardy.

Eugenia, already thoughtful and diſcompoſed, now grew uneaſy, leſt her uncle ſhould be ſurpriſed at her long abſence; this a little appeaſed Mr. Dubſter, who, with leſs reſentment, ſaid—"So I ſee, then we're all in the ſame quandary! However, don't mind it, young ladies; you can have no great matters to do with your time, I take it; ſo it does not ſo much ſignify. But a man's quite different. He looks like a fool, as one may ſay, poked up in

ſuch

ſuch a place as this, to be ſtared at by all comers and goers; only nobody happens to paſs by."

His lamentations now were happily interrupted by the appearance of three women and a boy, who with baſkets on their heads, were returning from the next market town. With infinite ſatisfaction, he prepared to aſſail them, ſaying, he ſhould now have ſome chance to get a bit of dinner: and aſſuring the ladies, that if they ſhould like a little ſcrap for a reliſh, he ſhould be very willing to ſend 'em it by their footman; "For it's a long while," ſaid he, "young ladies, to be faſting, that's the truth of it."

The market women now approached, and were moſt clamorouſly hailed, before their own loud diſcourſe, and the ſinging and whiſtling of the boy, permitted their hearing the appeal.

"Pray, will you be ſo kind," ſaid Mr. Dubſter, when he had made them ſtop, "as to ſtep round by the houſe, and ſee if you can ſee the workmen; and if you can tell 'em a young gentleman, as come here while they was at dinner, has taken away the ladder, and left us ſtuck up here in the lurch."

The women all laughed, and ſaid it was a good merry trick; but were preparing

to

to follow his directions, when Mr. Dubſter called after the boy, who loitered behind, with an encouraging nod: "If you'll bring the ladder with you upon your ſhoulders, my lad, I'll give you a half-penny!"

The boy was well contented; but the women, a little alarmed, turned back and ſaid—"And what will you give to us, maſter?"

"Give?" repeated he, a little embarraſſed; "why, I'll give—why I'll thank you kindly; and it won't be much out of your way, for the houſe is only round there."

"You'll thank us kindly, will you?" ſaid one of the women; it's like you may! But what will you do over and above?"

"Do? why it's no great matter, juſt to ſtop at the houſe as you go by, and tell 'em——"

Here Eugenia whiſpered ſhe would herſelf ſatisfy them, and begged he would let them make their own terms.

"No, Miſs, no; I don't like to ſee nobody's money fooled away, no more than my own. However, as you are ſo generous, I'll agree with 'em to give 'em a pot of beer."

He then, with ſome parade, made this conceſſion; but ſaid, he muſt ſee the

ladder,

ladder, before the money ſhould be laid down.

"A pot of beer for four!—a pot of beer for four!" they all exclaimed in a breath; and down every one put her baſket, and ſet her arms a-kembo, unanimouſly declaring, they would ſhame him for ſuch ſtingineſs.

The moſt violent abuſe now followed, the boy imitating them, and every other ſentence concluding with—"A pot of beer for four!—ha!"

Camilla and Eugenia, both frightened, beſought that they might have any thing, and every thing, that could appeaſe them; but Mr. Dubſter was inflexible not to ſubmit to impoſition, becauſe of a few foul words; "For, dear heart," ſaid he, "what harm will they do us!—they an't of no conſequence."

Then, addreſſing them again, "As to four," he cried, "that's one over the bargain, for I did not reckon the boy for nothing."

"You didn't, didn't you?" cried the boy; "i'cod, I hope I'm as good as you, any day in the year!"

Camilla and Eugenia now, tired of vain application to Mr. Dubſter, who heard their abuſe with the moſt ſedate unconcern, advanced themſelves to the window; and Eugenia,

Eugenia, ever foremoſt where money was to be given, began—“ Good women ——” when, with a violent loud ſhout, they called out—“ What! are you all in Hob’s pound? Well, they as will may let you out for we; ſo I wiſh you a merry time of it!”

Eugenia began again her—“ Good women——” when the boy exclaimed—“ What were you put up there for, Miſs? to frighten the crows?”

Eugenia, not underſtanding him, was once more re-commencing; but the firſt woman ſaid—“ I ſuppoſe you think we’ll ſarve you for looking at?—no need to be paid?”

“ Yes, yes,” cried the ſecond, “ Miſs may go to market with her beauty. Only take care, Miſs, you don’t catch the ſmall pox!”

Eugenia, aſtoniſhed and confounded, made no farther attempt; but Camilla, though at that moment ſhe could have inflicted any puniſhment upon ſuch unprovoked aſſailants, affected to give but little weight to what they ſaid, and gently drew her away.

“ Hoity, toity!” cried one of the women, as ſhe moved off, “ why, Miſs, do you walk upon your knees?”

“ She

"She won't take much for cloaths," cried another, I'd make her a gown out of my apron.

"Your apron!" cried another, "your pocket handkerchief you mean!—"

Eugenia, to whom ſuch language was utterly new, was now in ſuch viſible conſternation, that Camilla, affrighted earneſtly charged Mr. Dubſter to find any means, either of menace or of reward, to make them depart.

"Lauk, don't mind them, ma'am," cried he, following Eugenia, "they can't do you no hurt; though they are rather rude, I muſt needs confeſs the truth, to ſay ſuch things to your face. But one muſt not expect people to be over polite, ſo far from London. However, I ſee the ſporting gentry coming round, over that way, yonder; and I warrant they'll gallop 'em off. Hark'ee, Miſtreſſes! them gentlemen that are coming here, ſhall take you before the juſtice, for affronting Sir Hugh's Tyrold's Heireſſes to all his fortunes."

The women, to whom the name and generous deeds of Sir Hugh Tyrold were familiar, were now quieted and diſmayed. They offered ſome awkward apologies, of not gueſſing ſuch young ladies could be poſted up in ſuch a place; and hoped it would be no detriment to them at the enſuing

ſuing Chriſtmas, when the good Baronet gave away beef and beer; but Mr. Dubſter pompouſly ordered them to make off, ſaying, he would not accept the ladder from them now, for the gentry that were coming would get it for nothing: "So troop off," cried he; "and as for you," to the boy, "you ſhall have your jacket well trimmed, I promiſe you: I know who you are, well enough; and I'll tell your maſter of you, as ſure as you're alive."

Away then, with complete, though not well-principled repentance, they all marched.

Mr. Dubſter, turning round with exultation, cried—"I only ſaid that to frighten them, for I never ſee 'em before, as I know of. But I don't mind 'em of a ruſh; and I hope you don't neither. Though I can't pretend it's over agreeable being made fun of. If I ſee any body ſnigger at me, I always aſk 'em what it's for; for I'd as lieve they'd let it alone."

Eugenia, who, as there was no ſeat, had ſunk upon the floor for reſt and for refuge, remained ſilent, and ſeemed almoſt petrified; while Camilla, affectionately leaning over her, began talking upon other ſubjects, in hopes to diſſipate a ſhock ſhe was aſhamed to conſole.

She made no reply, no comment; but, ſighed deeply.

"Lauk!" cried Mr. Dubſter, "what's the matter with the young lady! I hope ſhe don't go for to take to heart what them old women ſays? ſhe'll be never the worſe to look at, becauſe of their impudence. Beſides, fretting does no good to nothing. If you'll only come and ſtand here, where I do, Miſs, you may have a peep at ever ſo many dogs, and all the gentlemen, riding helter ſkelter round that hill. It's a pretty ſight enough for them as has nothing better to mind. I don't know but I might make one among them myſelf, now and then, if it was not for the expenſiveneſs of hiring of a horſe."

Here ſome of the party came galloping towards them; and Mr. Dubſter made ſo loud an out-cry, that two or three of the ſportſmen looked up, and one of them riding cloſe to the ſummer houſe, perceived the two young ladies, and, inſtantly diſmounting, faſtened his horſe to a tree, and contrived to ſcramble up into the little unfiniſhed building.

Camilla then ſaw it was Major Cerwood. She explained to him the miſchievous frolick of her brother, and accepted his offered ſervices to find the ladder and the carriage.

Eugenia meanwhile rofe and courtfied in anfwer to his enquiries after her health, and then, gravely fixing her eyes upon the ground, took no further notice of him.

The object of the Major was not Eugenia; her taciturnity therefore did not affect him; but pleafed to be fhut up with Camilla, he foon found out that though to mount had been eafy, to defcend would be difficult; and, after various mock efforts, pronounced it would be neceffary to wait till fome affiftance arrived from below: adding, young Mr. Tyrold would foon return, as he had feen him in the hunt.

Camilla, whofe concern now was all for her fifter, heard this with indifference; but Mr. Dubfter loft all patience. "So here," faid he, "I may ftay, and let Tom Hicks eat up all my dinner! for I can't expect him to faft, becaufe of this young gentleman's comical tricks. I've half a mind to give a jump down myfelf, and go look for the ladder; only I'm not over light. Befides, if one fhould break one's leg, it's but a hard thing upon a man to be a cripple in the middle of life. It's no fuch great hindrance to a lady, fo I don't fay it out of difrefpect; becaufe ladies can't do much at the beft."

The Major, finding Dubfter was his hoft, thought it neceffary to take fome notice

notice of him, and aſked him if he never rode out.

"Why no, not much of that, Sir," he anſwered; "for when a man's not over uſed to riding, one's apt to get a bad tumble ſometimes. I believe it's as well let alone. I never ſee as there was much wit in breaking one's neck before one's time. Beſides, half them gentlemen are no better than ſharpers, begging pardon, for all they look as if they could knock one down."

"How do you mean ſharpers, Sir?"

"Why they don't pay every one his own, not one in ten of them. And they're as proud as Lucifer. If I was to go among them to-morrow, I'll lay a wager they'd take no notice of me: unleſs I was to aſk them to dinner. And a man may ſoon eat up his ſubſtance, if he's ſo over complaiſant."

"Surely, Major," cried Camilla, "my brother cannot be much longer before he joins us?—remembers us rather."

"Who elſe could deſert or forget you?" cried the Major.

"It's a moot point whether he'll come or no, I ſee that," ſaid Mr. Dubſter, quite enraged; "them young 'ſquires never know what to do for their fun. I muſt needs ſay I think it's pity but what he'd been

brought up to ſome calling. 'Twould have ſteadied him a little, I warrant. He don't ſeem to know much of the troubles of life."

A ſhower of rain now revived his hopes that the fear of being wet might bring him back; not conſidering how little ſportſmen regard wet jackets.

"However," continued he, "it's really a piece of good luck that he was not taken with a fancy to leave us upon my iſland; and then we might all have been ſouſed by this here rain: and he could juſt as well have walked off with my bridge as with the ladder."

Here, to his inexpreſſible relief, Lionel, from the road, hailed them; and Camilla, with emotion the moſt violent, perceived Edgar was by his ſide.

Mr. Dubſter, however, angry as well as glad, very ſolemnly ſaid, "I wonder, Sir, what you think my workmen has been doing all this time, with nobody to look after them? Beſides that I promiſed a pot o'beer to a lad to wheel me away all that rubbiſh that I'd cut out of my grotto; and it's a good half day's work, do it who will; and ten to one if they've ſtirred a nail, all left to themſelves ſo."

"Pho, pho, man, you've been too happy, I hope, to trouble your mind about buſineſs.

nefs. How do do my little girls? how have you been entertained?"

"This is a better joke to you than to us 'fquire; but pray, Sir, begging pardon, how come you to forget what I told you about the Globe; I know very well that they fay it's quite alley-mode to make fun, but I can't pretend as I'm over fond of the cuftom."

He then defired that, at leaft, if he would not get the ladder himfelf, he would tell that other gentleman, that was with him, what he had done with it.

Edgar, having met Lionel, and heard from him how and where he had left his fifters, had impatiently ridden with him to their relief; but when he faw that the Major made one in the little party, and that he was ftanding by Camilla, he felt hurt and amazed, and proceeded no farther.

Camilla believed herfelf carelefs of his opinion; what fhe had heard from Mifs Margland of his profeffed indifference, gave her now as much refentment, as at firft it had caufed her grief. She thought fuch a declaration an unprovoked indignity; fhe deigned not even to look at him, refolved for ever to avoid him; yet to prove herfelf, at the fame time, unmortified and difengaged, talked chearfully with the Major.

Lionel now, producing the ladder, ran

up to help her ſiſters to deſcend; and Edgar, diſmounting, could not reſiſt entering the grounds, to offer them his hand as they came down.

Eugenia was firſt aſſiſted; for Camilla talked on with the Major, as if not hearing ſhe was called: and Mr. Dubſter, his complaiſance wholly worn out, next followed, bowing low to every one ſeparately, and begging pardon, but ſaying he could really afford to waſte no more time, without going to give a little look after his workmen, to ſee if they were alive or dead.

At this time the horſe of the Major, by ſome accident, breaking looſe, his maſter was forced to run down, and Lionel ſcampered after to aſſiſt him.

Camilla remained alone; Edgar, ſlowly mounting the ladder, gravely offered his ſervices; but, haſtily leaning out of the window, ſhe pretended to be too much occupied in watching the motions of the Major and his horſe, to hear or attend to any thing elſe.

A ſigh now tore the heart of Edgar, from doubt if this were preference to the Major, or the firſt dawn of incipient coquetry; but he called not upon her again; he ſtood quietly behind, till the horſe was ſeized, and the Major re-aſcended the ladder. They then ſtood at each ſide of it, with offers of aſſiſtance.

This

This appeared to Camilla a fortunate moment for making a ſpirited diſplay of her indifference; ſhe gave her hand to the Major, and, ſlightly courteſying to Edgar as ſhe paſſed, was conducted to the carriage of her uncle.

Lionel again was the only one who ſpoke in the ſhort route to Etherington, whence Eugenia, without alighting, returned to Cleves.

CHAP. IV.

The Danger of Diſguiſe.

EDGAR remained behind, almoſt petrified: he ſtood in the little building, looking after them, yet neither deſcending nor ſtirring, till one of the workmen advanced to fetch the ladder. He then mounted his horſe, and rode after the carriage.

The ſight, however, of the Major, purſuing the ſame route, made him, with deep diſguſt, turn about, and take the ſhorteſt road to Beech Park.

He hardly breathed the whole way from indignation; yet his wrath was without definition, and nearly beyond comprehenſibility even to himſelf, till ſuddenly recurring to the ſmile with which Camilla had accepted the aſſiſtance of Major Cerwood, he involuntarily claſped his hands and called out: "O happy Major!"

Awakened by this ejaculation to the true ſtate of his feelings, he ſtarted as from a ſword held at his breaſt. "Jealouſy!" he cried, "am I reduced to ſo humiliating a paſſion? Am I capable of love without truſt?

Unhappy

Unhappy enough to cherish it with hope? No! I will not be such a slave to the delusions of inclination. I will abandon neither my honour nor my judgment to my wishes. It is not alone even her heart that can fully satisfy me; its delicacy must be mine as well as its preference. Jealousy is a passion for which my mind is not framed, and which I must not find a torment, but an impossibility!"

He now began to fear he had made a choice the most injudicious, and that coquetry and caprice had only waited opportunity, to take place of candour and frankness.

Yet, recollecting the disclaiming speeches he had been compelled to make at Cleves, he thought, if she had heard them, she might be actuated by resentment. Even then, however, her manner of shewing it was alarming, and fraught with mischief. He reflected with fresh repugnance upon the gay and dissipated society with which she was newly mixing, and which, from her extreme openness and facility, might so easily, yet so fatally, sully the fair artlessness of her mind.

He then felt tempted to hint to Mr. Tyrold, who, viewing all things, and all people in the best light, rarely foresaw danger, and never suspected deception, the expediency

of her breaking off this intercourſe, till ſhe could purſue it under the ſecurity of her mother's penetrating protection. But it occured to him, next, it was poſſible the Major might have pleaſed her. Ardent as were his own views, they had never been declared, while thoſe of the Major ſeemed proclaimed without reſerve. He felt his face tingle at the idea, though it nearly made his heart ceaſe to beat; and determined to ſatisfy this conjecture ere he took any meaſure for himſelf.

To ſpeak to her openly, he thought the ſureſt as well as faireſt way; and reſolved with whatever anguiſh, ſhould he find the Major favoured, to aid her choice in his fraternal character, and then travel till he ſhould forget her in every other.

For this purpoſe, it was neceſſary to make immediate enquiry into the ſituation of the Major, and then, if ſhe would hear him, relate to her the reſult; well aſſured to gather the ſtate of her heart upon this ſubject, by her manner of attending to the leaſt word by which it ſhould be introduced.

Camilla, meanwhile, was ſomewhat comforted by the exertion ſhe had ſhewn, and by her hopes it had ſtruck Edgar with reſpect.

* * * *

The

The next morning, Sir Hugh ſent for her again, and begged ſhe would paſs the whole day with her ſiſter Eugenia, "and uſe all her pretty ways to amuſe her; for ſhe had returned home, the preceding morning, quite moped with melancholy, and had continued pining ever ſince; refuſing to leave her room, even for meals, yet giving no reaſon for her behaviour. What had come to her he could not tell; but to ſee her ſo, went to his heart; for ſhe had always, he ſaid, till now, been chearful and even tempered, though thinking over her learning made her not much of a young perſon."

Camilla flew up ſtairs, and found her with a look of deſpondence, ſeated in a corner of her room, which ſhe had darkened by nearly ſhutting all the ſhutters.

She knew but too well the rude ſhock ſhe had received, and ſought to revive her with every expreſſion of ſoothing kindneſs. But ſhe ſhook her head, and continued mute, melancholy, and wrapt in meditation.

More than an hour was ſpent thus, the ſtrict orders of Sir Hugh forbidding them any intruſion: but when, at length, Camilla, ventured to ſay, "Is it poſſible, my deareſt Eugenia, the paſſing inſolence of two or or three brutal wretches can affect you

 thus

thus deeply?" She awakened from her ſilent trance, and raiſing her head, while ſomething bordering upon reſentment began to kindle in her breaſt, cried, "Spare me this queſtion, Camilla, and I will ſpare you all reproach."

"What reproach, my dear ſiſter," cried Camilla, amazed, "what reproach have I merited?"

"The reproach," anſwered ſhe, ſolemnly; "that, from me, all my family merit! the reproach of repreſenting to me that thouſands reſembled me! of aſſuring me I had nothing peculiar to myſelf, though I was ſo unlike all my family—of deluding me into utter ignorance of my unhappy defects, and then caſting me, all unconſcious and unprepared, into the wide world to hear them!"

She would now have ſhut herſelf into her book-cloſet; but Camilla, forcing her way, and almoſt kneeling to be heard, conjured her to drive ſuch cruel ideas from her mind, and to treat the barbarous inſults that ſhe had ſuffered with the contempt they deſerved.

"Camilla," ſaid ſhe, firmly; "I am no longer to be deceived nor trifled with. I will no more expoſe to the light a form and face ſo hideous:—I will retire from all

mankind,

mankind, and end my deſtined courſe in a ſolitude that no one ſhall diſcover."

Camilla, terrified, beſought her to form no ſuch plan, bewailed the unfortunate adventure of the preceding day, inveighed againſt the inhuman women, and pleaded the love of all her family with the moſt energetic affection.

"Thoſe women," ſaid ſhe, calmly, "are not to blame; they have been untutored, but not falſe; and they have only uttered ſuch truths as I ought to have learnt from my cradle. My own blindneſs has been infatuated; but it ſprung from inattention and ignorance.—It is now removed!—Leave me, Camilla; give notice to my Uncle he muſt find me ſome retreat. Tell all that has paſſed to my father. I will myſelf write to my mother—and when my mind is more ſubdued, and when ſincerely and unaffectedly I can forgive you all from my heart, I may conſent to ſee you again."

She then poſitively inſiſted upon being left.

Camilla, penetrated with her undeſerved, yet irremediable diſtreſs, ſtill continued at her door, ſupplicating for re-admittance in the ſofteſt terms; but without any ſucceſs till the ſecond dinner bell ſummoned her down ſtairs. She then fervently called

upon her ſiſter to ſpeak once more, and tell her what ſhe muſt do, and what ſay?

Eugenia ſteadily anſwered: "You have already my commiſſion: I have no change to make in it."

Unable to obtain any thing further, ſhe painfully deſcended: but the voice of her Uncle no ſooner reached her ears from the dining parlour, than, ſhocked to convey to him ſo terrible a meſſage, ſhe again ran up ſtairs, and caſting herſelf againſt her ſiſter's door, called out "Eugenia, I dare not obey you! would you kill my poor Uncle? My Uncle, who loves us all ſo tenderly? Would you afflict—would you make him unhappy?"

"No, not for the univerſe!" ſhe anſwered, opening the door; and then, more gently, yet not leſs ſtedfaſtly, looking at her, "I know," ſhe continued, you are all very good; I know all was meant for the beſt; I know I muſt be a monſter not to love you for the very error to which I am a victim. —I forgive you therefore all! and I bluſh to have felt angry.—But yet—at the age of fifteen—at the inſtant of entering into the world—at the approach of forming a connection which—O Camilla! what a time, what a period, to diſcover—to know—that I cannot even be ſeen without being derided and offended!"

Her

Her voice here faultered, and, running to the window curtain, ſhe entwined herſelf in its folds, and called out: "O hide me! hide me! from every human eye, from every thing that lives and breathes! Purſue me, perſecute me no longer, but ſuffer me to abide by myſelf, till my fortitude is better ſtrengthened to meet my deſtiny!"

The leaſt impatience from Eugenia was too rare to be oppoſed; and Camilla, who in common with all her family, notwithſtanding her extreme youth, reſpected as much as ſhe loved her, ſought only to appeaſe her by promiſing compliance. She gave to her, therefore, an unreſiſted, though unreturned embrace, and went to the dining parlour.

Sir Hugh was much diſappointed to ſee her without her ſiſter; but ſhe evaded any account of her commiſſion till the meal was over, and then begged to ſpeak with him alone.

Gently and gradually ſhe diſcloſed the ſource of the ſadneſs of Eugenia: but Sir Hugh heard it with a diſmay that almoſt overwhelmed him. All his contrition for the evils of which, unhappily, he had been the cauſe, returned with ſevereſt force, and far from oppoſing her ſcheme of retreat, he empowered Camilla to offer her any reſidence ſhe choſe; and to tell her he would

keep

keep out of her ſight, as the cauſe of all her misfortunes; or give her the immediate poſſeſſion and diſpoſal of his whole eſtate, if that would make her better amends than to wait till his death.

This meſſage was no ſooner delivered to Eugenia, than loſing at once every angry impreſſion, ſhe haſtened down ſtairs, and caſting herſelf at his knees begged him to pardon her deſign, and promiſed never to leave him while ſhe lived.

Sir Hugh, moſt affectionately embracing her, ſaid—"You are too good, my dear, a great deal too good, to one who has uſed you ſo ill, at the very time when you were too young to help yourſelf. I have not a word to offer in my own behalf; except to hope you will forgive me for the ſake of its being all done out of pure ignorance."

"Alas, my deareſt Uncle! all I owe to your intentions, is the deepeſt gratitude; and it is your's from the bottom of my heart. Chance alone was my enemy; and all I have to regret is, that no one was ſincere enough, kind enough, conſiderate enough, to inſtruct me of the extent of my misfortunes and prepare me for the attacks to which I am liable."

"My dear girl," ſaid he, while tears ſtarted into his eyes, "what you ſay nobody can reply to; and I find I have been doing

doing you one wrong after another, instead of the leaſt good: for all this was by my own order; which it is but fair to your brothers and ſiſters, and father and mother, and the ſervants, to confeſs. God knows, I have faults enough of my own upon my head, without taking another of pretending to have none!"

Eugenia now ſought to condole him in her turn, voluntarily promiſing to mix with the family as uſual, and only deſiring to be excuſed from going abroad, or ſeeing any ſtrangers.

"My dear," ſaid he, "you ſhall judge juſt what you think fit, which is the leaſt thing I can do for you, after your being ſo kind as to forgive me; which I hope to do nothing in future not to deſerve more; meaning always to aſk my brother's advice; which might have ſaved me all my worſt actions, if I had done it ſooner: for I've uſed poor Camilla no better; except not giving her the ſmall pox, and that bad fall. But don't hate me, my dears, if you can help it, for it was none of it done for want of love; only not knowing how to ſhew it in the proper manner; which I hope you'll excuſe for the ſcore of my bad education."

"O, my Uncle!" cried Camilla, throwing her arms round his neck, while Eugenia embraced his knees, "what language

is

is this for nieces who owe ſo much to your goodneſs, and who, next to their parents, love you more than any thing upon earth!"

"You are both the beſt little girls in the world, my dears, and I need have nothing upon my conſcience if you two paſs it over; which is a great relief to me; for there's nobody elſe I've uſed ſo bad as you two young girls; which, God knows, goes to my heart whenever I think of it.—Poor little innocents!—what had you ever done to provoke me?"

The two ſiſters, with the moſt virtuous emulation, vied with each other in demonſtrative affection, till he was tolerably conſoled.

The reſt of the day was ruffled but for one moment; upon Sir Hugh's anſwering, to a propoſition of Miſs Margland for a party to the next Middleton races,—that there was no refuſing to let Eugenia take that pleaſure, after her behaving ſo nobly: her face was then again overcaſt with the deepeſt gloom; and ſhe begged not to hear of the races, nor of any other place, public or private, for going abroad, as ſhe meant during the reſt of her life, immoveably to remain at home.

He looked much concerned, but aſſured her ſhe ſhould be miſtreſs in every thing.

Camilla left them in the evening, with a promiſe to return the next day; and with every anxiety of her own loſt in pity for her innocent and unfortunate ſiſter.

She was ſoon, however, called back to herſelf, when, with what light yet remained, ſhe ſaw Edgar ride up to the coach door.

With indefatigable pains he had devoted the day to the ſearch of information concerning the Major. Of Mrs. Arlbery he had learned, that he was a man of faſhion, but ſmall fortune; and from the Enſign he had gathered, that even that ſmall fortune was gone, and that the eſtate in which it was veſted, had been mortgaged for three thouſand pounds, to pay certain debts of honour.

Edgar had already been to the Parſonage Houſe, but hearing Camilla was at Cleves, had made a ſhort viſit, and determined to walk his horſe upon the road till he met the carriage of Sir Hugh; believing he could have no better opportunity of ſeeing her alone.

Yet when the coach, upon his riding up to the door, ſtopt, he found himſelf in an embarraſſment for which he was unprepared. He aſked how ſhe did; deſired news of the health of all the family one by one;

and

and then, ſtruck by the coldneſs of her anſwers, ſuffered the carriage to drive on.

Confounded at ſo ſudden a loſs of all preſence of mind, he continued, for a minute or two, juſt where ſhe left him; and then followed the coach, and again preſented himſelf at its window.

In a voice and manner the moſt hurried, he apologiſed for this ſecond detention. "But, I believe," he ſaid, "ſome genius of officiouſneſs has to-day taken poſſeſſion of me, for I began it upon a Quixote ſort of enterpriſe, and a ſpirit of knight-errantry ſeems willing to accompany me to its end."

He ſtopt; but indignant at his ſight, ſhe did not ſpeak.

"I know," he reſumed, with conſiderable heſitation, "that to give advice and to give pain is commonly the ſame thing:—I do not, therefore, mean—I have no intention—though ſo lately you allowed me a privilege never to be forgotten"—

He could not get on; and his embarraſſment, and this recollection, ſoon robbed Camilla of every angry emotion. She looked down, but her countenance was full of ſenſibility, and Edgar, recovering his voice, proceeded—

"My Quixotiſm, I was going to ſay, of this morning, though for a perſon of whom

I know

I know almoſt nothing would urge me to every poſſible effort—were I certain the reſult would give pleaſure to the perſon for whom alone—ſince with regard to himſelf, —I—it is merely——"

Involved in expreſſions he knew not how to clear or to finiſh, he was again without breath: and Camilla, raiſing her eyes, looked at him with aſtoniſhment.

Stammering, he then continued, that the evident admiration with which a certain gentleman was ſeen to ſigh in her train, had awakened for him an intereſt, which had induced ſome inquiries into the ſtate of his proſpects and expectations. "Theſe," he continued, "turn out to be, though not high, nor by any means adequate to—to ——however they are ſuch as ſome previous friendly exertions might render more propitious: and for thoſe previous exertions—Mr. Tyrold has a claim which it would be the pride and happineſs of my life to fulfil,—if—if—"

The if almoſt dropt inarticulated: but he added—"I ſhall make ſome further enquiries before I venture to ſay any more."

"For yourſelf, then, be they made Sir!" cried ſhe, ſuddenly ſeizing the whole of the meaning—"not for me?—whoever this perſon may be to whom you allude—to me he is utterly indifferent."

A flaſh

A flash of involuntary delight sparkled in the eyes of Edgar at these words: but filled only with her own emotions, without watching his, or waiting for any answer, she coldly bid him good night, and called to the coachman to drive fast home.

Edgar, however, was left with a sun-beam of the most lively joy. "She cares not for him," he cried, "she is angry at my interference; she has but acted a part in the apparent preference—and for *me*, perhaps, acted it!"

Momentary, however, was the pleasure such a thought could afford him;—"O, Camilla," he cried, "if, indeed, I might hope from you any partiality, why act any part at all?—how plain, how easy, how direct your road to my heart, if but straightly pursued!"

CHAP. V.

Strictures on Deformity.

CAMILLA went on to Etherington in deep diſtreſs. He has no regard for me! ſhe cried; he even deſtines me to another! He is the willing agent of the Major; he would portion me, I ſuppoſe, for him, to accelerate the impoſſibility of ever thinking of me!—And I imagined he loved me!—what a dream!—how has he deceived me!—or, alas! how have I deceived myſelf!

She was glad, however, to have made ſo decided an anſwer with reſpect to Major Cerwood, whom ſhe could not doubt to be the perſon meant, and who, preſented in ſuch a point of view, grew utterly odious to her.

The tale ſhe had to relate to Mr. Tyrold, of the ſufferings and ſad reſolution of Eugenia, obviated all comment upon her own diſturbance. He was wounded to the heart by the recital. "Alas!" he cried, "your wiſe and excellent mother always foreſaw ſome miſchief would enſue, from the

the extreme caution used to keep this dear unfortunate child ignorant of her peculiar situation. This dreadful shake might have been palliated, at least, if not spared, by the lessons of fortitude that noble woman would have inculcated in her young and ductile mind. But I could not resist the painful entreaties of my poor brother, who, thinking himself the author of her calamities, believed he was responsible for saving her from feeling them; and, imagining all the world as soft-hearted as himself, concluded, that what her own family would not tell her, she could never hear elsewhere. But who should leave any events to the caprices of chance that the precautions of foresight can determine?"

These reflections, and the thoughts of her sister, led at once and aided Camilla to stifle her own unhappiness; and for three days following, she devoted herself wholly to Eugenia.

On the morning of the fourth, instead of sending the carriage, Sir Hugh arrived himself to fetch Camilla, and to tell his brother, he must come also, to give comfort to Eugenia; for, though he had thought the worst was over, because she appeared quiet in his presence, he had just surprised her in tears, by coming upon her unawares. He had done all he could, he

he said, in vain; and nothing remained but for Mr. Tyrold to try his hand himself: "For it is but justice," he added, "to Dr. Orkborne, to say she is wiser than all our poor heads put together; so that there is no answering her for want of sense." He then told him to be sure to put one of his best sermons in his pocket to read to her.

Mr. Tyrold was extremely touched for his poor Eugenia, yet said he had half an hour's business to transact in the neighbourhood, before he could go to Cleves. Sir Hugh waited his time, and all three then proceeded together.

Eugenia received her father with a deliberate coldness that shocked him. He saw how profound was the impression made upon her mind, not merely of her personal evils, but of what she conceived to be the misconduct of her friends.

After a little general discourse, in which she bore no share, he proposed walking in the park; meaning there to take her aside, with less formality than he could otherwise desire to speak with her alone.

The ladies and Sir Hugh immediately looked for their hats or gloves: but Eugenia, saying she had a slight head-ache, walked away to her room.

"This,

"This, my dear brother," cried Sir Hugh, ſorrowfully following her with his eyes, "is the very thing I wanted you for; ſhe ſays ſhe'll never more ſtir out of theſe doors as long as ſhe's alive; which is a ſad thing to ſay, conſidering her young years; and nobody knowing how Clermont may approve it. However, it's well I've had him brought up from the beginning to the claſſics, which I rejoice at every day more and more, it being the only wiſe thing I ever did of my own head; for as to talking Latin and Greek, which I ſuppoſe is what they will chiefly be doing, there's no doubt but they may do it juſt as well in a room as in the fields, or the ſtreets."

Mr. Tyrold, after a little conſideration, followed her. He tapped at her door; ſhe aſked, in a tone of diſpleaſure, who was there?—"Your father, my dear," he anſwered; and then, haſtily opening it, ſhe propoſed returning with him down ſtairs.

"No," he ſaid; "I wiſh to converſe with you alone. The opinion I have long cheriſhed of your heart and your underſtanding, I come now to put to the proof."

Eugenia, certain of the ſubject to which he would lead, and feeling ſhe could not have more to hear than to ſay, gave him a chair, and compoſedly ſeated herſelf next to him.

"My

"My dear Eugenia," ſaid he, taking her paſſive hand, "this is the moment in which, more grievioully than ever I lament the abſence of your invaluable Mother. All I have to offer to your conſideration ſhe could much better have laid before you; and her dictates would have met with the attention they ſo completely deſerve.

"Was my Mother, then, Sir," ſaid ſhe, reproachfully, "unapprized of the worldly darkneſs in which I have been brought up? Is ſhe unacquainted that a little knowledge of books and languages is what alone I have been taught?"

"We are all but too apt," anſwered Mr. Tyrold, mildly, though ſurpriſed, "to deem nothing worth attaining but what we have miſſed; nothing worth poſſeſſing but what we are denied. How many are there, amongſt the untaught and unaccompliſhed, who would think an eſcape ſuch as yours, of all intellectual darkneſs, a compenſation for every other evil!"

"They could think ſo only, Sir, while, like me, they lived immured always in the ſame houſe, were ſeen always by the ſame people, and were total ſtrangers to the ſenſations they might excite in any others."

"My dear Eugenia, grieved as I am at the preſent ſubject of your ruminations, I rejoice to ſee in you a power of reflection,

 and

and of combination, ſo far above your years. And it is a ſoothing idea to me to dwell upon the ultimate benevolence of Providence, even in circumſtances the moſt afflicting: for if chance has been unkind to you, Nature ſeems with foſtering foreſight, to have endowed you with preciſely thoſe powers that may beſt ſet aſide her malignity."

"I ſee, Sir," cried ſhe, a little moved, "the kindneſs of your intention; but pardon me if I anticipate to you its ill ſucceſs. I have thought too much upon my ſituation and my deſtiny to admit any fallacious comfort. Can you, indeed, when once her eyes are opened, can you expect to reconcile to exiſtence a poor young creature who ſees herſelf an object of deriſion and diſguſt? Who, without committing any crime, without offending any human being, finds ſhe cannot appear but to be pointed at, ſcoffed and inſulted!"

"O my child! with what a picture do you wound my heart, and tear your own peace and happineſs! Wretches who in ſuch a light can view outward deficiencies cannot merit a thought, are below even contempt, and ought not to be diſdained, but forgotten. Make a conqueſt, then, my Eugenia, of yourſelf; be as ſuperior in your feelings as in your underſtanding, and

remember

remember what Addiſon admirably ſays in one of the Spectators: " A too acute ſenſibility of perſonal defects, is one of the greateſt weakneſſes of ſelf-love."

" I ſhould be ſorry, Sir, you ſhould attribute to vanity what I now ſuffer. No! it is ſimply the effect of never hearing, never knowing, that ſo ſevere a call was to be made upon my fortitude, and therefore never arming myſelf to ſuſtain it."

" My deareſt Eugenia, good and evil are much more equally divided in this world than you are yet aware: none poſſeſs the firſt without alloy, nor the ſecond without palliation. Indiana, for example, now in the full bloom of all that beauty can beſtow, tell me, and aſk yourſelf ſtrictly, would you change with Indiana?"

" With Indiana?" ſhe exclaimed; " O! I would forfeit every other good to change with Indiana! Indiana, who never appears but to be admired, who never ſpeaks but to be applauded."

" Yet a little, yet a moment, queſtion, and underſtand yourſelf before you ſettle you would change with her. Look forward, and look inward. Look forward, that you may view the ſhort life of admiration and applauſe for ſuch attractions from others, and their inutility to their poſſeſſor in every moment of ſolitude or re-

pose; and look inward, that you may learn to value your own peculiar riches, for times of retirement, and for days of infirmity and age!"

"Indeed, Sir,—and pray believe me, I do not mean to repine I have not the beauty of Indiana; I know and have always heard her loveliness is beyond all comparison. I have no more, therefore, thought of envying it, than of envying the brightness of the sun. I knew, too, I bore no competition with my sisters; but I never dreamt of competition. I knew I was not handsome, but I supposed many people besides not handsome, and that I should pass with the rest; and I concluded the world to be full of people who had been sufferers as well as myself, by disease or accident. These have been occasionally my passing thoughts; but the subject never seized my mind; I never reflected upon it at all, till abuse, without provocation, all at once opened my eyes, and shewed me to myself! Bear with me, then, my father, in this first dawn of terrible conviction! Many have been unfortunate,—but none unfortunate like me! Many have met with evils—but who with an accumulation like mine!"

Mr. Tyrold, extremely affected, embraced her with the utmost tenderness: "My dear, deserving, excellent child," he cried,

"what would I not endure, what facrifice not make, to foothe this cruel difturbance, till time and your own underftanding can exert their powers?" then, while ftraining her to his breaft with the fondeft parental commiferation, the tears, with which his eyes were overflowing, bedewed her cheeks.

Eugenia felt them, and, finking to the ground, preffed his knees. "O my father," fhe cried, "a tear from your revered eyes afflicts me more than all elfe! Let me not draw forth another, left I fhould become not only unhappy, but guilty. Dry them up, my deareft father—let me kifs them away."

"Tell me, then, my poor girl, you will ftruggle againft this ineffectual forrow! Tell me you will affert that fortitude which only waits for your exertion; and tell me you will forgive the mif-judging compaffion which feared to imprefs you earlier with pain!"

"I will do all, every thing you defire! my injuftice is fubdued! my complaints fhall be hufhed! you have conquered me, my beloved father! Your indulgence, your lenity fhall take place of every hardfhip, and leave me nothing but filial affection!"

Seizing this grateful moment, he then required of her to relinquifh her melancholy fcheme of feclufion from the world: "The

ſhyneſs and the fears which gave birth to it," ſaid he, "will but grow upon you if liſtened to; and they are not worthy the courage I would inſtil into your boſom—the courage, my Eugenia, of virtue!—the courage to paſs by, as if unheard, the inſolence of the hard-hearted, and ignorance of the vulgar. Happineſs is in your power, though beauty is not; and on that to ſet too high a value would be pardonable only in a weak and frivolous mind; ſince, whatever is the involuntary admiration with which it meets, every eſtimable quality and accompliſhment is attainable without it: and though, which I cannot deny, its immediate influence is univerſal, yet in every competition and in every deciſion of eſteem, the ſuperior, the elegant, the better part of mankind give their ſuffrages to merit alone. And you, in particular, will find yourſelf, through life, rather the more than the leſs valued, by every mind capable of juſtice and compaſſion, for misfortunes which no guilt has incurred."

Obſerving her now to be ſoftened, though not abſolutely conſoled, he rang the bell, and begged the ſervant, who anſwered it, to requeſt his brother would order the coach immediately, as he was obliged to return home; "And you, my love," ſaid he, "ſhall accompany me; it will be the leaſt

least exertion you can make in first breaking through your aversenefs to quit the house."

Eugenia would not resist; but her compliance was evidently repugnant to her inclination; and in going to the glass to put on her hat, she turned aside from it in shuddering, and hid her face with both her hands.

"My dearest child," cried Mr. Tyrold, enwrapping her again in his arms, "this strong susceptibility will soon wear away; but you cannot be too speedy nor too firm in resisting it. The omission of what never was in our power cannot cause remorse, and the bewailing what never can become in our power cannot afford comfort. Imagine but what would have been the fate of Indiana, had your situations been reversed, and had she, who can never acquire your capacity, and therefore never attain your knowledge, lost that beauty which is her all; but which to you, even if retained, could have been but a secondary gift. How short will be the reign of that all! how useless in sickness! how unavailing in solitude! how inadequate to long life! how forgotten, or repiningly remembered in old age! You will live to feel pity for all you now covet and admire; to grow sensible to a lot more lastingly happy in your own ac-

quirements and powers; and to exclaim, with contrition and wonder. Time was when I would have changed with the poor, mind-dependent Indiana!"

The carriage was now announced; Eugenia, with reluctant ſteps, deſcended; Camilla was called to join them, and Sir Hugh ſaw them ſet off with the utmoſt delight.

CHAP. VI.

Strictures on Beauty.

To lengthen the airing, Mr. Tyrold ordered the carriage by a new road; and to induce Eugenia to break yet another ſpell, by walking as well as riding, he propoſed their alighting, when they came to a lane, and leaving the coach in waiting while they took a ſhort ſtroll.

He gave an arm to each of his daughters, paſſing, wherever it was poſſible, cloſe to cottages, labourers, and children. Eugenia ſubmitted with a ſigh, but held down her head, affrighted at every freſh object they encountered, till, upon approaching a ſmall miſerable hut, at the door of which ſeveral children were playing, an unlucky boy called out, "O come! come! look! —here's the little hump-back gentlewoman!"

She then, clinging to her father, could not ſtir another ſtep, and caſt upon him a look of appeal and reproach that almoſt overſet him; but, after ſpeaking to her ſome words of kindneſs, he urged her to

go on, and alone, ſaying, "Throw only a ſhilling to the ſenſeleſs little crew, and let Camilla follow and give nothing, and ſee which will become the moſt popular."

They both obeyed, Eugenia fearfully and with quickneſs caſting among them ſome ſilver, and Camilla quietly walking on.

"O, I have got a ſixpence!" cried one; "and I've got a ſhilling!" ſaid another; while the mother of the little tribe came from her waſh-tub, and called out, "God bleſs your ladyſhip!" and the father quitted a little garden at the ſide of his cottage, to bow down to the ground, and cry, "Heaven reward you, good madam! you'll have have a bleſſing go along with you, go where-ever you will!"

The children then, dancing up to Camilla, begged her charity; but when, ſeconding the palpable intention of her father, ſhe ſaid ſhe had nothing for them, they looked highly diſſatisfied, while they redoubled their bleſſings to Eugenia.

"See, my child," ſaid Mr. Tyrold, now joining them, "how cheaply preference, and even flattery, may be purchaſed!"

"Ah, Sir!" ſhe anſwered, recovered from her terrour, yet deep in reflection, "this is only by bribery, and groſs bribery, too! And what pleaſure, or what

 confidence

confidence can accrue from preference ſo earned!"

"The means, my dear Eugenia, are not beneath the objects: if it is only from thoſe who unite native hardneſs with uncultured minds and manners, that civility is to be obtained by ſuch ſordid materials, remember, alſo, it is from ſuch only it can ever fail you. In the loweſt life, equally with the higheſt, wherever nature has been kind, ſympathy ſprings ſpontaneouſly for whatever is unfortunate, and reſpect for whatever ſeems innocent. Steel yourſelf, then, firmly to withſtand attacks from the cruel and unfeeling, and reſt perfectly ſecure you will have none other to apprehend."

The clear and excellent capacity of Eugenia, comprehended in this leſſon, and its illuſtration, all the ſatisfaction Mr. Tyrold hoped to impart; and ſhe was ruminating upon it with abated deſpondence, when, as they came to a ſmall houſe, ſurrounded with a high wall, Mr. Tyrold, looking through an iron gate at a female figure who ſtood at one of the windows, exclaimed—"What a beautiful creature! I have rarely, I think ſeen a more perfect face."

Eugenia, forcibly ſtruck by this untimely ſight, after a ſingle glance, bent her eyes another way; while Camilla herſelf was aſtoniſhed that her kind father ſhould call

their attention to beauty, at ſo ſore and critical a juncture.

"The examination of a fine picture," ſaid he, fixing his eyes upon the window, and ſtanding ſtill at the iron gate, "is a conſtant as well as exquiſite pleaſure; for we look at it with an internal ſecurity, that ſuch as it appears to us to-day, it will appear again to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow; but in the pleaſure given by the examination of a fine face, there is always, to a contemplative mind, ſome little mixture of pain; an idea of its fragility ſteals upon our admiration, and blends with it ſomething like ſolicitude: the conſciouſneſs how ſhort a time we can view it perfect, how quickly its brilliancy of bloom will be blown, and how ultimately it will be nothing—"

"You would have me, Sir," ſaid Eugenia, now raiſing her eyes, "learn to ſee beauty with unconcern, by depreciating its value? I feel your kind intention; but it does not come home to me; reaſoning ſuch as this may be equally applicable to any thing elſe, and degrade whatever is deſirable into inſignificance."

"No, my dear child, there is nothing, either in its poſſeſſion or its loſs, that can be compared with beauty; nothing ſo evaneſcent, and nothing that leaves be-

hind

hind it a contrast which impresses such regret. It cannot be forgotten, since the same features still remain, though they are robbed of their effect upon the beholder; the same skin is there though faded into a tint bearing no resemblance with its original state; and the same eyes present themselves to the view, though bereft of all the lustre that had rendered them captivating."

"Ah, Sir! this is an argument but formed for the moment. Is not the loss of youth the same to every body? and is not age equally unwelcome to the ugly and to the handsome?"

"For activity, for strength, and for purposes of use, certainly, my dear girl, there can be no difference; but for motives to mental regret, there can be no comparison. To those who are commonly moulded, the gradual growth of decay brings with it its gradual endurance, because little is missed from day to day; hope is not roughly chilled, nor expectation rudely blasted; they see their friends, their connections, their contemporaries, declining by the same laws, and they yield to the immutable and general lot rather imperceptibly than resignedly; but it is not so with the Beauty; her loss is not only general, but peculiar; and it is the peculiar, not the general evil, that constitutes

ſtitutes all hardſhip. Health, ſtrength, agility, and animal ſpirits, ſhe may ſorrowing feel diminiſh; but ſhe hears every one complain of ſimilar failures, and ſhe miſſes them unmurmuring, though not unlamenting; but of beauty, every declenſion is marked with ſomething painful to ſelf-love. The change manifeſted by the mirror might patiently be borne; but the change manifeſted in the eyes of every beholder, gives a ſhock that does violence to every priſtine feeling."

"This may certainly, ſir, be cruel; trying at leaſt; but then,—what a youth has ſhe firſt paſſed! Mortification comes upon her, at leaſt, in ſucceſſion; ſhe does not begin the world with it,—a ſtranger at all periods to any thing happier!"

"Ah, my child! the happineſs cauſed by perſonal attractions pays a dear after-price! The ſoldier who enters the field of battle requires not more courage, though of a different nature, than the faded beauty who enters an aſſembly-room. To be wholly diſregarded, after engaging every eye; to be unaſſiſted, after being habituated to ſeeing crouds anxiouſly offer their ſervices; to be unheard, after monopoliſing every ear—can you, indeed, perſuade yourſelf a change ſuch as this demands but ordinary firmneſs? Yet the altered female

who

who calls for it, has the leaſt chance to obtain it; for even where nature has endowed her with fortitude, the world and its flatteries have almoſt uniformly enervated it, before the ſeaſon of its exertion."

"All this may be true," ſaid Eugenia, with a ſigh; "and to me, however ſad in itſelf, it may prove conſolatory; and yet —forgive my ſincerity, when I own—I would purchaſe a better appearance at any price, any expence, any payment, the world could impoſe!"

Mr. Tyrold was preparing an anſwer when the door of the houſe, which he had ſtill continued facing, was opened, and the beautiful figure, which had for ſome time retired from the window, ruſhed ſuddenly upon a lawn before the gate againſt which they were leaning.

Not ſeeing them, ſhe ſat down upon the graſs, which ſhe plucked up by hands full, and ſtrewed over her fine flowing hair.

Camilla, fearing they ſhould ſeem impertinent, would have retreated; but Eugenia, much ſtruck, ſadly, yet with earneſtneſs, compelled herſelf to regard the object before her, who was young, fair, of a tall and ſtriking figure, with features delicately regular.

A ſigh, not to be checked, acknowledged how little either reaſoning or eloquence could

could ſubdue a wiſh to reſemble ſuch an appearance, when the young perſon, flinging herſelf ſuddenly upon her face, threw her white arms over her head, and ſobbed aloud with violence.

Aſtoniſhed, and deeply concerned, Eugenia internally ſaid, alas! what a world is this! even beauty ſo exquiſite, without waiting for age or change, may be thus miſerable!

She feared to ſpeak, leſt ſhe ſhould be heard; but ſhe looked up to her father, with an eye of conceſſion, and with an intereſt for the fair afflicted, which ſeemed to requeſt his aſſiſtance.

He motioned to her to be quiet; when the young perſon, abruptly half riſing, burſt into a fit of loud, ſhrill, and diſcordant laughter.

Eugenia now, utterly confounded, would have drawn her father away; but he was intently engaged in his obſervations, and ſteadily kept his place.

In two minutes, the laugh ceaſed all at once, and the young creature, haſtily riſing, began turning round with a velocity that no machine could have exceeded.

The ſiſters fearfully interchanged looks that ſhewed they thought her mad, and both endeavoured to draw Mr. Tyrold from the gate, but in vain; he made them hold by his arms, and ſtood ſtill.

Without

Without feeming giddy, fhe next began to jump; and he now could only detain his daughters, by fhewing them the gate, at which they ftood, was locked.

In another minute, fhe perceived them, and, coming eagerly forward, dropt feveral low courtefies, faying, at every frefh bend —"Good day!—Good day!—Good day!"

Equally trembling, they both turned pale with fear; but Mr. Tyrold, who was ftill immovable, anfwered her by a bow, and afked if fhe were well.

"Give me a fhilling!" was her reply, while the flaver unreftrained drivelled from her mouth, rendering utterly difgufting a chin that a ftatuary might have wifhed to model.

"Do you live at this houfe?" faid Mr. Tyrold.

"Yes, pleafe—yes, pleafe—yes, pleafe," fhe anfwered, twenty times following, and almoft black in the face before fhe would allow herfelf to take another breath.

A cat now appearing at the door, fhe feized it, and tried to twine it round her neck with great fondling, wholly unrefifting the fcratches which tore her fine fkin.

Next, capering forward with it towards the gate, "Look! look!" fhe cried, "here's pufs!—here's pufs!—here's pufs!"

Then, letting it fall, fhe tore her hand-
kerchief

kerchief off her neck, put it over her face, ſtrained it as tight as ſhe was able, and tied it under her chin; making a noiſe meanwhile that reſembled nothing human.

"Take, take me away, my father!" cried Eugenia, "I ſee, I feel your awful leſſon! but impreſs it no further, leſt I die in receiving it!"

Mr. Tyrold immediately moved off without ſpeaking; Camilla, penetrated for her ſiſter, obſerved the ſame ſilence; and Eugenia, hanging upon her father, and abſorbed in profound rumination, only by the depth of her ſighs made her exiſtence known; and without the interchange of a word, ſlowly and penſively they walked back to the carriage.

Eugenia broke the ſilence as ſoon as they were ſeated: "O, my father!" ſhe exclaimed, "what a ſight have you made me witneſs! how dread a reproof have you given to my repining ſpirit! Did you know this unhappy beauty was at that houſe? Did you lead me thither purpoſely to diſplay to me her ſhocking imbecility?"

"Relying upon the excellence of your undeſtanding, I ventured upon an experiment more powerful, I well knew, than all that reaſon could urge; an experiment not only ſtriking at the moment, but which, by playing upon the imagination, as well as

convincing

convincing the judgment, muſt make an impreſſion that can never be effaced. I have been informed, for ſome time, that this poor girl was in our neighbourhood; ſhe was born an idiot, and therfore, having never known brighter days, is inſenſible to her terrible ſtate. Her friends are opulent, and that houſe is taken, and a woman is paid, to keep her in exiſtence and in obſcurity. I had heard of her uncommon beauty, and when the news reached me of my dear Eugenia's diſtreſs, the idea of this meeting occurred to me; I rode to the houſe, and engaged the woman to detain her unfortunate charge at the window till we appeared, and then to let her looſe into the garden. Poor, ill fated young creature! it has been, indeed, a melancholy ſight."

"A ſight," cried Eugenia, "to come home to me with ſhame!—O, my dear Father! your preſcription ſtrikes to the root of my diſeaſe!—ſhall I ever again dare murmur!—will any ſelf-love ever again make me believe no lot ſo hapleſs as my own! I will think of her when I am diſcontented; I will call to my mind this ſpectacle of human degradation—and ſubmit, at leaſt with calmneſs, to my lighter evils and milder fate."

"My excellent child! this is juſt what I expected from the candour of your temper, and

and the rectitude of your ſentiments. You have ſeen, here, the value of intellects in viewing the horrour of their loſs; and you have witneſſed, that beauty, without mind, is more dreadful than any deformity. You have ſeized my application, and left me nothing to enforce; my dear, my excellent child! you have left for your fond Father nothing but tender approbation! With the utmoſt thankfulneſs to Providence, I have marked from your earlieſt childhood, the native juſtneſs of your underſtanding; which, with your ſtudious inclination to ſedentary accompliſhments, has proved a reviving ſource of conſolation to your mother and to me, for the cruel accidents we have inceſſantly lamented. How will that admirable mother rejoice in the recital I have to make to her! What pride will ſhe take in a daughter ſo worthily her own, ſo reſembling her in nobleneſs of nature, and a ſuperior way of thinking! Her tears, my child, like mine, will thank you for your exertions! ſhe will ſtrain you to her fond boſom, as your father ſtrains you at this moment!"

"Yes, Sir," cried Eugenia, "your kind taſk is now completed with your vanquiſhed Eugenia! her thoughts, her occupations, her happineſs, ſhall henceforth all be centered in filial gratitude and contentment."

The

The affectionate Camilla, throwing her arms about them both, bathed each with the tears of joy and admiration, which this soothing conclusion to an adventure so severe excited.

CHAP. VII.

The Pleadings of Pity.

TO oblige Mr. Tyrold, who had made the arrangement with Sir Hugh, Eugenia confented to dine and fpend the day at Etherington, which fhe quitted at night in a temper of mind perfectly compofed.

Camilla was deeply penetrated by the whole of this affair. The fufferings, fo utterly unearned by fault or by folly, of a fifter fo dear to her, and the affecting fortitude which, fo quickly upon her wounds, and at fo early a period of life, fhe already begun to difplay, made her blufh at the dejection into which fhe was herfelf caft by every evil, and refolve to become in future more worthy of the father and the fifter, who at this moment abforbed all her admiration.

Too reafonable, in fuch a frame of mind, to plan forgetting Mandlebert, fhe now only determined to think of him as fhe had thought before her affections became entangled; to feek his friendly offices and advice

advice, but to reject every offered eſtabliſhment, and live ſingle for life.

Gratified by indulgent praiſe, and ſuſtained by exerted virtue, the revived Eugenia had nearly reached Cleves, on her return, when the carriage was ſtopt by a gentleman on horſeback, who approaching the coach window, ſaid, in a low voice, as if unwilling to be heard by the ſervants—"O, Madam! has Fate ſet aſide her cruelty? and does Fortune permit me to live once more?"

She then recollected Mr. Bellamy. She had only her maid in the carriage, who was ſent for her by Sir Hugh, Miſs Margland being otherwiſe engaged.

All that had ſo lately paſſed upon her perſon and appearance being full upon her mind, ſhe involuntarily ſhrank back, hiding her face with her cloak.

Bellamy, by no means conceiving this mark of emotion to be unfavourable, ſteadied his horſe, by leaning one hand on the coach-window, and ſaid, in a yet lower voice—"O, madam! is it poſſible you can hate me ſo barbarouſly?—will you not even deign to look at me, though I have ſo long been baniſhed from your preſence?"

Eugenia, during this ſpeech, called to mind, that though new, in ſome meaſure, to herſelf, ſhe was not ſo to this gentleman, and ventured

tured to uncover her face; when the grief painted on the fine features of Bellamy, fo forcibly touched her, that fhe foftly anfwered—"No, Sir, indeed I do not hate you; I am incapable of fuch ingratitude; but I conjure—I befeech you to forget me!"

"Forget you?—O, Madam! you command an impoffibility!—No, I am conftancy itfelf, and not all the world united fhall tear you from my heart!"

Jacob, who caught a word or two, now rode up to the other window, and as Eugenia began—"Conquer, Sir, I entreat you, this ill-fated partiality!—" told her the horfes had been hard-worked, and muft go home.

As Jacob was the oracle of Sir Hugh about his horfes, his will was prefcriptive law: Eugenia never difputed it, and only faying—"Think of me, Sir, no more!" bid the coachman drive on.

Bellamy, refpectfully fubmitting, continued, with his hat in his hand, as the maid informed her miftrefs, looking after the carriage till it was out of fight.

A tender forrow now ftole upon the juft revived tranquillity of the gentle and generous Eugenia. "Ah!" thought fhe, little as I feem worthy of fuch power, I have made this amiable man miferable, though poffibly

possibly, and probably, he is the only man in existence whom I could render happy! —Ah! how may I dare expect from Clermont a similar passion?"

Molly Mill, a very young girl, and daughter of a poor tenant of Sir Hugh, interrupted these reflections from time to time, with remarks upon their object. "Deare me, Miss," she cried, "what a fine gentleman that was!—he sighed like to split his heart when you said, don't think about me no more. He's some loveyer, like, I'm sure."

Eugenia returned home so much moved by this incident, that Sir Hugh, believing his brother himself had failed to revive her, was disturbed all anew with acute contrition for her disasters, and feeling very unwell, went to bed before supper time.

Eugenia retired also; and after spending the evening in soft compassion for Bellamy, and unfixed apprehensions and distaste for young Lynmere, was preparing to go to bed, when Molly Mill, out of breath with haste, brought her a letter.

She eagerly opened it, whilst enquiring whence it came.

"O, Miss, the fine gentleman—that same fine gentleman—brought it himself: and he sent for me out, and I did not know who I was to go to; for Mary only said a

boy wanted me; but the boy ſaid, I muſt come with him to the ſtyle; and when I come there, who ſhould I ſee but the fine gentleman himſelf! And he gave me this letter, and he aſked me to give it you—and ſee! look Miſs! what I got for my trouble!"

See then exhibited a half-guinea.

"You have not done right, Molly, in accepting it. Money is bribery; and you ſhould have known that the letter was improperly addreſſed, if bribery was requiſite to make it delivered."

"Dearee me, Miſs, what's half-a-guinea to ſuch a gentleman as that? I dare ſay he's got his pockets full of them!"

"I ſhall not read it, certainly," cried Eugenia, "now I know this circumſtance. Give me the wax—I will ſeal it again."

She then heſitated whether ſhe ought to return it, or ſhew it to her uncle, or commit it to the flames.

That to which ſhe was moſt unwilling, appeared, to the ſtrictneſs of her principles, to be moſt proper: ſhe therefore determined that the next morning ſhe would relate her evening's adventure, and deliver the unread letter to Sir Hugh.

Had this epiſtle not perplexed her, ſhe had meant never to name its writer. Perſuaded her laſt words had finally diſmiſſed him,

him, ſhe thought it a high point of female delicacy never to publiſh an unſucceſsful conqueſt.

This reſolution taken, ſhe went to bed, ſatisfied with herſelf, but extremely grieved at the ſufferings ſhe was preparing for one who ſo ſingularly loved her.

The next morning, however, her uncle did not riſe to breakfaſt, and was ſo low ſpirited, that fearing to diſturb him, ſhe deemed it moſt prudent to defer the communication.

But when, after ſhe had taken her leſſon from Dr. Orkborne, ſhe returned to her room, ſhe found Molly Mill impatiently waiting for her: "O, Miſs," ſhe cried, "here's another letter for you! and you muſt read it directly, for the gentleman ſays if you don't it will be the death of him."

"Why did you receive another letter?" ſaid Eugenia, diſpleaſed.

"Dearee me, Miſs, how could I help it? if you'd ſeen the taking he was in, you'd have took it yourſelf. He was all of a quake, and ready to go down of his two knees. Dearee me, if it did not make my heart go pit-pat to ſee him! He was like to go out of his mind, he ſaid, and the tears, poor gentleman, were all in his eyes."

Eugenia now turned away, ſtrongly affected by this deſcription.

"Do, Miſs," continued Molly, "write him a little ſcrap, if its never ſo ſcratched and bad. He'll take it kinder than nothing. Do, Miſs, do. And juſt read this little letter, do, Miſs, do;—it won't take you much time, you reads ſo nice and faſt."

"Why," cried Eugenia, "did you go to him again? how could you ſo incautiouſly entruſt yourſelf to the conduct of a ſtrange boy?"

"A ſtrange boy! dearee me, Miſs, don't you know it was Tommy Hodd; I knows him well enough; I knows all the boys, I warrant me, round about here. Come Miſs, you'll run it off before one can count five, when you've a mind to it. He'll be in a ſad taking till he ſees me come back."

"Come back? is it poſſible you have been ſo imprudent as to have promiſed to ſee him again?"

"Dearee me, yes, Miſs! he'd have made away with himſelf if I had not. He'd been there ever ſince ſix in the morning, without nothing to eat or drink, a riding up and down the road, till he could ſee me coming to the ſtyle. And he ſay's he'll keep a riding there all day long, and all night too, till I goes to him."

Eugenia conceived herſelf now in a ſituation

ation of unexampled diſtreſs. She forced Molly Mill to leave her, that ſhe might deliberate what courſe to purſue.

Having read no novels, her imagination had never been awakened to ſcenes of this kind; and what ſhe had gathered upon ſuch ſubjects in the poetry and hiſtory ſhe had ſtudied with Dr. Orkborne, had only impreſſed her fancy in proportion as love bore the character of heroiſm, and the lover that of an hero. Though highly therefore romantic, her romance was not the common adoption of a circulating library: it was ſimply that of elevated ſentiments, formed by animated credulity playing upon youthful inexperience.

Though checked by ſhame, ſhe had ſome deſire to conſult Camilla; but ſhe could not ſee her in time, Mrs. Arlbery having inſiſted upon carrying her in the evening to a play, which was to be performed, for one night only, by a company of paſſing ſtrollers at Northwick.

"My deciſion," ſhe cried, "muſt be my own, and muſt be immediate. With tears he ſent me his letters!—what muſt not have been his deſpair when ſuch was his ſenſibility? tears, too, that could not be reſtrained even till his meſſenger was out of ſight!—

Her own then fell, in tender commiſer-

ation, and it was with extreme repugnance ſhe compelled herſelf to take ſuch meaſures as ſhe thought her duty required. She ſealed the two letters in an empty cover, and having directed them to Mr. Bellamy, ſummoned Molly Mill, and told her to convey them to the gentleman, and poſitively acquaint him ſhe muſt receive no more, and that thoſe which were returned had never been read. She bid her, however, add, that ſhe ſhould always wiſh for his happineſs, and be grateful for his kind partiality.

Molly Mill would fain have remonſtrated; but Eugenia, with that firmneſs which, even in the firſt youth, accompanies a conſciouſneſs of preferring duty to inclination, ſilenced, and ſent her off.

Relieved for herſelf, now the ſtruggle was over, ſhe ſecretly rejoiced that it was not for Melmond ſhe had ſo hard a part to act.

But when Molly returned, her diſtreſs was renewed: ſhe brought her theſe words written with a pencil upon the back of her own cover:

"I do not dare, cruel'eſt of your ſex, to write you another letter; but if you would ſave me from the abyſs of deſtruction, you will let me hear my final doom from your own

own mouth. I aſk nothing more! Ah! walk but one moment in the park, near the pales; deny not your miſerable adorer this laſt ſingle requeſt, and he will fly this fatal climate which has ſwallowed up his repoſe for ever! But till then, here he will ſtay, and never quit the ſpot whence he ſends you theſe lines, till you have deigned to pronounce verbally his doom, though he ſhould famiſh for want of food!

ALPHONSO BELLAMY."

Eugenia read this with horrour and compaſſion. She imagined he perhaps thought her confined, and would therefore believe no anſwer that did not iſſue immediately from her own lips. She ſent Molly to him again with the ſame meſſage; but Molly returned with a yet worſe account of his deſperation, and a ſtrong aſſurance, that if ſhe would only utter to him a ſingle word, he would obey, depart, and live upon it the reſt of his life.

This completely ſoftened her. Rather than imperiouſly ſuffer ſuch a pattern of reſpectful conſtancy to periſh, ſhe conſented to ſpeak her own negative. But fearing ſhe might be moved to ſome ſympathy by his grief, ſhe reſolved to be accompanied by Camilla, and deferred, therefore, the interview till the next day.

Molly brought back his humble acknowledgments for this conceſſion, and an account that, at laſt, ſlowly and ſadly, he had ridden away.

Her feelings were now better ſatisfied than her underſtanding. She feared what ſhe had granted was a favour; yet her heart was too tender to reproach a compliance made upon ſuch conditions, and to prevent ſuch evils.

CHAP. VIII.

The disastrous Buskins.

CAMILLA, though her personal sorrows were blunted by the view of the calamities and resignation of her sister, was so little disposed for amusement, that she had accepted the invitation of Mrs. Arlbery, only from wanting spirit to resist its urgency. Mr. Tyrold was well pleased that such a recreation came in her way, but desired Lavinia might be of the party: not only that she might share the same pleasure, but from a greater security in her prudence, than in that of her naturally thoughtless sister.

The town of Etherington afforded no theatre; and the room fitted up for the night's performance could contain but two boxes, one of which was secured for Mrs. Arlbery and her friends.

The attentive Major was ready to offer his hand to Camilla upon her arrival. The rest of the officers were in the box.

The play was Othello; and so miserably represented, that Lavinia would willingly

have retired after the firſt ſcene: but the native ſpirits of Camilla reviſited her in the view of ludicrous perſonages of the drama. And they were ſoon joined by Sir Sedley Clarendel, whoſe quaint conceits and remarks aſſiſted the riſibility of the ſcene. She thought him the leaſt comprehenſible perſon ſhe had ever known; but as he was totally indifferent to her, his oddity entertained without tormenting her.

The actors were of the loweſt ſtrolling kind, and ſo utterly without merit, that they had never yet met with ſufficient encouragement to remain one week in the ſame place. They had only a ſingle ſcene for the whole performance, which depictured a camp, and which here ſerved for a ſtreet, a ſenate, a city, a caſtle, and a bedchamber.

The dreſſes were almoſt equally parſimonionious, every one being obliged to take what would fit him, from a wardrobe that did not allow quite two dreſſes a perſon for all the plays they had to enact. Othello, therefore, was equipped as king Richard the third, ſave that inſtead of a regal front he had a black wig, to imitate wool: while his face had been begrimmed with a ſmoked cork. Iago wore a ſuit of cloaths originally made for Lord Foppington: Brabantio had

had borrowed the armour of Hamlet's Ghoſt: Caſſio, the Lieutenant General in the chriſtian army, was reduced to adorn himſelf in Oſmyn's Turkiſh veſt; and Roderigo, accoutered in the garment of Shylock, came forth a complete Jew.

Deſdemona, attired more ſuitably to her fate than to her expectations, went through the whole of her part, except the laſt ſcene, in the ſable weeds of Iſabella. And Emelia was fain to content herſelf with the habit of the firſt witch in Macbeth.

The geſtures, both of the gentlemen and ladies, were as outrageous as if meant rather to intimidate the audience, than to ſhew their own animation; and the men approached each other ſo cloſely with arms a-kimbo, or double fiſts, that Sir Sedley, with pretended alarm, ſaid they were giving challenges for a boxing match.

The ladies alſo, in the energy of their deſire not to be eclipſed, took ſo much exerciſe in their action, that they tore out the ſleeves of their gowns; which, though pinned up every time they left the ſtage, completely expoſed their ſhoulders at the end of every act; and they raiſed their arms ſo high while facing each other, that Sir Sedley expreſſed frequent fears they meant to finiſh by pulling caps.

So imperfect were they alſo in their

parts, that the prompter was the only perſon from whom any ſingle ſpeech paſſed without a blunder.

Iago, who was the maſter of the troop, was the ſole performer who ſpoke not with a provincial dialect: the reſt all betrayed their birth and parentage the firſt line they uttered.

Caſſio proclaimed himſelf from Norfolk:

The Deuk dew greet yew, General,
- - - - - - - - - -
Being not at yew're lodging to be feund - - -
The ſenate ſent above tree ſeveral queſts, &c.

Othello himſelf proved a true Londoner; and with his famed ſoldier-like eloquence in the ſenate-ſcene, thus began his celebrated defence.

Moſt potent, grawe, and rewerend Seignors,
My wery noble and approwed good maſters,
That I have ta'en avay this old man's darter—
I vill a round, unwarniſh'd tale deliver
Of my whole courſe of love: vat drugs, vat charms,
Vat conjuration, and vat mighty magic
I von his darter vith——
Her father lov'd me, oft inwited me——
——My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a vorld of ſighs,
She ſvore in faith 'tvas ſtrange, 'tvas paſſing ſtrange,
'Tvas pitiful, 't'vas vondrous pitiful;
She viſh'd ſhe had not heard it; yet ſhe viſh'd
That Heawen had made her ſuch a man.——
This only is the vitchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her vitneſs it.

This

This happily making the gentle Defdemona recognifed, notwithftanding her appearance was fo little bridal, her Somerfetfhire father cried:

> I pray you hear 'ur zpeak.
> If a confez that a waz half the woer
> Deztruction on my head, if my bead bleame
> Light o' the mon!

His daughter, in the Worcefterfhire pronunciation, anfwered:

> Noble father,
> Hi do perceive ere a divided duty;
> To you hi howe my life hand heducation,
> My life hand heducation both do teach me
> Ow to refpect you. You're the lord hof duty;
> Hi'm itherto your daughter; but ere's my ufband!——

The fond Othello then exclaimed:

> Your woices, lords! befeech you let her vill
> Have a free vay?——

And Barbantio took leave with

> Look to'ur, Moor! if th' azt eyez to zee;
> A haz deceiv'd 'ur veather, and may thee.—

They were detained fo long between the firft and fecond act, that Sir Sedley faid he feared poor Defdemona had loft the thread-paper from which fhe was to mend her gown, and recommended to the two young ladies to have the charity to go and affift her.

her. "Confider," he faid, "the trepidation of a fair bride but juft entered into her fhackles. Who knows but Othello may be giving her a ftrapping, in private, for wearing out her cloaths fo faft in public! you young ladies think nothing of thefe little conjugal freedoms."

Mrs. Arlbery, though for fome time fhe had been as well diverted by the play as Camilla, lefs new to fuch exhibitions, was foon tired of the famenefs of the blunders, and, at the end of the fourth act, propofed retiring. But Camilla, who had long not felt fo much entertained, looked fo difappointed, that her good humour overcame her fatigue, and fhe was infifting upon ftaying; when a gentleman, who vifited them from the oppofite box, propofed that the young ladies fhould be carried home by his mother, a lady who lived at Etherington, and was acquainted at the rectory, and who intended to ftay out not only the play but the farce. Lavinia confented; the fon went with the propofition, and the bufinefs was foon arranged. Mrs. Arlbery, who had three miles to go beyond the parfonage-houfe, and who, though fhe delighted to oblige, was but little in the habit of practifing felf-denial, then con-

ſigned the young ladies to General Kinſale, to be conducted to the oppoſite box, and was handed by Colonel Andover to her coach.

The General guarded the eldeſt ſiſter; the Major took care of Camilla: but they were all ſtopt in their paſſage by the ſudden ſeizure of a pickpocket, and forced haſtily back to the box they had quitted.

This commotion, though it had diſturbed all the audience, had not ſtopt the performance; and Deſdemona being juſt now diſcovered in bed, Camilla not to loſe the intereſting ſcene, perſuaded her ſiſter to wait till the play was over, before they attempted again to croſs to the oppoſite box; into which, in a few minutes after, ſhe ſaw Mandlebert enter.

They had both already ſeated themſelves as much out of ſight as poſſible; and Camilla now began to regret ſhe had not accompanied Mrs. Arlbery. She had thought but of the play and its entertainment, till the ſight of Mandlebert told her that her ſituation was improper; and the idea only occured to her by conſidering that it would occur to him.

Mandlebert had dined out with a party

of men, and had ftept in to fee what was going forwards, without any knowledge whom he fhould meet: he inftantly difcerned Lavinia, and felt anxious to know why fhe fat fo much out of fight: but Camilla fo completely hid herfelf, he could only fee there was another female, whom he concluded to be fome Etherington lady; and he determined to make further enquiry when the act fhould be over.

The performance now became fo truly ludicrous, that Camilla, notwithftanding all her uneafinefs, was excited to almoft perpetual laughter.

Defdemona, either from the effect of a bad cold, or to give more of nature to her repofe, breathed fo hard, as to raife a general laugh in the audience; Sir Sedley, ftopping his ears, exclaimed, "O, if fhe fnores I fhall plead for her no more, if fhe tear her gown to tatters! Suffocation is much too lenient for her. She's an immenfe horrid perfonage! nafal to alarm!"

Othello then entered with a tallow candle in his hand, flaring and dropping greafe at every ftep; and, having juft declared he would not

Scar that vhiter fkin of hers than fnow,

perceived

perceived a thief in the candle, which made it run down ſo faſt over his hand, and the ſleeve of his coat, that, the moment not being yet arrived for extinguiſhing it, he was forced to lay down his ſword, and, for want of better means, ſnuff it with his fingers.

Sir Sedley now proteſted himſelf completely diſordered: "I muſt be gone," cried he, "incontinently; this exceeds reſiſtance: I ſhan't be alive in another minute. Are you able to form a notion of any thing more annihilating? If I did not build upon the pleaſure of ſeeing him ſtop up thoſe diſtreſſing noſtrils of the gentle Deſdemona, I could not breathe here another inſtant."

But juſt after, while Othello leant over the bed to ſay—

"Vhen I've pluck'd the roſe
I cannot give it wital growth again,
It needs muſt vither"—

his black locks caught fire.

The candle now fell from his hand, and he attempted to pull off his wig; but it had been tied cloſe on, to appear more natural, and his fright diſabled him; he therefore flung himſelf upon the bed, and rolled the coverlid over his head.

Deſdemona,

Desdemona, excessively frightened, started up, and jumped out, shrieking aloud—"O, Lord! I shall be burnt!"

This noble Venetian Dame then exhibited, beneath an old white sattin bedgown, made to cover her arms and breast, the dress in which she had equipped herself, between the acts, to be ready for trampling home; namely, a dirty red and white linen gown, an old blue stuff quilted coat, and black shoes and stockings.

In this pitiable condition, she was running, screaming, off the stage, when Othello, having quenched the fire, unconscious that half his curls had fallen a sacrifice to the flames, hastily pursued her, and, in a violent passion, called her a fool, and brought her back to the bed; in which he assisted her to compose herself, and then went behind the scenes to light his candle; which having done, he gravely returned, and, very carefully putting it down, renewed his part with the line.

"Be thus vhen thou art dead, and I vill kill thee
And love thee after—"

Amidst roars of laughter from the whole audience, who, when he kissed her, almost with one voice called out—"Ay ay, that's right—kiss and friends!"

And

And when he ſaid—

I muſt veep"—

"So muſt I too, my good friend," cried Sir Sedley, wiping his eyes, "for never yet did ſorrow coſt me more ſalt rheum!"

And again, when Othello exclaimed—

"She vakes?"

"The deuce ſhe does?" cried Sir Sedley, "what! has ſhe been aſleep again already? She's a very caricatura of Morpheus. Ay, do thy worſt, honeſt Mungo. I can't poſſibly beg her off. I would ſooner ſnift thy farthing candle once a day, than ſuſtain that naſal cadence ever more."

"He's the fineſt fellow upon the face of the earth," cried Mr. Macderſey, who had liſtened to the whole play with the moſt ſerious intereſt; "the inſtant he ſuſpects his wife, he cuts her off without a word, though ſhe's dearer to him than his eye ſight, and beautiful as an angel. How I envy him!"

"Don't you think 'twould have been as well," ſaid General Kinſale, "if he'd firſt made ſome little enquiry?"

"He can do that afterwards, General; and then nobody will dare ſurmiſe it's out of weakneſs. For to be ſure and certain, he ought to right her fame; that's no more than

than his duty, after once he has satisfied his own. But a man's honour is dearest to him of all things. A wife's a bauble to it."

The suffocating was now beginning; but just as Desdemona begged to be spared—

"But alf han our"—

the door-keeper forced his way into the pit, and called out—"Pray, is one Miss Tyrold here in the play-house?"

The sisters, in much amazement hung back, entreating the Gentlemen to screen them; and the man, receiving no answer, went away.

While wondering what this could mean, the play was just finishing, when one of the comedians, a brother of the Worcestershire Desdemona, came to the pit door, calling out—"Hi'm desired to hask if Miss Camilla Tyrold's hany way ere hin the ouse, for hi'm hordered to call er hout, for her Huncle's hill and dying."

A piercing shriek from Camilla now completed the interruption of all attention to the performance, and betrayed her hiding place. Concealment, indeed was banished her thoughts, and she would herself have opened the box door to rush out, had not the Major anticipated her, seizing, at the same time, her hand to conduct her through the crowd.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAP. IX.

Three Golden Maxims.

LAVINIA, almoſt equally terrified, followed her ſiſter; and Sir Sedley burying all foppery in compaſſion and good nature, was foremoſt to accompany and aſſiſt. Camilla had no thought but toget inſtantly to Cleves; ſhe conſidered not how; ſhe only forced herſelf rapidly on perſuaded ſhe could walk it in ten minutes, and ejaculating inceſſantly, "My Uncle!—my dear Uncle!"—

They almoſt inſtantly encountered Edgar, who, upon the fatal call, had darted round to meet them, and finding each provided with an attendant, inquired whoſe carriage he ſhould ſeek?

Camilla, in a broken voice, anſwered ſhe had no carriage, and ſhould walk.

"Walk?" he repeated; "you are near five miles from Cleves!"

Scarcely in her ſenſes, ſhe hurried on without reply.

"What carriage did you come in, Miſs Tyrold?" ſaid Edgar to Livinia.

"We came with Mrs. Arlbery."

"Mrs. Arlbery?—ſhe has been gone this half hour; I met her as I entered."

Camilla had now ruſhed out of doors, ſtill handed by the Major.

"If you have no carriage in waiting," ſaid Edgar, "make uſe, I beſeech, you, of mine!"

"O, gladly! O, thankfully!" cried Camilla, almoſt ſobbing out her words.

He flew to call for his chaiſe, and the door keeper, for whom Sir Sedley had inquired, came to them, accompanied by Jacob.

"O, Jacob!" ſhe cried, breaking violently from the Major, "tell me!—tell me!—my Uncle!—my deareſt Uncle!"

Jacob in a tone of deep and unfeigned ſorrow, ſaid, his Maſter had been ſeized ſuddenly with the gout in his ſtomach, and that the doctor, who had been inſtantly fetched, had owned there was little hope.

She could hear no more; the ſhock overpowered her, and ſhe ſunk nearly ſenſeleſs into the arms of her ſiſter.

She was recovered, however, almoſt in a minute, and carried by Edgar into his chaiſe, in which he placed her between himſelf and the weeping Lavinia; haſtily telling the two gentlemen, that his intimate connection with the family authorized his

aſſiſting and attending them at ſuch a period.

This was too well known to be diſputed; and Sir Sedley and the Major, with great concern, uttered their good wiſhes and retreated.

Jacob had already been for Mr. Tyrold, who had ſet off inſtantaneouſly on horſeback.

Camilla ſpoke not a word the firſt mile, which was ſpent in an hyſteric ſobbing: but, recovering a little afterwards, and ſinking on the ſhoulder of her ſiſter, "O, Lavinia!" ſhe cried, "ſhould we loſe my Uncle——".

A ſhower of tears wetted the neck of Lavinia, who mingled with them her own, though leſs violently, from having leſs connection with Sir Hugh, and a ſenſibility leſs ungovernable,

She called herſelf upon the poſtillion to drive faſter, and preſſed Edgar continually to hurry him; but though he gave every charge ſhe could deſire, ſo much ſwifter were her wiſhes than any poſſible ſpeed, that twenty times ſhe entreated to get out, believing ſhe could walk quicker than the horſes galloped.

When they arrived at the park gate ſhe was with difficulty held back from opening the chaiſe door; and when, at length, they ſtopt

ftopt at the houfe porch, fhe could not wait for the ftep, and before Edgar could either precede or prevent her, threw herfelf into the arms of Jacob, who, having juft difmounted, was fortunately at hand to fave her from falling.

She ftopt not to afk any queftion; "My Uncle!—my Uncle!" fhe cried, impetuoufly, and, rufhing paft all fhe met, was in his room in a moment.

Edgar though he could not obftruct, followed her clofely, dreading left Sir Hugh might already be no more, and determined, in that cafe, to force her from the fatal fpot.

Eugenia, who heard her footftep, received her at the door, but took her immediately from the room, foftly whifpering, while her arms were thrown round her waift—"He will live! he will live, my fifter! his agonies are over—he is fallen afleep, and he will live!"

This was too fudden a joy for the defponding Camilla, whofe breath inftantly ftopt, and who muft have fallen upon the floor, had fhe not been caught by Edgar; who, though his own eyes copioufly overflowed with delight, at fuch unexpected good news of the univerfally beloved Baronet, had ftrength and exertion fufficient to carry her down ftairs into the parlour, accompanied by Eugenia.

There,

There, hartſhorn and water preſently revived her, and then, regardleſs of the preſence of Edgar, ſhe caſt herſelf upon her knees, to utter a fervent thankſgiving; in which Eugenia, with equal piety, though more compoſure, joined.

Edgar had never yet beheld her in a light ſo reſplendent—What a heart, thought he, is here! what feelings, what tenderneſs, what animation!—O, what a heart!—were it poſſible to touch it!"

The two ſiſters went both gently up ſtairs, encouraging and congratulating each other in ſoft whiſpers, and ſtationed themſelves in an ante-room: Mr. Tyrold, by medical counſel, giving directions that no one but himſelf ſhould enter the ſick chamber.

Edgar, though he only ſaw the domeſtics, could not perſuade himſelf to leave the houſe till near two o'clock in the morning: and by ſix, his anxiety brought him thither again. He then heard, that the Baronet had paſſed a night of more pain than danger, the gout having been expelled his ſtomach, though it had been threatening almoſt every other part.

Three days and nights paſſed in this manner; during which, Edgar ſaw ſo much of the tender affections, and ſofter character of Camilla, that nothing could have with-held him from manifeſting his entire

ſympathy in her feelings, but the unaccountable circumſtance of her ſtarting forth from a back ſeat at the play, where ſhe had ſat concealed, attended by the Major, and without any matron protectreſs.

Miſs Margland, meanwhile, ſcowled at him, and Indiana pouted in vain. His earneſt ſolicitude for Sir Hugh ſurmounted every ſuch obſtacle to his preſent viſits at Cleves; and he ſpent there almoſt the whole of his time.

On the fourth day of the attack, Sir Hugh had a ſleep of five hour's continuance, from which he awoke ſo much revived, that he raiſed himſelf in his bed, and called out—" My dear Brother! you are ſtill here?—you are very good to me, indeed; poor ſinner that I am! to forgive me for all my bad behaviour to your Children."

" My deareſt Brother! my Children, like myſelf, owe you nothing but kindneſs and beneficence; and, like myſelf, feel for you nothing but gratitude and tenderneſs."

" They are very good, very good indeed," ſaid Sir Hugh, with a deep ſigh; " But Eugenia!—poor little Eugenia has nearly been the death of me; though not meaning it in the leaſt, being all her life as innocent as a lamb."

Mr. Tyrold aſſured him, that Eugenia was

was attached to him with the moſt unalterable fondneſs. But Sir Hugh ſaid, that the ſight of her, returning from Etherington, with almoſt the ſome ſadneſs as ever, had wounded him to the heart, by ſhewing him ſhe would never recover; which had brought back upon him all his firſt contrition, about the ſmall-pox, and the fall from the plank, and had cauſed his conſcience to give him ſo many twitches, that it never let him reſt a moment, till the gout ſeized upon his ſtomach, and almoſt took him off at once.

Mr. Tyrold attributed ſolely to his own ſtrong imagination the idea of the continuance of the dejection of Eugenia, and inſtantly fetching her, intimated the ſpecies of conſolation ſhe could afford.

"Kindeſt of Uncles!" cried ſhe, "is it poſſible you can ever, for a moment, have doubted the grateful affection with which your goodneſs has impreſſed me from my childhood? Do me more juſtice, I beſeech you, my deareſt Uncle! recover from this terrible attack, and you ſhall ſoon ſee your Eugenia reſtored to all the happineſs you can wiſh her."

"Nobody has got ſuch kind nieces as I have!" cried Sir Hugh, again diſſolving into tenderneſs; "for all nobody has deſerved ſo ill of them. My generous little Camilla

 forgave

forgave me from the very firſt, before her young ſoul had any guile in it; which, God knows, it never has had to this hour no more than your own. However, this I can tell you, which may ſerve to keep you from repenting being good, and that is, that your kindneſs to your poor Uncle may be the means of ſaving a chriſtian's life; which, for a young perſon at your age, is as much as can be expected: for I think, I may yet get about again, if I could once be aſſured I ſhould ſee you as happy as you uſed to be. And you've been the contentedeſt little thing, till thoſe unlucky market-women, that ever was ſeen: always ſpeaking up for the ſervants, and the poor from the time you were eight years old. And never letting me be angry, but taking every body's part, and thinking them all as good as yourſelf, and wanting to make them as happy."

"Ah, my dear Uncle! how kind a memory is your's! retaining only what can give pleaſure, and burying in oblivion whatever might cauſe pain!—"

"Is my Uncle well enough to ſpeak?" cried Camilla, ſoftly opening the door, "and may I—for one ſingle moment,—ſee him?"—

"That's the voice of my dear Camilla!" ſaid Sir Hugh; "come in, my little love, for

for I ſha'n't ſhock your tender heart now, for I'm going to get better."

Camilla, in an extacy, was inſtantly at his bed ſide, paſſionately exclaiming, " My dear, dear Uncle; will you indeed recover ?—"

Sir Hugh, throwing his feeble arms round her neck, and leaning his head upon her ſhoulder, could only faintly articulate, " If God pleaſes, I ſhall, my little darling, my heart's delight and joy! But don't vex, whether I do or not, for it is but in the courſe of nature for a man to die, even in his youth; but how much more when he comes to be old? Though I know you can't help miſſing me, in particular at the firſt, becauſe of all your goodneſs to me."

" Miſſing you! O my Uncle! we can never be happy again without you! never never!—when your loved countenance no longer ſmiles upon us,—when your kind voice no longer aſſembles us around you!—"

" My dear child—my own little Camilla," cried Sir Hugh, in a faint voice, " I am ready to die!"

Mr. Tyrold here forced her away, and his brother grew ſo much worſe, that a dangerous relapſe took place, and for three days more, the phyſician, the nurſe, and

Mr. Tyrold, were alone allowed to enter his room.

During this time, the whole family suffered the trueſt grief, and Camilla was inconſolable.

When again he began to revive, he called Mr. Tyrold to him, and ſaid that this ſecond ſhake perſuaded him he had but a ſhort time more for this world; and begged therefore he would prepare him for his exit.

Mr. Tyrold complied, and found, with more happineſs than ſurpriſe, his perfect and chearful reſignation either to live or to die, rejoicing as much as himſelf, in the innocent benevolence of his paſt days.

Compoſed and ſtrengthened by religious duties, he then deſired to ſee his two particular charges, Eugenia and Indiana, that he might give them his laſt exhortations and counſel in caſe of a ſpeedy end.

Mr Tyrold would fain have ſpared him this touching exertion, but he declared he could not go off with a clear conſcience, unleſs he told them the advice which he had been thinking of for them, between whiles, during all his illneſs.

Mr. Tyrold then feared that oppoſition might but diſcompoſe him, and ſummoned his youngeſt daughter and his niece, charging

ing them both to repreſs their affliction, leſt it ſhould accelerate what they moſt dreaded.

Camilla, always upon the watch, glided in with them, ſupplicating her father not to deny her admittance; though fearful of her impetuous ſorrows, he wiſhed her to retreat; but Sir Hugh no ſooner heard her murmuring voice, then he declared he would have her refuſed nothing, though he had meant to take a particular leave of her alone, for the laſt thing of all.

Gratefully thanking him, ſhe advanced tremblingly to his bed-ſide; ſolemnly promiſing her Father that no expreſſion of her grief ſhould again riſk agitating a life and health ſo precious.

Sir Hugh then deſired to have Lavinia called alſo, becauſe, though he had thought of nothing to ſay to her, ſhe might be hurt, after he was gone, in being left out.

He was then raiſed by pillows and ſat upright, and they knelt round his bed. Mr. Tyrold entreated him to be conciſe, and inſiſted upon the extremeſt forbearance and fortitude in his little audience. He ſeated himſelf at ſome diſtance, and Sir Hugh, after ſwallowing a cordial medicine, began:

" My dear nieces, I have ſent for you all upon a particular account, which I beg you to liſten to, becauſe, God only knows whether

ther I may ever be able to give you so much advice again. I see you all look very melancholy, which I take very kind of you. However don't cry, my little dears, for we must all go off, so it matters but little the day or the hour; dying being, besides, the greatest comfort of us all, taking us off from all our cares; as my Brother will explain to you better than me.

"The chief of what I have got to say, in regard to what I have been studying in my illness, is for you two, my dear Eugenia and Indiana; because, having brought you both up, I can't get it out of my head what you'll do, when I am no longer here.

"My hope had been to have seen you both married while I was alive and amongst you, and I made as many plans as my poor head knew how, to bring it about; but we've all been disappointed alike, for which reason we must put up with it properly.

"What I have now last of all, to say to you, my little dears, is three maxims, which may serve for you all four alike, though I thought of them, at first, only for you two.

"In the first place, *Never be proud*: if you are, your superiors will laugh at you, your equals won't love you, and your dependants will hate you. And what is there for poor mortal man to be proud of?—Riches?—why they are but a charge, and

if

if we don't uſe them well, we may envy the poor beggar that has ſo much leſs to anſwer for.—Beauty?—why, we can neither get it when we haven't it; nor keep it when we have it.—Power?—why we hardly ever uſe it one way, but what we are ſorry we did not uſe it another!

" In the ſecond place, *Never truſt a Flatterer.* If a man makes you a great many compliments, always ſuſpect him of ſome bad deſign, and never believe him your friend, till he tells you of ſome of your faults. Poor little things! you little imagine how many you have, for all you're ſo good!

" In the third place, *Do no harm to others, for the ſake of any good it may do to yourſelves*; becauſe the good will laſt you but a little while; and the repentance will ſtick by you as long as you live; and what is worſe, a great while longer, and beyond any count the beſt Almanack-maker knows how to reckon.

" And now, my dear Nieces, this is all; except the recommending to my dear Eugenia to be kind to my poor ſervants, who have uſed me ſo well, though knowing I have nothing to leave them."

Eugenia, ſuppreſſing her ſobs, promiſed to retain them all, as long as they ſhould deſire to remain with her, and to provide for them afterwards.

"I know you'll forget nobody, my dear little girl," cried the Baronet, "which makes me die contented; not even Mrs. Margland, a little particularity not being to be confidered at one's laft end: and much lefs Dr Orkborne, who has fo much a better right from you. As to Indiana, fhe'll have her own little fortune when fhe comes of age; and I dare fay her pretty face will marry her before long.—And as to Clermont, he'll come off rather fhort, finding I leave him nothing; but you'll make up for the deficiency, by giving him the whole, as well as a good wife. As to Lionel, I leave him my bleffing; and as to any other legacy I never happened to promife him any; which is very good luck for me, as well as my beft excufe; and I may fay the fame to my dear Lavinia, which is the reafon I called her in, becaufe fhe may not often have an opportunity to hear a man fpeak upon his death-bed. However all I wifh for is, that I could leave you all equal fhares, as well as give Eugenia the whole."

"O my dear Uncle!" exclaimed Eugenia, "make a new Will immediately! do every thing your tendernefs can dictate!—or tell me what I fhall do in your name, and every word, every wifh fhall be facredly obeyed!"

"Dear, generous little girl! no! I won't

 take

take from you a ſhilling! keep it all—nobody will ſpend it ſo well!—and I can't give you back your beauty; ſo keep it, my dear, all, for my oath's ſake, when I am gone; and don't make me die under a prevaricating; which would be but a grievous thing for a perſon to do; unleſs he was but a bad believer: which, God help us! there are enough, without my helping to make more."

Mr. Tyrold now again remonſtrated, motioning to the weeping group to be gone.

"Ah! my dear Brother!" ſaid Sir Hugh, "you are the only right perſon that ought to have had it all, if it had not been for my poor weak brain, that made me always be looking aſkew, inſtead of ſtrait forward. And indeed I always meant you to have had it for your life, till the ſmall pox put all things out of my head. However, I hope you won't object to preach my funeral ſermon, for all my bad faults, for nobody elſe will ſpeak of me ſo kindly; which may ſerve as a better leſſon for thoſe I leave behind."

Tears flowed faſt down the cheeks of Mr. Tyrold, as he uttered whatever he could ſuggeſt moſt tenderly ſoothing to his Brother: and the young mourners, not daring to reſiſt, were all gliding away, except Camilla, whoſe hand was faſt graſped in that of her Uucle.

" Ah, my Camilla," cried he, as ſhe would gently have withdrawn it, " how ſhall I part with my little dear darling? this is the worſt twitch to me of all, with all my contentedneſs! And the more becauſe I know you love your poor old Uncle, jnſt as well as if he had left you all he was worth, though you won't get one penny by his death!"

" O my dear, deareſt Uncle—" exclaimed Camilla, in a paſſionate flood of tears; when Mr. Tyrold, aſſuring them both the conſequences might be fatal, tore her away from the bed and the room.

CHAP. X.

A Purſuer.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fears ſo juſtly excited from the mixt emotions and exertions of Sir Hugh, Mr. Tyrold had the happineſs to ſee him fall into a tranquil ſleep, from which he awoke without any return of pain; his night was quiet; the next day was ſtill better; and the day following he was pronounced out of danger.

The rapture which this declaration excited in the houſe, and diffuſed throughout the neighbourhood, when communicated to the worthy baronet, gave a gladneſs to his heart that recompenſed all he had ſuffered.

The delight of Camilla exceeded whatever ſhe had yet experienced: her life had loſt half its value in her eſtimation, while ſhe believed that of her uncle to be in danger.

No one ſingle quality is perhaps ſo endearing, from man to man, as good-nature. Talents excite more admiration; wiſdom, more reſpect; and virtue, more eſteem: but

but with admiration envy is apt to mingle, and fear with respect; while esteem, though always honourable, is often cold: but good-nature gives pleasure without any allay; ease, confidence, and happy carelessness, without the exertion of gratitude, without the pain of obligation.

If joy was in some more tumultuous, contentment was with none so penetrating as with Eugenia. Apprised now that she had been the immediate cause of the sufferings of her uncle, his loss would irrecoverably have injured her peace; and she determined to bend the whole of her thoughts to his wishes, his comfort, his entire restoration.

Molly Mill had not failed to paint the disappointment of Bellamy in not seeing her; but she was too much engrossed by the dangerous state of her uncle, to feel any compunction in her breach of promise. Nor had she yet spoken to Camilla upon the subject from a secret shame of naming a lover at a period so ungenial.

But now that Sir Hugh was in a fair way of recovery, her situation became alarming to herself. Openly, and before the whole house, she had solemnly been assigned to Clermont Lynmere; and, little as she now wished the connexion, she thought it, from circumstances, her duty not to refuse it. Yet Bellamy had endured so many disappointments,

pointments, and borne them so much to her satisfaction, that, though she lamented her concession as an injury to Clermont, and grew ashamed to name it even to Camilla, she believed it would be cruelty unheard of to break it. She determined, therefore, to see him, to pronounce an eternal farewell, and then to bend all her thoughts to the partner destined her by her friends. For this purpose Molly Mill was alone to accompany her; he could deem it no indelicacy that she suffered Molly to be present, since she was the negociator of his own choice.

Molly carried him, therefore, this news, with a previous condition that he was not to detain her mistress one minute. He promised all submission; and the next morning, after breakfast, Eugenia, in extreme dejection at the ungrateful task she had to perform, called for Molly, and walked forth.

Camilla, who was then accidentally in her own room, was, soon after, summoned by three smart raps to her chamber door.

There, to her great surprise, she saw Edgar, who, after a hasty apology, begged to have a few minutes conference with her alone.

She descended with him into the parlour, which was vacant.

"You

"You ſuſpect, perhaps," ſaid he, in an hurried manner, though attempting to ſmile, "that I mean to fatigue you with ſome troubleſome advice; I muſt, therefore, by an abrupt queſtion, explain myſelf. Does Mr. Bellamy ſtill continue his pretenſions to your ſiſter Eugenia?"

Startled in a moment from all thoughts of ſelf, that at firſt had been ruſhing with violence to her heart, Camilla anſwered, "No! why do you aſk?"

"I will tell you: In my continual viſits hither of late, I have almoſt conſtantly met him, either on foot or on horſeback, in the vicinity of the park. I ſuſpected he watched to ſee Eugenia; but I knew ſhe now never left the houſe; and concluded he was ignorant of the late general confinement. This moment, however, upon my entrance, I ſaw him again; and, as he haſtily turned away upon meeting my eye, I diſmounted, gave my horſe to my man, and determined to ſatisfy myſelf which way he was ſtrolling. I then followed him to the little lane to the right of the park, where I perceived an empty poſt-chaiſe-and-four in waiting: he advanced, and ſpoke with the poſtillion— I came inſtantly into the houſe by the little gate. This may be accidental; yet it has alarmed me; and I ventured therefore, thus ſuddenly to apply to you, in order to

urge

urge you to give a caution to Eugenia, not to walk out, juſt at preſent, unattended."

Camilla thanked him, and ran to ſpeak to her ſiſter; but ſhe was not in her room; nor was ſhe with her uncle; nor yet with Dr. Orkborne. She returned uneaſily to the parlour, and ſaid ſhe would ſeek her in the park.

Edgar followed; but they looked around for her in vain: he then, deeming the danger urgent, left her, to haſten to the ſpot where he had ſeen the poſt-chaiſe.

Camilla ran on alone; and, when ſhe reached the park gate, perceived her ſiſter, Molly Mill, and Bellamy, in the lane.

They heard her quick approach, and turned round.

The countenance of Bellamy exhibited the darkeſt diſappointment, and that of Eugenia the moſt exceſſive confuſion. "Now then, Sir," ſhe cried, "delay our ſeparation no longer."

"Ah, permit me," ſaid he, in a low voice, "permit me to hope you will hear my laſt ſad ſentence, my final miſery, another day!—I will defer my mournful departure for that melancholy joy, which is the laſt I ſhall feel in my wretched exiſtance!"

He ſighed ſo deeply, that Eugenia, who ſeemed

ſeemed already in much ſorrow, could not utter an abrupt refuſal; and, as Camilla now advanced, ſhe turned from him, without attempting to ſay any thing further.

Camilla, in the delight of finding her ſiſter ſafe, after the horrible apprehenſions ſhe had juſt experienced, could not ſpeak to her for tears.

Abaſhed at once, and amazed, Eugenia faintly aſked what ſo affected her? She gave no explanation, but begged her to turn immediately back.

Eugenia conſented; and Bellamy, bowing to them both profoundly, with quick ſteps walked away.

Camilla aſked a thouſand queſtions; but Eugenia ſeemed unable to anſwer them.

In a few minutes they were joined by Edgar, who, walking haſtily up to them, took Camilla apart.

He told her he firmly believed a villainous ſcheme to have been laid: he had found the chaiſe ſtill in waiting, and aſked the poſtillion to whom he belonged. The man ſaid he was paid for what he did; and refuſed giving any account of himſelf. Bellamy then appeared; he ſeemed confounded at his ſight; but neither of them ſpoke; and he left him and his chaiſe, and his poſtillion, to conſole one another. He doubted not, he ſaid, but the deſign had been

been to carry Eugenia off, and he had probably only pretended to take leave, that the chaise might advance, and the postillion aid the elopement: though finding help at hand, he had been forced to give up his plan.

Camilla even with rapture blest his fortunate presence; but was confounded with perplexity at the conduct of Eugenia. Edgar proposed dismissing Molly Mill, that he might tell her himself the opinion he had conceived of Bellamy.

Camilla overtook her sister, who had walked on without listening to or regarding them; and, sending away Molly, told her Edgar wished immediately to converse with her, upon something of the utmost importance.

"You know my high esteem of him," she answered; "but my mind is now occupied upon a business of which he has no information, and I entreat that you will neither of you interrupt me."

Camilla, utterly at a loss what to conjecture, joined Mandlebert alone, and told him her ill success. He thought every thing was to be feared from the present state of the affair, and proposed revealing at once all he knew of it to Mr. Tyrold: but Camilla desired him to take no step till she had again expostulated with her sister, who might else be seriously hurt or offended.

He

He complied, and faid he would continue in the houfe, park, or environs, inceffantly upon the watch, till fome decifive meafure were adopted.

Joining Eugenia then again, fhe afked if fhe meant ferioufly to encourage the addreffes of Bellamy.

"By no means," fhe quietly anfwered.

"My dear Engenia, I cannot at all underftand you; but it feems clear to me that the arrival of Edgar has faved you from fome dreadful violence."

"You hurt me, Camilla, by this prejudice. From whom fhould I dread violence? from a man who—but too fatally for his peace—values me more than his life?"

"If I could be fure of his fincerity," faid Camilla, "I fhould be the laft to think ill of him: but reflect a little, at leaft, upon the rifk that you have run; my dear Eugenia! there was a poft-chaife in waiting, not twenty yards from where I ftopt you!"

"Ah, you little know Bellamy! that chaife was only to convey him away; to convey him, Camilla, to an eternal banifhment!"

"But why, then, had he prevailed with you to quit the park?"

"You will call me vain if I tell you."

"No;

"No; I ſhall only think you kind and confidential."

"Do me then the juſtice," ſaid Eugenia, bluſhing, "to believe me as much ſurpriſed as yourſelf at his moſt unmerited paſſion: but he told me, that if I only caſt my eyes upon the vehicle which was to part him from me for ever, it would not only make it leſs abhorrent to him, but probably prevent the loſs of his ſenſes."

"My dear Eugenia," ſaid Camilla, half ſmiling, "this is a violent paſſion indeed, for ſo ſhort an acquaintance!"

"I knew you would ſay that," anſwered ſhe, diſconcerted; "and it was juſt what I obſerved to him myſelf: but he ſatisfied me that the reaſon of his feelings being ſo impetuous was, that this was the firſt and only time he had ever been in love—So handſome as he is!—what a choice for him to make!"

Camilla, tenderly embracing her, declared, "the choice was all that did him honour in the affair;" but earneſtly entreated her to ſuffer Edgar to be entruſted and conſulted: ſhe decidedly, however, refuſed her conſent. "I require no advice," cried ſhe, "for I am devoted to my uncle's will: to ſpeak then of this affair would be the moſt cruel indelicacy, in publiſhing a conqueſt which, ſince it is rejected, I ought ſilently,

ly, though gratefully, to bury in my own heart."

She then related the hiſtory of all that had paſſed to Camilla; but ſolemnly declared ſhe would never, to any other human being, but him who ſhould hereafter be entitled to her whole heart, betray the ſecret of the unhappy Bellamy.

CHAP. XI.

An Adviſer.

THE wiſh of Camilla was to lay this whole affair before her father; but ſhe checked it, from an apprehenſion ſhe might ſeem diſplaying her duty and confidence at the expence of thoſe of her ſiſter, whoſe motives for concealment were intentionally, the moſt pure, however, practically, they might be erroneous; and whom ſhe equally pitied and revered for her propoſed ſubmiſſion to her uncle, in oppoſition to her palpable reluctance.

She ſaw not, however, any obſtacle to conſulting with Edgar, ſince he was already appriſed of the buſineſs, and ſince his ſervices might be eſſentially uſeful to her ſiſter: while with reſpect to herſelf, there ſeemed, at this time, more of dignity in meeting than ſhunning his friendly intercourſe, as his regard for her ſeemed to have loſt all its peculiarity. He has preciſely, cried ſhe, the ſame ſentiments for my ſiſters as for me,—he is equally kind, diſintereſted—and indifferent to us all! Be it ſo! I ſhould

ſhould bluſh, indeed, if I could not treat as a brother one who can treat me as a ſiſter.

Tranquil, though not gay, ſhe returned to him; but when ſhe had related what had paſſed, he told her the heart of Eugenia appeared to him entangled, and beſought her not to loſe a moment in acquainting Mr. Tyrold with her ſituation.

She pleaded againſt giving this pain to her ſiſter with energetic affection: her arguments failed to convince, but her eloquence powerfully touched him; and he contented himſelf with only entreating that ſhe would again try to aid him with an opportunity of converſing with Eugenia.

This ſhe could not refuſe; nor could he then reſiſt the opportunity to inquire why Mrs. Arlbery had left her and Lavinia at the play. She thanked him for remembering his character of her monitor, and acknowledged the fault to be her own with a candour ſo unaffected, that, captivated by the ſoft ſeriouſneſs of her manner, he flattered himſelf his fear of the Major was a chimæra, and hoped that, as ſoon as Sir Hugh was able to again join his family, no impediment would remain to his begging the united bleſſings of the two brothers to his views.

When Camilla told her ſiſter the requeſt of Edgar, ſhe immediately ſuſpected the at-

tachment of Bellamy had been betrayed to him; and Camilla, incapable of any duplicity, related precifely how the matter had paffed. Eugenia, always juft, no fooner heard than fhe forgave it, and accompanied her fifter immediately down ftairs.

"I muft reft all my hope of pardon," cried Edgar, "for the part I am taking, to your conviction of its motive; a filial love, and gratitude to Mr. Tyrold, a fraternal affection and intereft for all his family."

"My own fifterly feelings," fhe anfwered, "make me both comprehend and thank your kind folicitude: but, believe me, it is now founded in error. I am fhocked to find you informed of this unhappy tranfaction; and I charge and befeech that no interference may wound its ill-fated object, by fuffering him to furmife your knowledge of his humiliating fituation."

"I would not for the world give you pain," anfwered Edgar: "but permit me to be faithful to the brotherly character in which I confider myfelf to ftand with you—all."

A blufh had overfpread his face at the word Brotherly; while at that of *all*, which recovered him, a ftill deeper ftained the cheeks of Camilla: but neither of them looked at the other.

"Your utter inexperience in life," he continued, "makes me, though but juft

giving up leading-ſtrings myſelf, an adept in the compariſon. Suffer me then, as ſuch, to repreſent to you my fears, that your innocence and goodneſs may expoſe you to impoſition. You muſt not judge all characters by the ingenuouſneſs of your own; nor conclude, however rationally and worthily a mind ſuch as yours might—may —and will inſpire a diſintereſted regard, that there is no danger of any other, and that mercenary views are out of the queſtion, becauſe mercenary principles are not avowed."

"I will not ſay your inference is ſevere," replied Eugenia, "becauſe you know not the perſon of whom you ſpeak: but permit me to make this irrefragable vindication of his freedom from all ſordid motives; he has never once named the word fortune, neither to make any inquiries into mine, nor any profeſſions concerning his own."

"Your ſituation," ſaid Edgar, "is pretty generally known; and for his—pardon me if I hint it may be poſſible that ſilence is no virtue. However, ſince I am unacquainted, you ſay, with his character, will you give me leave to make myſelf better informed?"

"There needs no inveſtigation; to me it is perfectly known."

"Forgive me if I aſk how!"

"By his letters and by his converſation."

A ſmile

A ſmile which ſtole upon the features of Edgar obliged him to turn his head another way; but preſently recovering, "My dear Miſs Eugenia," he cried, "will it not be moſt conſonant to your high principles, and ſcrupulous delicacy, to lay the whole of what has paſſed before Mr. Tyrold?"

"Undoubtedly, if my part were not ſtrait forward. Had I the leaſt heſitation, my father ſhould be my immediate and deciſive umpire. But—I am not at liberty even for deliberation!—I am not—I know —at my own diſpoſal!"—

She bluſhed and looked down, confuſed; but preſently, with firmneſs, added, "It is not, indeed, fit that I ſhould be; my uncle completely merits to be in all things my director. To know his wiſhes, therefore, is not only to know, but to be ſatisfied with my doom. Such being my ſituation, you cannot miſunderſtand my defence of this unhappy young man. It is but ſimple juſtice to reſcue an amiable perſon from calumny."

"Let us allow all this," ſaid Edgar; "ſtill I ſee no reaſon why Mr. Tyrold—"

"Mr. Mandlebert," interrupted ſhe, "you muſt do what you judge right. I can deſire no one to abſtain from purſuing the dictates of their own ſenſe of honour. I leave you, therefore, unſhackled: but there is no

consideration which, in my opinion, can justify a female in spreading, even to her nearest connexions, an unrequited partiality. If, therefore, I am forced to inflict this undue mortification upon a person to whom I hold myself so much obliged, an uneasiness will remain upon my mind, destructive of my forgetfulness of an event which I would fain banish from my memory."

She then refused to be any longer detained.

"How I love the perfect innocence, and how I reverence the respectable singularity of that charming character!" cried Edgar; "yet how vain are all arguments against such a combination of fearless credulity, and enthusiastic reasoning? What can we determine?"

"I am happy to retort upon you that question," replied Camilla; "for I am every way afraid to act myself, lest I should hurt this dear sister, or do wrong by my yet dearer father."

"What a responsibility you cast upon me! I will not, however, shrink from it, for the path seems far plainer to me since I have had this conversation. Eugenia is at present safe; I see, now, distinctly, her heart is yet untouched. The readiness with which she met the subject, the openness with which she avows her esteem, the unembar-
rassed,

raſſed, though modeſt ſimplicity, with which ſhe ſpeaks of his paſſion and his diſtreſs, all ſhew that her pity reſults from generoſity, not from love. Had it been otherwiſe, with all her ſteadineſs, all her philoſophy, ſome agitation and anxiety would have betrayed her ſecret ſoul. The internal workings of hopes and fears, the ſenſitive alarms of repreſſed conſciouſneſs—" A deep glow, which heated his face, forced him here to break off; and, abruptly leaving his ſentence unfiniſhed, he haſtily began another.

" We muſt not, nevertheleſs, regard this as ſecurity for the future, though it is ſafety for the preſent; nor truſt her unſuſpicious generoſity of mind to the dangerous aſſault of artful diſtreſs. I ſpeak without reſerve of this man; for though I know him not, as ſhe remonſtrated, I cannot, from the whole circumſtances of his clandeſtine conduct, doubt his being an adventurer.—You ſay nothing? tell me, I beg, your opinion."

Camilla had not heard one word of this laſt ſpeech Struck with his diſcrimination between the actual and the poſſible ſtate of Eugenia's mind, and with the effect the definition had produced upon himſelf, her attention was irreſiſtibly ſeized by a new

train of ideas, till finding he waited for an anſwer, ſhe mechanically repeated his laſt word "opinion?"

He ſaw her abſence of mind, and ſuſpected his own too palpable diſturbance had occaſioned it: but in what degree, or from what ſenſations, he could not conjecture. They were both ſome time ſilent; and then, recollecting herſelf, ſhe ſaid it was earneſtly her wiſh to avoid diſobliging her ſiſter, by a communication, which, made by any one but herſelf, muſt put her into a diſgraceful point of view.

Edgar, after a pauſe, ſaid, they muſt yield, then, to her preſent fervour, and hope her ſounder judgment, when leſs played upon, would ſee clearer. It might even, perhaps, be ſafer to ſubmit quietly to her requeſt, than to urge the generous romance of her temper to new workings. He undertook, meantime, to keep a conſtant watch upon the motions of Bellamy, to make ſedulous inquires into his character and ſituation in life, and to find out for what oſtenſible purpoſe he was in Hampſhire: entreating leave to relate conſtantly to Camilla what he might gather, and to conſult with her, from time to time, upon what meaſures ſhould be purſued: yet ultimately confeſſing, that if Eugenia did

did not ſteadily perſiſt in refuſing any further rejections, he ſhould hold himſelf bound in conſcience to reveal the whole to Mr. Tyrold.

CHAP. XII.

Various Confabulations.

MR Tyrold ſaw, at firſt, the renewed viſits of Edgar at Cleves with extreme ſatisfaction; but while all his hopes were alive from an intercourſe almoſt perpetual, he perceived, with ſurpriſe and perplexity, that his daughter became more and more penſive after every interview: and as Edgar, this evening, quitted the houſe, he obſerved tears ſtart into her eyes as ſhe went up ſtairs to her own room.

Alarmed and diſappointed, he thought it now high time to inveſtigate the ſtate of the affair, and to encourage or prevent future meetings, as it appeared to him to be propitious or hopeleſs.

Penetrated with the goodneſs, while lamenting the indifference of Edgar, Camilla had juſt reached her room; when, as ſhe turned round to ſhut the door, Mr. Tyrold appeared before her.

Haſtily, with the back of her hand, bruſhing off the tears from her eyes, ſhe ſaid, "May

"May I go to my uncle, Sir?—can my uncle admit me?"

"He can always admit you," he anſwered; "but, juſt now, you muſt forget him a moment, and conſign yourſelf to your father."

He then entered, ſhut the door, and making her ſit down by him, ſaid, "What is this ſorrow my Camilla; Why is the light heart of my dear and happy child thus dejected?"

Speech and truth were always one with Camilla, who, as ſhe could not in this inſtance declare what were her feelings, remained mute and confounded.

"Heſitate not, my dear girl," cried he kindly, "to unboſom your griefs or your apprehenſions, where they will be received with all the tenderneſs due to ſuch a confidence, and held ſacred from every human inſpection; unleſs you permit me yourſelf to entruſt your beſt and wiſeſt friend."

Camilla now trembled, but could not even attempt to ſpeak.

He ſaw her diſorder, and preſently added, "I will forbear to probe your feelings, when you have ſatisfied me in one doubt;—Is the ſadneſs I have of late remarked in you the effect of ſecret perſonal diſturbance, or of diſappointed expectation?"

Camilla could neither anſwer nor look

up: ſhe was convinced, by this queſtion, that the ſubject of her melancholy was underſtood, and felt wholly overcome by the deeply diſtreſſing confuſion, with which wounded pride, and unaffected virgin modeſty impreſs a youthful female, in the idea of being ſuſpected of a miſplaced, or an unrequited partiality.

Her ſilence, a ſuffocating ſigh, and her earneſt endeavour to hide her face, eaſily explained to Mr. Tyrold all that paſſed within; and reſpecting rather than wiſhing to conquer a ſhame flowing from fearful delicacy, "I would ſpare you," he ſaid, "all inveſtigation whatever, could I be certain you are not called into any action; but, in that caſe, I know not that I can juſtify to myſelf ſo implicit a confidence in youth and inexperience ſo untried in difficulties, ſo unuſed to evil or embarraſſment as yours. Tell me then, my dear Camilla, do you ſigh under the weight of any diſingenuous conduct? or do you ſuffer from ſome ſuſpence which you have no means of terminating?"

"My deareſt father, no!" cried ſhe, ſinking upon his breaſt, "I have no ſuſpenſe!"

She gaſped for breath.

"And how has it been removed, my child?" ſaid Mr. Tyrold, in a mournful tone;

tone; "has any deception, any ungenerous art—"

"O no, no!—he is incapable—he is superior—he—" She ſtopt abruptly; ſhocked at the avowal theſe few words at once inferred of her partiality, of its hopeleſſneſs, and of its object.

She walked, confuſed, to a corner of the room, and, leaning againſt the wainſcot, enveloped her face in her handkerchief, with the moſt painful ſenſations of ſhame.

Mr. Tyrold remained in deep meditation. Her regard for Edgar he had already conſidered as undoubted, and her undiſguiſed acknowledgment excited his tendereſt ſympathy, but to find ſhe thought it without return, and without hope, penetrated him with grief. Not only his own fond view of the attractions of his daughter, but all he had obſerved, even from his childhood, in Edgar, had induced him to believe ſhe was irreſiſtibly formed to captivate him; and what had lately paſſed had ſeemed a confirmation of all he had expected. Camilla, nevertheleſs, exculpated him from all blame; and, while touched by her artleſſneſs, and honouring her truth, he felt, at leaſt, ſome conſolation to find that Edgar, whom he loved as a ſon, was untainted by deceit, unaccuſed of any evil. He concluded that ſome unfortunate ſecret

entanglement, or ſome myſtery not yet to be developed, directed compulſatorily his conduct, and checked the dictates of his taſte and inclination.

Gently, at length, approaching her, "My deareſt child," he ſaid, "I will aſk you nothing further; all that is abſolutely eſſential for me to know, I have gathered. You will never, I am certain, forget the noble mother whom you are bound to revere in imitating, nor the affectionate father whom your ingenuouſneſs renders the moſt ſympathiſing of your friends. Dry up your tears then, my Camilla, and command your beſt ſtrength to conceal for ever their ſource, and, moſt eſpecially—from its cauſe."

He then embraced, and left her.

"Yes, my deareſt father," cried ſhe, as he ſhut the door, "moſt lenient and moſt perfect of human beings! yes, I will obey your dictates; I will hide till I can conquer this weak emotion, and no one ſhall ever know, and Edgar leaſt of all, that a daughter of yours has a feeling ſhe ought to diſguiſe!"

Elevated by the kindneſs of a father ſo adored, to deſerve his good opinion now included every wiſh. The leaſt reproof would have chilled her confidence, the leaſt ſeverity would have diſcouraged all

effort

effort to felf-conqueft; but while his foftnefs had foothed, his approbation had invigorated her; and her feelings received additional energy from the confcious generofity with which fhe had reprefented Edgar as blamelefs. Blamelefs, however, in her own breaft, fhe could not deem him: his looks, his voice, his manner,—words that occafionally dropt from him, and meanings yet more expreffive which his eyes or his attentions had conveyed, all, from time to time, had told a flattering tale, which, though timidity and anxious earneftnefs had obfcured from her perfect comprehenfion, her hopes and her fympathy had prevented from wholly efcaping her. Yet what, internally, fhe could not defend fhe forgave; and, acquitting him of all intentional deceit, concluded that what he had felt for her, he had thought too flight and immaterial to deferve repreffing on his own part, or notice on her's. To continue with him her prefent fifterly conduct was all fhe had to ftudy, not doubting but that what as yet was effort, would in time become natural.

Strengthened thus in fortitude, fhe defcended chearfully to fupper, where Mr. Tyrold, though he faw with pain that her fpirits were conftrained, felt the fondeft fatisfaction in the virtue of her exertion.

Her

Her night paſſed in the conſolation of ſelf-applauſe. My dear father, thought ſhe, will ſee I ſtrive to merit his lenity, and that ſoothing conſideration with the honourable friendſhip of Edgar, will be ſufficient for the happineſs of my future life, in the ſingle and tranquil ſtate in which it will be ſpent.

Thus comforted, ſhe met leſs abaſhed the eye of Mr. Tyrold the next day at breakfaſt; in the midſt of which repaſt Edgar entered the parlour. The tea ſhe was drinking was then rather gulped than ſipped; yet ſhe maintained an air of unconcern, and returned his ſalutation with apparent compoſure.

Edgar, while addreſſing to Mr. Tyrold his inquiries concerning Sir Hugh, ſaw, from the window, his ſervant, whom he had out-ridden, thrown with violence from his horſe. He ruſhed from the parlour; and the firſt perſon to riſe, with involuntary intent to follow him, was Camilla. But, as ſhe reached the hall-door, ſhe ſaw that the man was ſafe, and perceived that her father was the only perſon who left the room beſides herſelf. Aſhamed, ſhe returned, and found the female party collected at the windows.

Hoping to retrieve the error of her eagerneſs,

gerneſs, ſhe ſeated herſelf at the table, and affected to finiſh her breakfaſt.

Eugenia told her they had diſcovered the cauſe of the accident, which had been owing to a ſharp ſtone that had penetrated into the horſe's hoof, and which Edgar was now endeavouring to extract.

A general ſcream, juſt then, from the window party, and a cry from Eugenia of "O Edgar!" carried her again to the hall-door with the ſwiftneſs of lightning, calling out, "Where?—What?—Good Heaven!"—

Molly Mill, accidently there before her, ſaid, as ſhe approached, that the horſe had kicked Mr. Mandlebert upon the ſhoulder.

Every thing but tenderneſs and terror was now forgotten by Camilla; ſhe darted forward with unreſtrained velocity, and would have given, in a moment, the moſt tranſporting amazement to Edgar, and to herſelf the deepeſt ſhame, but that Mr. Tyrold, who alone had his face that way, ſtopt, and led her back to the houſe, ſaying, "There is no miſchief; a bee ſtung the poor animal at the inſtant the ſtone was extracted, and the ſurpriſe and pain made it kick; but, fortunately, without any bad effect. I wiſh to know how your uncle is; I ſhould be glad you would go and ſit with him till I can come."

With

With theſe words he left her; and, though colouring and overſet, ſhe found no feeling ſo powerful as joy for the ſafety of Edgar.

Still, however, too little at eaſe for converſing with her uncle, ſhe went ſtraight to her own chamber, and flew involuntarily to a window; whence the firſt object that met her eyes was her father, who was anxiouſly looking up. She retreated, utterly confounded, and threw herſelf upon a chair at the other end of the room.

Shame now was her only ſenſation. The indiſcretion of her firſt ſurpriſe, ſhe knew he muſt forgive, though ſhe bluſhed at its recollection; but a ſolicitude ſo pertinacious, an indulgence ſo repeated of feelings he had enjoined her to combat—how could ſhe hope for his pardon? or how obtain her own, to have forfeited an approbation ſo precious?

She could not go to her uncle; ſhe would have remained where ſhe was till ſummoned to dinner, if the houſe-maid, after finiſhing all her other work, had not a third time returned to inquire if ſhe might clean her room.

She then determined to repair to the Library, where ſhe was certain only to encounter Eugenia, who would not torment, or Dr. Orkborne, who would not perceive her:

her: but at the bottom of the ſtairs ſhe was ſtopt by Miſs Margland, who, with a malicious ſmile, aſked if ſhe was going to hold the baſon?

"What baſon?" cried ſhe, ſurpriſed.

"The baſon for the ſurgeon."

"What ſurgeon?" repeated ſhe, alarmed.

"Mr. Burton, who is come to bleed Mr. Mandlebert."

She aſked nothing more. She felt extremely faint, but made her way into the park, to avoid further conference.

Here, in the moſt painful ſuſpence, dying for information, yet ſhirking who ever could give it her, ſhe remained, till ſhe ſaw the departure of the ſurgeon. She then went round by a back way to the apartment of Eugenia, who informed her that the contuſion, though not dangerous, was violent, ond that Mr. Tyrold had inſiſted upon immediate bleeding. The ſurgeon had aſſured them this precaution would prevent any ill conſequence; but Sir Hugh, hearing from the ſervants what had happened, had deſired that Edgar would not return home till the next day.

The ſatisfaction of Camilla, that nothing was more ſerious, was ſoon called back to reflections leſs conſoling, by meeting Mr. Tyrold, as ſhe was returning to her own room; who, with a gravity unuſual, deſired

ſired to ſpeak with her, and preceded her into the chamber.

Filled with ſhame, ſhe followed, ſhut the door, and remained at it without daring to look up.

"My dear Camilla," cried he with earneſtneſs, "let me not hope in vain for that exertion you have promiſed me, and to which I know you to be fully equal. Riſk not, my dear girl, thoſe outward marks of ſenſibility which, to common or unfeeling obſervers, ſeem but the effect of an unbecoming remiſſneſs in the ſelf-command that ſhould dignify every female who would do herſelf honour. I had hoped, in this houſe at leaſt, you would not have been miſunderſtood; but I have this moment been undeceived: Miſs Margland has juſt expreſſed a ſpecies of compaſſion for what ſhe preſumes to be the preſent ſtate of your mind, that has given me the ſevereſt pain."

He ſtopt, for Camilla looked thunderſtruck.

Approaching her, then, with an air of concern, and a voice of tenderneſs, he kindly took her hand, and added: "I do not tell you this in diſpleaſure, but to put you upon your guard. You will hear from Eugenia that we ſhall not dine alone;

and

and from what I have dropt you will gather how little you can hope to escape scrutiny. Exert yourself to obviate all humiliating surmises, and you will amply be repaid by the balm of self-approbation."

He then kissed her, and quitted the room.

She now remained in a species of stupor: the least idea of disgrace totally broke her spirit, and she sat upon the same spot on which Mr. Tyrold had left her, till the ringing of the second dinner bell.

She then gloomily resolved to plead an head-ach, and not to appear.

When a footman tapt at her door, to acquaint her every body was seated at the table, she sent down this excuse: forming to herself the further determination, that the same should suffice for the evening, and for the next morning, that she might avoid the sight of Edgar, in presence either of her father or Miss Margland.

Eugenia, with kind alarm, came to know what was the matter, and informed her, that Sir Hugh had been so much concerned at the accident of Edgar, that he had insisted upon seeing him, and, promising to think no more of past mistakes and disappointments, had desired him to take up his abode at Cleves for a week.

Camilla heard this with mixt pleaſure and pain. She rejoiced that Edgar ſhould be upon his former terms with her beloved uncle; but how preſerve the caution demanded from her for ſo long a period, in the conſtant ſight of her now watchful father, and the malicious Miſs Margland?

She had added to her own difficulties by this preſent abſconding, and, with ſevere ſelf-blame, reſolved to deſcend to tea. But, while ſettling how to act, after her ſiſter had left her, ſhe was ſtruck with hearing the name of Mandlebert pronounced by Mary, the houſe maid, who was talking with Molly Mill upon the landing place. Why it had been ſpoken ſhe knew not; but Molly anſwered: " Dearee me, never, mind; I'll help you to do his room, if Nanny don't come in time. My little miſtreſs would rather do it herſelf, than he ſhould want for any thing."

" Why, it's natural enough," ſaid Mary, " for young ladies to like young gentlemen; and there's none other comes a nigh 'em, which I often thinks dull enough for our young miſſes. And, to be certain, Mr. Mandlebert would be as pretty a match for one of 'em as a body could deſire; though as to Miſs Eugeny I believe, in my conſcience, ſhe likes our crack-headed old Doctor as well as e'er a young

young gentleman in Chriſtendom; for there ſhe'll ſit with him, poring over ſuch a heap of ſtuff as never was ſeed, and never give him a croſs word.—"

"She never gives nobody a croſs word," interrupted Molly; "and if I was Mr. Mandlebert, I'd ſooner have her than any of 'em, for all ſhe's ſuch a nidging little thing."

"For certain," ſaid Mary, "ſhe's very good, and a deal of good ſhe does, to all as aſks her; but Miſs Camilla for my money. She's all alive and merry, and makes poor maſter young again to look at her."

Nanny, the under houſe-maid, now joining them, ſaid ſhe had been detained to finiſh altering a curtain for Miſs Margland.

"And the croſs old Frump," ſhe added, "is in a worſe ſpite than ever, and ſhe kept abuſing that ſweet Mr. Mandlebert to Miſs Lynmere all the while, and ſhe ſaid ſhe was ſure it was Miſs Camilla's doings his ſtaying here again, for ſhe could come over maſter for any thing: and ſhe ſaid ſhe ſuppoſed it was to have another catch at the young 'Squire's heart, but ſhe hoped he would not be ſuch a fool."

"Why ſhe's mortal fond of him, that's true," ſaid Mary, "for when they was both here, I always ſee her a running to the window, to ſee who was a coming into

the

the park, when he was rode out; and when he was in the houſe, ſhe never ſo much as went to peep, if there come ſix horſes, one after t'other. And ſhe was always a ſaying, 'Mary, who's in the parlour? Mary, who's below?' while he was here; but before he come, duce a bit did ſhe aſk about nobody."

"I like when I meets her," ſaid Molly Mill, "to tell her Mr. Mandlebert's here, Miſs; or Mr. Mandlebert's there, Miſs;—Dearee me, one may almoſt ſee one ſelf in her eyes, it makes them ſhine ſo."

Camilla could endure no more; ſhe aroſe, and walked about the room; and the maids, who had concluded her at dinner, hearing her ſtep, hurried away, to finiſh their goſſiping elſewhere.

She now felt wholly ſunk; the perſecutions of Miſs Margland ſeemed nothing to this caſualty: they were cruel, ſhe could therefore repine at them; they were unprovoked, ſhe could therefore repel them: but to find her ſecret feelings thus generally ſpread, and familiarity commented upon, from her own unguarded conduct, exhauſted at once patience, fortitude, and hope, and left her no wiſh but to quit Cleves while Edgar ſhould remain there.

Certain, however, that her father would not permit her to return to Etherington alone,

alone, a vifit to Mrs. Arlbery was the fole refuge fhe could fuggeft; and fhe determined to folicit his permiffion to accept immediately the invitation of that lady.

CHAP. XII.

A Dodging.

CAMILLA waited in the apartment of Mr. Tyrold till he came up ſtairs, and then begged his leave to ſpend a few days at the Grove; hinting, when he heſitated, though with a confuſion that was hardly ſhort of torture, at what had paſſed amongſt the ſervants.

He heard her with the tendereſt pity, and the kindeſt praiſe of her ſincerity; and, deeply as he was ſhocked to find her thus generally betrayed, he was too compaſſionate to point out, at ſo ſuffering a moment, the indiſcretions from which ſuch obſervations muſt have originated. Yet he ſaw conſequences the moſt unpleaſant in this rumour of her attachment; and though he ſtill privately hoped that the behaviour of Mandlebert was the effect of ſome tranſient embarraſſment, he wiſhed her removed from all intercourſe with him that was not ſought by himſelf, while the incertitude of his intentions militated againſt her ſtruggles for indifference. The reſult, therefore, of

 a ſhort

a ſhort deliberation was to accede to her requeſt.

Camilla wrote her propoſition to Mrs. Arlbery, which Mr. Tyrold ſent immediately by a ſtable-boy of the baronet's.

The anſwer was moſt obliging; Mrs. Arlbery ſaid ſhe would herſelf fetch her the next morning, and keep her till one of them ſhould be tired.

The relief which this, at firſt, brought to Camilla, in the week's exertions it would ſpare, was ſoon ſucceeded by the moſt acute uneaſineſs for the critical ſituation of Eugenia, and the undoubted diſapprobation of Edgar. To quit her ſiſter at a period when ſhe might ſerve her;—to forſake Cleves at the moment Edgar was reſtored to it, ſeemed ſelfiſh even to herſelf, and to him muſt appear unpardonable. "Alas!" ſhe cried, "how for ever I repent my haſty actions! Why have I not better ſtruggled againſt my unfortunate feelings?"

She now hated her ſcheme, and wiſhed herſelf ſuffering every uneaſineſs Miſs Margland could inflict, and all the ſhame of being watched and pitied by every ſervant in the houſe, in preference to deſerting Eugenia, and making Mandlebert deem her unworthy. But ſelf-upbraiding was all that followed her contrition: Mrs. Arlbery was to fetch her by appointment; and it

was too late to trifle with the conceding goodnefs of her father.

She did not dare excufe herfelf from appearing at breakfaft the next morning, left Mr. Tyrold fhould think her utterly incorrigible to his exhortations.

Edgar earneftly inquired after her health as fhe entered the room; fhe flightly anfwered fhe was better; and began eating, with an apparent eagernefs of appetite: while he, who had expected fome kind words upon his own accident, furprifed and difappointed, could fwallow nothing.

Mr. Tyrold, feeing and pitying what paffed in her mind, gave her a commiffion, that enabled her foon, to leave the room without affectation; and, happy to efcape, fhe determined to go down ftairs no more till Mrs. Arlbery arrived. She wifhed to have converfed firft upon the affairs of Eugenia with Edgar: but to name to him whither fhe was herfelf going, when fhe could not poffibly name why; to give to him a furprife that muft recoil upon herfelf in difapprobation, was more than fhe could endure. She had invefted him with full powers to counfel and to cenfure her; he would naturally ufe them to diffuade her from a vifit fo ill-timed; and what could fhe urge in oppofition to his argu-

ments

ments that would not ſeem trifling or wilful?

The preſent moment was all that occupied, the preſent evil all that ever alarmed the breaſt of Camilla: to avoid him, therefore, now, was the whole of her deſire, unmoleſted with one anxiety how ſhe might better meet him hereafter.

She watched at her window till ſhe ſaw the groom of Mrs. Arlbery ride into the Park. She haſtened then to take leave of Sir Hugh, whom Mr. Tyrold had prepared for her departure; but, at the door of his apartment, ſhe encountered Edgar.

"You are going out?" cried he, perceiving an alteration in her dreſs.

"I am—juſt going to—to ſpeak to my uncle," cried ſhe, ſtammering and entering the room at the ſame moment.

Sir Hugh kindly wiſhed her much amuſement, and hoped ſhe would make him long amends when he was better. She took leave; but again, on the landing-place, met Edgar, who, anxious and perplexed, watched to ſpeak to her before ſhe deſcended the ſtairs. "Do you walk?" he cried; "may I aſk? or—am I indiſcreet?"

She anſwered ſhe had ſomething to ſay to Eugenia, but ſhould be back in an inſtant. She then flew to the chamber of her ſiſter, and conjured her to conſult Edgar in

whatever ſhould occur during her abſence. Eugenia ſolemnly conſented.

Jacob preſently rapped at the door, to announce that Mrs. Arlbery was waiting below in her carriage.

How to paſs or eſcape Edgar became now her greateſt difficulty; and ſhe was ſtanding irreſolute and thoughtful, when Mr. Tyrold came to ſummon her.

After mildly repreſenting the indecorum of detaining any one ſhe was to receive by appointment, he took her apart, and putting a packet into her hand, "I would not," he ſaid, "agitate your ſpirits this morning, by entering upon any topic that might diſturb you: I have therefore put upon paper what I moſt deſire you to conſider. You will find it a little ſermon upon the difficulties and the conduct of the female heart. Read it alone, and with attention. And now, my deareſt girl, go quietly into the parlour, and let one brief and cheerful good-morrow ſerve for every body alike."

He then returned to his brother.

She made Eugenia accompany her down ſtairs, to avoid any ſolitary attack from Edgar; he ſuffered them to paſs; but followed to the parlour, where ſhe haſtily bid adieu to Miſs Margland and Indiana? but was ſtopt from rnnning off

by

by the former, who said, "I wish I had known you intended going out, for I designed asking Sir Hugh for the chariot for myself this morning, to make a very particular visit."

Camilla, in a hesitating voice, said she should not use her uncle's chariot.

"You walk then?"

"No,—ma'am—but—there is—there is a carriage—I believe, now at the door."

"O dear, whose?" cried Indiana; "do, pray, tell me where you are going?" while Edgar, still more curious than either, held out his hand to conduct her, that he might obtain better information.

"I am very glad your head-ach is so well," said Miss Margland; "but, pray—is Mr. Mandlebert to be your chaperon?"

They both blushed, though both affected not to hear her: but, before they could quit the room, Indiana, who had run to a bow-window, exclaimed, "Dear! if there is not Mrs. Arlbery in a beautiful high phaeton!"

Edgar, astonished, was now as involuntarily drawing back, as Camilla, involuntarily, was hurrying on: but Miss Margland, insisting upon an answer, desired to know if she should return to dinner?

She stammered out, No. Miss Margland pursued her to ask at what time the chariot

chariot was to fetch her; and forced from her a confeſſion that ſhe ſhould be away for ſome days.

She was now permitted to proceed. Edgar, impreſſed with the deepeſt diſpleaſure, leading her in ſilence acroſs the hall: but, ſtopping an inſtant at the door, "This excurſion," he gravely ſaid, "will reſcue you from no little intended importunity: I had purpoſed tormenting you, from time to time, for your opinion and directions with reſpect to Miſs Eugenia."

And then, bowing coldly to Mrs. Arlbery, who eagerly called out to welcome her, he placed her in the phaeton, which inſtantly drove off.

He looked after them for ſome time, almoſt incredulous of her departure: but as his amazement ſubſided into certainty, the moſt indignant diſappointment ſucceeded. That ſhe could leave Cleves at the very moment he was reinſtated in its ſociety, ſeemed conviction to him of her indifference; and that ſhe could leave it in the preſent ſtate of the affairs of Eugenia, made him conclude her ſo great a ſlave to the love of pleaſure, that every duty and all propriety were to be ſacrificed to its purſuit. "I will think of her," cried he, "no more! She concealed from me her plan, leſt I ſhould torment her with admonitions:

nitions: the glaring homage of the Major is better adapted to her tafte,—She flies from my fincerity to receive his adulation, —I have been deceived in her difpofition, —I will think of her no more!"

CHAP. XIV.

A Sermon.

THE kind reception of Mrs Arlbery, and all the animation of her discourse, were thrown away upon Camilla. An absent smile, and a few faint acknowledgments of her goodness were all she could return: Eugenia abandoned when she might have been served, Edgar contemning when he might have been approving—these were the images of her mind, which resisted entrance to all other.

Tired of fruitless attempts to amuse her, Mrs. Arlbery, upon their arrival at the Grove, conducted her to an apartment prepared for her, and made use of no persuasion that she would leave it before dinner.

Camilla then, too unhappy to fear any injunction, and resigned to whatever she might receive, read the discourse of Mr. Tyrold.

For Miss Camilla Tyrold.

It is not my intention to enumerate, my dear Camilla, the many blessings of your situation;

ſituation; your heart is juſt and affectionate, and will not forget them: I mean but to place before you your immediate duties, ſatisfied that the review will enſure their performance.

Unuſed to, becauſe undeſerving control, your days, to this period, have been as gay as your ſpirits. It is now firſt that your tranquillity is ruffled; it is now, therefore, that your fortitude has its firſt debt to pay for its hitherto happy exemption.

Thoſe who weigh the calamities of life only by the poſitive, the ſubſtantial, or the irremediable miſchiefs which they produce, regard the firſt ſorrows of early youth as too trifling for compaſſion. They do not enough conſider that it is the ſuffering, not its abſtract cauſe, which demands human commiſeration. The man who loſes his whole fortune, yet poſſeſſes firmneſs, philoſophy, a diſdain of ambition, and an accommodation to circumſtances, is leſs an object of contemplative pity, than the perſon who, without one real deprivation, one actual evil, is firſt, or is ſuddenly forced to recogniſe the fallacy of a cheriſhed and darling hope.

That its foundation may always have been ſhallow is no mitigation of diſappointment to him who had only viewed it in its ſuperſtructure. Its downfal is not leſs ter-

 rible

rible to its viſionary elevator, becauſe others had ſeen it from the beginning as a folly or a chimera; its diſſolution, therefore ſhould be eſtimated, not by its romantic tenure in the unimpaſſioned examination of a rational looker on, but by its believed promiſe of felicity to its credulous projector.

Is my Camilla in this predicament? had ſhe woven her own deſtiny in the ſpeculation of her wiſhes? Alas! to blame her, I muſt firſt forget that deluſion, while in force, has all the ſemblance of reality, and takes the ſame hold upon the faculties as truth. Nor is it till the ſpell is broken, till the perverſion of reaſon and error of judgment become wilful, that Scorn ought to point "its finger" or Cenſure its ſeverity.

But of this I have no fear. The love of right is implanted indelibly in your nature, and your own peace is as dependant as mine and as your mother's upon its conſtant culture.

Your conduct hitherto has been committed to yourſelf. Satisfied with eſtabliſhing your principles upon the adamantine pillars of religion and conſcience, we have not feared leaving you the entire poſſeſſion of general liberty. Nor do I mean to withdraw it, though the preſent ſtate of your affairs, and what for ſome time paſt I have painfully obſerved of your precipitance, oblige

oblige me to add partial counſel to ſtanding precept, and exhortation to advice. I ſhall give them, however, with diffidence, fairly acknowledging and blending my own perplexities with yours.

The temporal deſtiny of woman is enwrapt in ſtill more impenetrable obſcurity than that of man. She begins her career by being involved in all the worldly accidents of a parent; ſhe continues it by being aſſociated in all that may environ a huſband: and the difficulties ariſing from this doubly appendant ſtate, are augmented by the next to impoſſibility that the firſt dependance ſhould pave the way for the ultimate. What parent yet has been gifted with the foreſight to ſay, "I will educate my daughter for the ſtation to which ſhe ſhall belong?" Let us even ſuppoſe that ſtation to be fixed by himſelf, rarely as the chances of life authoriſe ſuch a preſumption; his daughter all duty, and the partner of his own ſelection ſolicitous of the alliance: is he at all more ſure he has provided even for her external welfare? What, in this ſublunary exiſtence, is the ſtate from which ſhe ſhall neither riſe nor fall? Who ſhall ſay that in a few years, a few months, perhaps leſs, the ſituation in which the proſperity of his own views has placed her, may not change for one more humble than he has fitted her for

 enduring,

enduring, or more exalted than he has accomplished her for sustaining? The conscience, indeed, of the father is not responsible for events, but the infelicity of the daughter is not less a subject of pity.

Again, if none of these outward and obvious vicissitudes occur, the proper education of a female, either for use or for happiness, is still to seek, still a problem beyond human solution; since its refinement, or its negligence, can only prove to her a good or an evil, according to the humour of the husband into whose hands she may fall. If fashioned to shine in the great world, he may deem the metropolis all turbulence; if endowed with every resource for retirement, he may think the country distasteful. And though her talents, her acquirements, may in either of these cases be set aside, with an only silent regret of wasted youth and application; the turn of mind which they have induced, the appreciation which they have taught of time, of pleasure, or of utility, will have nurtured inclinations and opinions not so ductile to new sentiments and employments, and either submission becomes a hardship, or resistance generates dissention.

If such are the parental embarrassments, against which neither wisdom nor experience

can

can guard, who ſhould view the filial without ſympathy and tenderneſs?

You have been brought up, my dear child, without any ſpecific expectation. Your mother and myſelf, mutually deliberating upon the uncertainty of the female fate, determined to educate our girls with as much ſimplicity as is compatible with inſtruction, as much docility for various life as may accord with invariable principles, and as much accommodation with the world at large, as may combine with a juſt diſtinction of ſelected ſociety. We hoped, thus, ſhould your lots be elevated, to ſecure you from either exulting arrogance, or baſhful inſignificance; or ſhould they, as is more probable, be lowly, to inſtil into your underſtandings and characters ſuch a portion of intellectual vigour as ſhould make you enter into an humbler ſcene without debaſement, helpleſſneſs, or repining.

It is now, Camilla, we muſt demand your exertions in return. Let not theſe cares, to fit you for the world as you may find it be utterly annihilated from doing you good by the uncombated ſway of an unavailing, however well-placed attachment.

We will not here canvaſs the equity of that freedom by which women as well as men ſhould be allowed to diſpoſe of their own affections. There cannot in nature, in

in theory, nor even in common ſenſe, be a doubt of their equal right: but diſquiſitions on this point will remain rather curious than important, till the ſpeculatiſt can ſuperinduce to the abſtract truth of the poſition ſome proof of its practicability.

Meanwhile, it is enough for every modeſt and reaſonable young woman to conſider, that where there are two parties, choice can belong only to one of them: and then let her call upon all her feelings of delicacy, all her notions of propriety, to decide: Since man muſt chooſe Woman, or Woman Man, which ſhould come forward to make the choice? Which ſhould retire to be choſen?

A prepoſſeſſion directed towards a virtuous and deſerving object wears, in its firſt approach, the appearance of a mere tribute of juſtice to merit. It ſeems, therefore, too natural, perhaps too generous, to be conſidered either as a folly or a crime. It is only its encouragement where it is not reciprocal, that can make it incur the firſt epithet, or where it ought not to be reciprocal that can brand it with the ſecond. With reſpect to this laſt, I know of nothing to apprehend:—with regard to the firſt—I grieve to wound my deareſt Camilla, yet where there has been no ſubject for complaint,

plaint, there can have been none for expectation.

Struggle then againſt yourſelf as you would ſtruggle againſt an enemy. Refuſe to liſten to a wiſh, to dwell even upon a poſſibility, that opens to your preſent idea of happineſs. All that in future may be realiſed probably hangs upon this conflict. I mean not to propoſe to you in the courſe of a few days to reinſtate yourſelf in the perfect ſecurity of a diſengaged mind. I know too much of the human heart to be ignorant that the acceleration, or delay, muſt depend upon circumſtance: I can only require from you what depends upon yourſelf, a ſteady and courageous warfare againſt the two dangerous underminers of your peace and of your fame, imprudence and impatience. You have champions with which to encounter them that cannot fail of ſucceſs,—good ſenſe and delicacy.

Good ſenſe will ſhew you the power of ſelf-conqueſt, and point out its means. It will inſtruct you to curb thoſe unguarded movements which lay you open to the ſtrictures of others. It will talk to you of thoſe boundaries which cuſtom forbids your ſex to paſs, and the hazard of any individual attempt to tranſgreſs them. It will tell you, that where allowed only a negative choice, it is your own beſt intereſt to combat

combat againſt a poſitive wiſh. It will bid you, by conſtant occupation, vary thoſe thoughts that now take but one direction, and multiply thoſe intereſts which now recogniſe but one object: and it will ſoon convince you, that it is not ſtrength of mind which you want, but reflection, to obtain a ſtrict and unremitting control over your paſſions.

This laſt word will pain, but let it not ſhock you. You have no paſſions, my innocent girl, at which you need bluſh, though enough at which I muſt tremble!—For in what conſiſts your conſtraint, your forbearance? your wiſh is your guide, your impulſe is your action. Alas! never yet was mortal created ſo perfect, that every wiſh was virtuous, or every impulſe wiſe!

Does a ſecret murmur here demand: if a diſcerning predilection is no crime, why, internally at leaſt, may it not be cheriſhed? whom can it injure or offend, that, in the hidden receſſes of my own breaſt, I nouriſh ſuperior preference of ſuperior worth?

This is the queſtion with which every young woman beguiles her fancy; this is the common but ſeductive opiate, with which inclination lulls reaſon.

The anſwer may be ſafely compriſed in a brief appeal to her own breaſt.

I do

I do not desire her to be insensible to merit; I do not even demand she should confine her social affections to her own sex, since esteem may be equally innocent, though not equally common with ours: I require of her simply, that, in her secret hours, when pride has no dominion, and disguise would answer no purpose, she will ask herself this question, "Could I calmly hear that this elect of my heart was united to another? Were I to be informed that the indissoluble knot was tied, which annihilates all my own future possibilities, would the news occasion me no affliction?" This, and this alone, is the test by which she may judge the danger, or the harmlessness of her attachment.

I have now endeavoured to point out the obligations which you may owe to good sense. Your obligations to delicacy will be but their consequence.

Delicacy is an attribute so peculiarly feminine, that were your reflections less agitated by your feelings, you could delineate more distinctly than myself its appropriate laws, its minute exactions, its sensitive refinements. Here, therefore, I seek but to bring back to your memory what livelier sensations have inadvertently driven from it.

You

You may imagine, in the innocency of your heart, that what you would rather perish than utter, can never, since untold, be suspected, and, at present, I am equally sanguine in believing no surmise to have been conceived where most it would shock you: yet credit me when I assure you, that you can make no greater mistake, than to suppose that you have any security beyond what sedulously you must earn by the most indefatigable vigilance. There are so many ways of communication independent of speech, that silence is but one point in the ordinances of discretion. You have nothing, in so modest a character, to apprehend from vanity or presumption; you may easily, therefore, continue the guardian of your own dignity: but you must keep in mind, that our perceptions want but little quickening to discern what may flatter them; and it is common to either sex to be to no gratification so alive, as to that of a conscious ascendance over the other.

Nevertheless, the female who, upon the softening blandishment of an undisguised prepossession, builds her expectation of its reciprocality, is, in common, most cruelly deceived. It is not that she has failed to awaken tenderness; but it has been tenderness

derneſs without reſpect: nor yet that the perſon thus elated has been inſenſible to flattery; but it has been a flattery to raiſe himſelf, not its exciter in his eſteem. The partiality which we feel inſpires diffidence: that which we create has a contrary effect. A certainty of ſucceſs, in many deſtroys, in all weakens, its charm: the baſhful excepted, to whom it gives courage; and the indolent, to whom it ſaves trouble.

Carefully, then, beyond all other care, ſhut up every avenue by which a ſecret which ſhould die untold can further eſcape you. Avoid every ſpecies of particularity; neither ſhun nor ſeek any intercourſe apparently; and in ſuch meetings as general prudence may render neceſſary, or as accident may make inevitable, endeavour to behave with the ſame open eſteem as in your days of unconſciouſneſs. The leaſt unuſual attention would not be more ſuſpicious to the world, than the leaſt undue reſerve to the ſubject of our diſcuſſion. Coldneſs or diſtance could only be imputed to reſentment; and reſentment, ſince you have received no offence, how, ſhould it be inveſtigated, could you vindicate? or how, ſhould it be paſſed in ſilence, ſecure from being attributed to pique and diſappointment?

There

There is alſo another motive, important to us all, which calls for the moſt rigid circumſpection. The perſon in queſtion is not merely amiable; he is alſo rich: mankind at large, therefore, would not give merely to a ſenſe of excellence any obvious predilection. This hint will, I know, powerfully operate upon your diſintereſted ſpirit.

Never from perſonal experience may you gather, how far from ſoothing, how wide from honourable, is the ſpecies of compaſſion ordinarily diffuſed by the diſcovery of an unreturned female regard. That it ſhould be felt unſought may be conſidered as a mark of diſcerning ſenſibility; but that it ſhould be betrayed uncalled for, is commonly, however ungenerouſly, imagined rather to indicate ungoverned paſſions, than refined ſelection. This is often both cruel and unjuſt; yet, let me aſk—Is the world a proper confidant for ſuch a ſecret? Can the woman who has permitted it to go abroad, reaſonably demand that conſideration and reſpect from the community, in which ſhe has been wanting to herſelf? To me it would be unneceſſary to obſerve, that her indiſcretion may have been the effect of an inadvertence which owes its origin to artleſſneſs,

neſs, not to forwardneſs: She is judged by thoſe, who, hardened in the ways of men, accuſtom themſelves to trace in evil every motive to action; or by thoſe, who, preferring ridicule to humanity, ſeek rather to amuſe themſelves wittily with her ſuſceptibility, than to feel for its innocence and ſimplicity.

In a ſtate of utter conſtraint, to appear natural is, however, an effort too difficult to be long ſuſtained; and neither precept, example, nor diſpoſition, have enured my poor child to the performance of any ſtudied part. Diſcriminate, nevertheleſs, between hypocriſy and diſcretion. The firſt is a vice; the ſecond a conciliation to virtue. It is the bond that keeps ſociety from diſunion; the veil that ſhades our weakneſs from expoſure, giving time for that interior correction, which the publication of our infirmities would elſe, with reſpect to mankind, make of no avail.

It were better, no doubt, worthier, nobler, to meet the ſcrutiny of our fellow-creatures by conſent, as we encounter, per force, the all-viewing eye of our Creator: but ſince for this we are not ſufficiently without blemiſh, we muſt allow to our unſtable virtues all the encouragement that can prop them. The event of diſcovered faults is more frequently calloufneſs

lousness than amendment; and propriety of example is as much a duty to our fellow-creatures, as purity of intention is a debt to ourselves.

To delicacy, in fine your present exertions will owe their future recompence, be your ultimate lot in life what it may. Should you, in the course of time, belong to another, you will be shielded from the regret that a former attachment had been published; or should you continue mistress of yourself, from a blush that the world is acquainted it was not by your choice.

I shall now conclude this little discourse by calling upon you to annex to whatever I have offered you of precept, the constant remembrance of your mother for example.

In our joint names, therefore, I adjure you, my dearest Camilla, not to embitter the present innocence of your suffering by imprudence that may attach to its censure, nor by indulgence that may make it fasten upon your vitals! imprudence cannot but end in the demolition of that dignified equanimity, and modest propriety, which we wish to be uniformly remarked as the attributes of your character: and indulgence, by fixing, may envenom a dart that as yet may be gently withdrawn from a wound which kindness may heal, and time may close; but which, if neglected, may

wear

wear away in corroding disturbance all your life's comfort to yourself, and all its social purposes to your friends and to the world.

AUGUSTUS TYROLD.

CHAP. XV.

A Chat.

THE calm ſadneſs with which Camilla had opened her letter was ſoon broken in upon by the intereſt of its contents, the view it diſplayed of her duties, her ſhame at her recent failures, and her fears for their future execution; and yet more than all, by the full deciſion in which it ſeemed written, that the unhappy partiality ſhe had expoſed, had been always, and would for ever remain unreturned.

She ſtarted at the intimation how near ſhe ſtood to detection even from Edgar himſelf; and pride, reaſon, modeſty, all aroſe to ſtrengthen her with reſolution to guard every future conflict from his obſervation.

The article concerning fortune touched her to the quick. Nothing appeared to her ſo degrading as the moſt diſtant idea that ſuch a circumſtance could have any force with her. But the juſtice done to Edgar ſhe gloried in, as an apology for her feelings, and exculpatory of her weakneſs.

Her

Her tears flowed faſt at every expreſſion of kindneſs to herſelf; her burning bluſhes dried them up as they were falling, at every hint of her feebleneſs, and the hopeleſſneſs of its cauſe; but wholly ſubdued by the laſt paragraph, which with reverence ſhe preſſed to her lips, ſhe offered up the moſt ſolemn vows of a ſtrict and entire obſervance of every injunction which the letter contained.

She was thus employed, unnoticing the paſſage of time, when Mrs. Arlbery tapped at her door, and aſked if ſhe wiſhed to dine in her own room.

Surpriſed at the queſtion, and aſhamed to be thus ſeen, ſhe was beginning a thouſand apologies for not being yet dreſſed but Mrs. Arlbery, interrupting her, ſaid, "I never liſten to excuſes. 'Tis the only battery that overpowers me. If, by any miſchance, and in an evil hour, ſome country couſin, not knowing my ways, or ſome antediluvian prig, not minding them, happen to fall upon me with formal ſpeeches, where I can make no eſcape, a fit of yawning takes me immediately, and I am demoliſhed for the reſt of the day."

Camilla, attempting to ſmile, promiſed to play the country couſin no more. Mrs. Arlbery then obſerved ſhe had been weeping; and taking her hand, with an examin-

ing look, "My lovely young friend," ſhe cried, "this will never do!"

"What, ma'am!—how?—what?—"

"Nay, nay, don't be frightened. Come down to dinner, and we'll talk over the hows? and the whats? afterwards. Never mind your dreſs; we go no where this evening; and I make a point not to ſuffer any body to change their attire in my houſe, merely becauſe the afternoon is taking place of the morning. It ſeems to me a miſerable compliment to the miſtreſs of a manſion, to ſee her gueſts only equip themſelves for the table. For my part, I deem the garb that is good enough for me, good enough for my geeſe and turkies."

Camilla then followed her down ſtairs, where ſhe found no company but Sir Sedley Clarendel.

"Come, my dear Miſs Tyrold," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "you and I may now conſider ourſelves as *tête-à-tête*; Sir Sedley won't be much in our way. He hears and ſees nothing but himſelf."

"Ecſtatically flattering that!" cried Sir Sedley; "dulcet to every nerve!"

"O, I know you liſten juſt now, becauſe you are yourſelf my theme. But the moment I take another, you will forget we are either of us in the room."

"Inhuman

"Inhuman to the quick!" cried he; "barbarous to a point!"

"This is a creature ſo ſtrange, Miſs Tyrold," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "that I muſt poſitively initiate you a little into his character;—or, rather, into its own caricature; for as to character, he has had none intelligible theſe three years.—See but how he ſmiles at the very proſpect of being portrayed, in defiance of all his efforts to look unconcerned! yet he knows I ſhall ſhew him no mercy. But, like all other egotiſts, the only thing to really diſconcert him, would be to take no notice of him. Make him but the firſt ſubject of diſcourſe, and praiſe or abuſe are pretty much the ſame to him."

"O ſhocking! ſhocking! killing paſt reſuſcitation! Abominably horrid, I proteſt!"

"O I have not begun yet. This is an obſervation to ſuit thouſands. But do not fear; you ſhall have all your appropriations. Miſs Tyrold, you are to be auditor and judge: and I will ſave you the time and the trouble which *decyphering* this animal, ſo truly a non-deſcript, might coſt you."

"What a tremendous exordium! diſtreſſing to a degree! I am agued with trepidation!"

"O you wretch! you know you are enchanted. But no further interruption! I ſend you to Coventry for the next ten minutes.

"This man, my dear Miſs Tyrold, whom we are about to delineate, was meant by nature, and prepared by art, for ſomething greatly ſuperior to what he now appears: but, unhappily, he had neither ſolidity of judgment, nor humility of diſpoſition, for bearing meekly the early advantages with which he ſet out in life; a fine perſon, fine parts, and a fine eſtate, all daſhed into conſciouſneſs at the preſuming age of one and twenty. By this aggregate of wealthy, of mental, and of perſonal proſperity, he has become at once ſelf-ſpoilt and world-ſpoilt. Had you known him, as I have done, before he was ſeized with the ſyſtematic affectation, which, I am ſatisfied, cauſes him more ſtudy than the united pedants of both univerſities could inflict upon him, you would have ſeen the moſt delightful creature breathing! a creature combining, in one animated compoſition, the very eſſences of ſpirit, of gaiety, and of intelligence. But now, with every thing within his reach, nothing ſeems worth his attainment. He has not ſufficient energy to make uſe of his own powers. He has no one to command him, and he is too indolent

dolent to command himself. He has therefore turned fop from mere wantonness of time and of talents; from having nothing to do, no one to care for, and no one to please. Take from him half his wit, and by lessening his presumption, you will cure him of all his folly. Rob him of his fortune, and by forcing him into exertion, you will make him one of the first men of his day. Deface and maim his features and figure, and by letting him see that to appear and to be admired is not the same thing, you will render him irresistible."

"Have you done?" cried the baronet, smiling.

"I protest," said Mrs. Arlbery, "I believe you are a little touched! And I don't at all want to reform you. A perfect character only lulls me to sleep."

"Obliging in the superlative! I must then take as a consolation, that I have never given you a nap?"

"Never, Clarendel, I assure you! and yet I don't hate you! Vice is detestable; I banish all its appearances from my coteries; and I would banish its reality, too, were I sure I should then have any thing but empty chairs in my drawing room—but foibles make all the charm of society. They are the only support of convivial raillery, and domestic wit. If formerly, therefore, you

you more excited my admiration, it is now, believe me, you contribute moſt to my entertainment."

"Condoling to a phenomenon! I have really, then, the vaſtly prodigious honour to be exalted in your fair graces to the level of a mountebank? a quack doctor? his merry Andrew? or any other ſuch reſpectable buffoon?"

"Piqued! piqued! I declare! this exceeds my higheſt ambition. But I muſt not weaken the impreſſion by dwelling upon it."

She then aſked Camilla if ſhe had any meſſage from Cleves, as one of her ſervants was going paſt the park gate.

Camilla, glad to withdraw, ſaid ſhe would write a few words to her father, and retired for that purpoſe.

* * * *

"What in the world, my dear Clarendel," ſaid Mrs. Arlbery, "can I do with this poor thing? She has loſt all her ſprightlineſs, and vapours me but to look at her. She has all the ſymptoms upon her of being in the full meridian of that common girliſh diſeaſe, an hopeleſs paſſion."

"Poor little tender dove!" cried the baronet. "'Twould be odious to cure her.

Unfeeling

Unfeeling to exceſs. What in nature can be half ſo mellifluouſly intereſting? I ſhall now look at her with moſt prodigious ſoftneſs. Ought one not to ſigh as ſhe approaches?"

"The matter to be ſure is ſilly enough," anſwered Mrs. Arlbery; "but, this nonſenſe apart, ſhe is a charming girl. Beſides, I perceive I am a violent favourite with her; and flattery, my dear Clarendel, will work its way, even with me! I really owe her a good turn: Elſe I ſhould no longer endure her; for the tender paſſion has terribly flattened her. If we can't reſtore her ſpirits, ſhe will be a mere dead weight to me."

"O a very cruſh! a cannon ball would be a butterfly in the compariſon! But who is the Irreſiſtible? What form has the little blind traitor aſſumed?"

"O, aſſure yourſelf, that of the firſt young man who has come in her ſight. Every damſel, as ſhe enters the world, has ſome picture ready painted upon her imagination of an object worthy to enſlave her: and before any experience forms her judgment, or any compariſon her taſte, ſhe is the dupe of the firſt youth who preſents himſelf to her, in the firm perſuaſion of her ductile fancy, that he is juſt the model it had previouſly created."

 She

She then added, ſhe had little doubt but young Mandlebert was the hero, from their private conferences after the raffle, and from her bluſhes when forced to name him.

"Nay, nay, this is not of the firſt incongruity!" ſaid the young baronet, "not romantic to outrage. Beech park has nothing very horrific in it. Nothing invincibly beyond the ſtandard of a young lady's philoſophy."

"Depend upon it, that's the very idea its maſter has conceived of the matter himſelf. You wealthy Cavaliers rarely want flappers to remind you of your advantages. That Mandlebert, you muſt know, is my averſion. He has juſt that air and reputation of faultleſſneſs that gives me the ſpleen. I hope, for her ſake, he won't think of her; he will lead her a terrible life. A man who piques himſelf upon his perfections, finds no mode ſo convenient and ready for diſplaying them, as proving all about him to be conſtantly in the wrong. However, a character of that ſtamp rarely marries; eſpecially if he is rich and has no obſtacles in his way. What can I do, then, for this poor thing? The very nature of her malady is to make her entertain falſe hopes. I am quite bent upon curing them. The only difficulty, according to cuſtom, is how. I wiſh you would take her in hand yourſelf."

"I?

"I?—prepoſterous in the extreme! what particle of chance ſhould I have againſt Mandlebert?"

"O you vain wretch! to be ſure you don't know, that though he is rich, you are richer? and, doubtleſs, you never took notice, that though he is handſome, you are handſomer? As to manners, there is little to chooſe between you; for he is as much too correct, as you are too fantaſtic. In converſation, too, you are nearly upon a par, for he is as regularly too right, as you are ridiculouſly too wrong,—but O the charm of dear amuſing wrong, over dull commanding right! you have but to addreſs yourſelf to her with a little flattering diſtinction, and Mandlebert ever after will appear to her a pedant."

"What a wicked ſort of ſprite is a female wit!" cried Sir Sedley, "breathing only in miſchief! a very will-o'-the-wiſp, perſonified and petticoated, ſhining but to lead aſtray. Dangerous paſt all fathom! Have the goodneſs, however, my fair Jack-o'-lanthorn, to intimate what you mean I ſhould do with this languiſhing dulcinea, ſhould I deliver her from thraldom? You don't adviſe me, I preſume, to take unto myſelf a wife? I proteſt I am ſhivered to the utmoſt point north at the bare ſuggeſtion! frozen to an icicle!"

"No, no; I know you far too confirmed an egotift for any thing but an old bachelor. Nor is there the leaft neceffity to yoke the poor child to the conjugal plough fo early. The only facrifice I demand from you is a little attention; the only good I aim at for her, is to open her eyes, which have now a film before them, and to let her fee that Mandlebert has no other pre-eminence, than that of having been the firft young man with whom fhe became acquainted. Never imagine I want her to fall in love with you. Heaven help the poor victim to fuch a complication of caprice!"

"Nay, now I am full fouth again! burning with fhame and choler! How you navigate my fenfations from cold to heat at pleafure! Cooke was a mere river waterman to you. My blood chills or boils at your command. Every fentence is a new climate. You waft me from extreme to extreme, with a rapidity abfolutely dizzying. A balloon is a broad-wheeled waggon to you."

"Come, come, jargon apart, will you make yourfelf of any ufe? The cure of a romantic firft flame is a better furety to fubfequent difcretion, than all the exhortations of all the fathers, and mothers, and guardians, and maiden aunts in the univerfe. Save her now, and you ferve her

for life;—besides giving me a prodigious pleasure in robbing that frigid Mandlebert of such a conquest."

"Unhappy young swain! I pity him to immensity. How has he fallen thus under the rigour of your wrath? Do you banish him your favour, like another Aristides, to relieve your ear from hearing him called the Just?"

"Was ever allusion so impertinent? or what is worse, for aught I can determine, so true? for, certainly, he has given me no offence; yet I feel I should be enchanted to humble him. Don't be concerned for him, however; you may assure yourself he hates me. There is a certain spring in our propensities to one another, that involuntarily opens and shuts in almost exact harmony, whether of approbation or antipathy. Except, indeed, in the one article of love, which, distinguishing nothing, is ready to grasp at any thing."

"But why have you not recourse to the gallant cockade?"

"The Major? O, I have observed, already, she receives his devoirs without emotion; which, for a girl who has seen nothing of the world, is respectable enough; his red coat considered. Whether the man has any meaning himself, or whether he knows there is such a thing, I cannot tell:

but as I do not wiſh to ſee her ſurrounded with brats, while a mere brat herſelf, it is not worth enquiry. You are the thing, Clarendel, the very thing! You are juſt agreeable enough to annul her puerile faſcination, yet not intereſting enough to involve her in any new danger."

"Flattering paſt imitability! divine Arlberiana!"

"Girls, in general," continued ſhe "are inſupportable nuiſances to women. If you do not ſet them to prate about their admirers, or their admired, they die of wearineſs; —if you do, the wearineſs reverberates upon yourſelf."

Camilla here returned. She had written a few lines to Eugenia, to enforce her reliance upon Edgar, with an earneſt requeſt to be ſent for immediately, if any new difficulty occurred. And ſhe had addreſſed a few warmly grateful words to her father, engaging to follow his every injunction with her beſt ability.

Sir Sedley now rang for his carriage; and Camilla, for the reſt of the evening, exerted herſelf to receive more cheerfully the kind civilities of her lively hoſteſs.

CHAP. XVI.

A Recall.

AFTER two days paſſed with tolerable, though not natural cheerfulneſs at the Grove, Camilla was ſurpriſed by the arrival of the carriage of Sir Hugh with a ſhort note from Eugenia.

To Miſs Camilla Tyrold.

AN incident has happened that overpowers me with ſadneſs and horror. I cannot write. I ſend the chariot. O! come and paſs an hour or two at Cleves with your diſtreſſed

EUGENIA!

Camilla could ſcarcely ſtop to leave a meſſage for Mrs. Arlbery, before ſhe flew to the carriage; nor, when arrived at Cleves, even inquire for her uncle, before ſhe ran to the apartment of Eugenia, and, with a thouſand tender careſſes, deſired to know what had cruelly afflicted her.

"Alas!" ſhe anſwered, "my uncle has written to Clermont to come over,—and informed him with what view!"

She

She then related, that Indiana, the preceding day, had prevailed with Sir Hugh to form a party for the Midleton races; and ſhe found he would be quite unhappy if ſhe refuſed to accompany it. That they had been joined by Bellamy on the race ground, who only, however, ſpoke to Miſs Margland, as Edgar, watchful and uneaſy, hardly permitted him even to ſee any one elſe. But the horſes having taken fright, while they were in a great crowd, Bellamy had perſuaded them to alight, while the coach paſſed a concourſe of carriages; and, in that interval, he had contrived to whiſper a claim upon her tacit promiſe of viewing the chaiſe which was for ever to convey him away from her; and, though her engagement to Edgar made her refuſe, he had drawn her, ſhe knew not herſelf how, from her party, and, while ſhe was angrily remonſtrating, and he ſeemed in the utmoſt deſpair at her diſpleaſure, Edgar, who had been at firſt eluded by being on horſeback, diſmounted, forced his way to her, and almoſt carried her back to the coach; leaving Bellamy, who ſhe was ſure had no ſiniſter deſign, nearly dead with grief at being unworthily ſuſpected. Edgar, ſhe however added, was fixed in believing he meant to ſurpriſe her away; and Jacob, aſſerting he ſaw him purpoſely frighten the horſes, had told

told his ſurmiſes to Sir Hugh; which he had corroborated by an account that the ſame gentleman had ſtopt to converſe with her in her laſt return from Etherington. Sir Hugh, terrified, had declared he would no longer live without Clermont upon the ſpot. She had felt too much for his diſturbance to oppoſe him at the moment, but had not imagined his plan would immediately be put into execution, till, early this morning, he had ſent for her, and produced his letter of recall, which had taken him, he ſaid, the whole night to compoſe. Urged by ſurpriſe and diſſatisfaction, ſhe was beginning a little remonſtrance; but it made him ſo extremely unhappy, that, in the fear of a relapſe, ſhe deſiſted; and, with a ſhock ſhe knew not when ſhe ſhould overcome, ſaw the fatal letter delivered for the poſt.

Camilla, with much commiſeration, inquired if ſhe had conſulted with Edgar. Yes, ſhe anſwered; and he had extorted her permiſſion to relate the whole tranſaction to her father, though in a manner wide from juſtice to the ill-fated Bellamy; whoſe deſign might be extraordinary, but whoſe character, ſhe was convinced, was honourable.

Camilla, whoſe education, though private, had not, like that of Eugenia, been

ſecluded

fecluded and ftudious, was far lefs credulous than her fifter, though equally artlefs. She declared herfelf, therefore, openly againft Bellamy, and made her motives confift in a commentary upon his proceedings.

Eugenia warmly defended him, declaring no one could have doubted a moment his goodnefs or his honour, had they feen the diftracted fuffering that was marked in his countenance.

"And what," cried Camilla, "fays my father to all this?"

"He fays juft what Edgar fays:—he is all that is kind and good, but he has never beheld Bellamy—how, then, fhould he know him?"

A meffage came now from Sir Hugh to Camilla, that he would fee her before fhe went, but that he was refting at prefent from the fatigue of writing a letter. He fent her, however, with his love, the foul copy, to amufe her till fhe could come to him.

To Clermont Lynmere *Efq.*

Dear Nephew,

I HAVE had a very dangerous illnefs, and the doctors themfelves are all furprifed that I recovered; but a greater doctor than them was pleafed to fave me, for which I thank God. But as this attack has made me think more than ever I thought before,

I am

I am willing to turn my thoughts to good account.

Now, as I have not the gift of writing, at which, thank God, I have left off repining, from the reafon of its great troublefomenefs in acquiring, I can't pretend to any thing of a fine letter, but fhall proceed to bufinefs.

My dear Clermont, I write now to defire you would come over out of hand; which I hope you won't take unkind, foreign parts being no great pleafure to fee, in comparifon of old England; befides which, I have another apology to offer, which is, having a fine prize in view for you; which is the more effential, owing to fome unlucky circumftances, in which I did not behave quite as well as I wifh, though very unwillingly; which I mention to you as a warning. However, you have no need to be caft down, for this prize will fet all right, and make you as rich as a lord, at the fame time that you are as wife as a philofopher. And as learning, though I have the proper refpect for it, won't ferve to make the pot boil, you muft needs be glad of more fubftantial fuel; for there's no living upon air, however you ftudents may affect to think eating mere gluttony.

Now, this prize is no other than your coufin Eugenia Tyrold, whom I don't tell you

you is a beauty; but if you are the sensible lad I take you for, you won't think the worse of her for wanting such frail perfections. Besides, we should not be too nice amongst relations, for if we are, what can we expect from the wide world? So I beg you to come over with all convenient speed, for fear of her falling a prey to some sharper, many such being to be found; especially at horse-races, and so forth. I remain,

Dear nephew,
Your affectionate uncle,
HUGH TYROLD.

Eugenia, from motives of delicacy and of shame, declined reading the copy as she had declined reading the letter; but looked so extremely unhappy, that Camilla offered to plead with her uncle, and use her utmost influence that he would countermand the recall.

"No," she answered, "no! 'tis a point of duty and gratitude, and I must bear its consequences."

She was now called down to Mr. Tyrold. Camilla accompanied her.

He told her he had gathered, from the kind zeal and inquiries of Edgar, that Bellamy had certainly laid a premeditated plan for carrying her off, if he met her at the races;

races; which, from their vicinity to Cleves might reasonably be expected.

Eugenia, with fervour, protested such wickedness was impossible.

"I am unwilling, my dear child," he answered, "to adulterate the purity of your thoughts and expectations, by inculcating suspicions; but, though nature has blessed you with an uncommon understanding, remember, in judgment you are still but fifteen, and in experience but a child. One thing, however, tell me candidly, Is it from love of justice, or is for your happiness you combat thus ardently for the integrity of this young man?"

"For my justice, Sir!" said she firmly.

"And no latent reason mingles with and enforces it!"

"None, believe me! save only what gratitude dictates."

"If your heart, then, is your own, my dear girl, do not be uneasy at the letter to Clermont. Your uncle is the last man upon earth to put any constraint upon your inclinations; and need I add to my dearest Eugenia, I am the last father to thwart or distress them? Resume, therefore, your courage and composure; be just to your friends, and happy in yourself."

Reason was never thrown away upon Eugenia. Her mind was a soil which received

ceived and naturalized all that was ſown in it. She promiſed to look forward with more cheerfulneſs, and to dwell no longer upon this agitating tranſaction.

Edgar now came in. He was going to ſeek Bellamy. He was charged with a long meſſage for him from Sir Hugh; and an order to inform him that his niece was engaged; which, however, he declined undertaking, without firſt conſulting her.

This was almoſt too ſevere a trial of the duty and fortitude of Eugenia. She coloured, and was quitting the room in ſilence: but preſently turning back, "My uncle," ſhe cried, "is too ill now for argument, and he is too dear to me for oppoſition:—Say, then, juſt what you think will moſt conduce to his tranquillity and recovery."

Her father embraced her; Camilla ſhed tears; and Edgar, in earneſt admiration, kiſſed her hand. She received their applauſe with ſenſibility, but looked down with a ſecret deduction from its force, as ſhe internally uttered, "My taſk is not ſo difficult as they believe! touched as I am with the conſtancy of Bellamy—It is not Melmond who loves me! it is not Melmond I reject!—"

She bluſhed, and left them, followed by Camilla.

"If born but yesterday," cried Mr. Tyrold, while his eyes glistened, "she could not be more perfectly free from guile."

"Yet that," said Edgar, "is but half her praise. To the most genuine simplicity, she joins the most singular philosophy; and to knowledge and cultivation the most uncommon, adds all the modesty as well as innocence of her extreme youth and inexperience."

Mr. Tyrold subscribed with frankness to this just praise of his highly-valued daughter; and they then conferred upon the steps to be taken with Bellamy, whom neither of them scrupled to pronounce a mere fortune-hunter. All the inquiries of Edgar were ineffectual to learn any particulars of his situation. He said he was travelling for his amusement; but he had no recommendation to any one; though, by being constantly well-dressed, and keeping a shewy footman, he had contrived to make acquaintance almost universally in the neighbourhood. Mr. Tyrold determined to accompany Edgar in search of him, and, in the most peremptory terms, to assure him of the serious measures that would ensue, if he desisted not from his pursuit.

He then went to take leave of Camilla, who had been making a visit to her uncle, and was returning to the Grove.

He had ſeen with concern the frigid air with which Edgar had bowed to her upon his entrance, and with compaſſion the changed countenance with which ſhe had received his formal ſalutation. His hope of the alliance now ſunk; and ſo favourite a wiſh could not be relinquiſhed without ſevere diſappointment; yet his own was immaterial to him when he looked at Camilla, and ſaw in her expreſſive eyes the ſtruggle of her ſoul to diſguiſe her wounded feelings. He now regretted that ſhe had not accompanied her mother abroad; and deſired nothing ſo earneſtly as any means to remove her from all intercourſe with Mandlebert. He ſeconded, therefore, her ſpeed to be gone, happy ſhe would be placed where exertion would be indiſpenſable; and gently, yet clearly, intimated his wiſh that ſhe ſhould remain at the Grove, till ſhe could meet Edgar without raiſing pain in her own boſom, or exciting ſuſpicions in his. Cruelly mortified, ſhe ſilently acquieſced. He then ſaid whatever was moſt kind to give her courage; but, dejected by her conſcious failure, and afflicted by the change in Edgar, ſhe returned to Mrs, Arlbery in a ſtate of mind the moſt melancholy.

And here, nothing could be leſs exhilarating nor leſs ſeaſonable than the firſt news ſhe heard.

The regiment of General Kinſale was ordered into Kent, in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge: It was the ſeaſon for drinking the water of that ſpring; and Mr. Dennel was going thither with his daughter. Sir Sedley Clarendel conceived it would be ſerviceable alſo to his own health; and had ſuddenly propoſed to Mrs. Arlbery forming a party to paſs a few weeks there. With a vivacity always ready for any new project, ſhe inſtantly agreed to it, and the journey was ſettled to take place in three days. When Camilla was informed of this intended excurſion, the diſappointment with which it overpowered her was too potent for diſguiſe: and Mrs. Arlbery was ſo much ſtruck with it, that, during coffee, ſhe took Sir Sedley apart, and ſaid; "I feel ſuch concern for the diſmal alteration of that ſweet girl, that I could prevail with myſelf, all love-lorn as ſhe is, to take her with me to Tunbridge, if you will aid my hardy enterpriſe of driving that frozen compoſition of premature wiſdom from her mind. If you are not as invulnerable as himſelf, you cannot refuſe me this little ſleight of gallantry."

Sir Sedley gave a laughing aſſent, declaring, at the ſame time, with the ſtrongeſt profeſſed diffidence, his conſcious inability. Mrs. Arlbery, in high ſpirits, ſaid ſhe hardly

 knew

knew which would moſt delight her, to mortify Edgar, or to reſtore Camilla to gaiety and independance. Yet ſhe would watch, ſhe ſaid, that matters went no further than juſt to ſhake off a whining firſt love; for the laſt thing upon earth ſhe intended was to entangle her in a ſecond.

Camilla received the invitation with pleaſure yet anxiety: for though glad to be ſpared returning to Cleves in a ſtate of diſturbance ſo ſuſpicious, ſhe was bitterly agitated in reflecting upon the diſlike of Edgar to Mrs. Arlbery, the pains he had taken to prevent her mingling with this ſociety, and the probably final period to his eſteem and good will, that would prove the reſult of her accompanying ſuch a party to a place of amuſement.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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